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JOAN OF ARC (1412–1431)
Sculpture by Chapu in Luxemburg

# The Wonderful Story of

# JOAN *of* ARC

## AND THE MEANING OF HER LIFE FOR AMERICANS

By C. M. STEVENS

Author of "Washington," "Lincoln," "Bible Stories," etc.

*"Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,*
*The Masters and Murderers of Mankind."*
—SOUTHEY.

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From the

INSPIRATION AND FAITH

of the

WONDERFUL WOMAN

to

MY DAUGHTER

and to

ALL THE DAUGHTERS OF MAN AND GOD

# CONTENTS


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | Introductory Interests | 1 |
| II. | Origins for a Wonderful Faith | 28 |
| III. | Early Interests in the Great Cause | 42 |
| IV. | The First Believers and Their Task | 55 |
| V. | The Promised Sign from the King of Heaven | 76 |
| VI. | Freedom to the City of Orleans | 94 |
| VII. | The Peace of a Pacifist King | 114 |
| VIII. | A Divine Crown and the Royal Head | 133 |
| IX. | On the Way to Paris | 154 |
| X. | The Victory of Evil Minds | 174 |
| XI. | How Self-interest Decides Questions of Right and Wrong | 193 |
| XII. | "The Tender Mercies of the Wicked Are Cruel" | 214 |
| XIII. | Glimpses of the Inquisition | 235 |

| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| XIV. | The Might of Right for the Soul . . | 257 |
| XV. | Paying Unto Will the Final Price of Faith . . . . . | 276 |
| XVI. | The Tragedy of Faith and the Victory of Will . . . . . | 298 |
| XVII. | Concluding Valuations of a Life . . | 317 |

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


PAGE

JOAN OF ARC (1412-1431), Sculpture by Chapu in Luxemburg . . . . . *Frontispiece*

BIRTHPLACE OF JOAN OF ARC . . . . . 32

"THOU ART THE KING" . . . . . 70

THE ENTRANCE OF JEANNE D'ARC INTO ORLEANS . 88

CHARLES VII (1403-1461) . . . . . 120

CHARLES VII AND THE MAID OF ORLEANS ENTERING RHEIMS . . . . . 144

LA PUCELLE LISTENING TO HER VOICES . . . . 168

JEANNE IN PRISON . . . . . 200

PIERRE CAUCHON, the prosecutor in the trial against Joan of Arc . . . . . 248

JOAN OF ARC WITH THE SWORD OF FIERBOIS . . . 272

"THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION" . . . 300

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, Riverside Drive, New York . . . . . 368

# *JOAN OF ARC*

AND

# THE MEANING OF HER LIFE FOR AMERICANS

## CHAPTER I

## INTRODUCTORY INTERESTS

### *1. At the Gates of Mystery*

JOAN OF ARC was the first great warrior for the freedom of nations. She was the first leader of armies to make war solely against war. She was the first woman to demonstrate, from the lowliest scenes to the highest, ever within the qualities and capabilities of moral womanhood, all the heroism, endurance, and nobility ever known or claimed for manhood. She was the first martyr, unmistakable, irreproachable and unsurpassable, within the Christian Church, for freedom of conscience, in the conduct of life, wherever it involves the rights of man in his responsibility to God. She was human motherhood in action for the protection of her loved ones, empowered with the gospel of righteousness that wrong can be mas-

tered by right. Like the three years' ministry of the Wonderful Man, fourteen centuries before, the three years of this wonderful woman unveiled, as a Providential revelation and warning to coming generations, the monstrous despotism toward which the human will develops in the organized masteries of man.

Joan of Arc is one of the supreme revelations of humanity. She is a sublime masterpiece of character. She gave a wonderful life for social justice. She lived an unsurpassable ideal of loyalty to moral law. This shepherd girl of the lowly fields opened a book of faith that had been closed for a thousand years. She illuminated the sacred pages of divine rights so clearly that they can be read with unfailing hope for every one unto the end of time. Her banner of light waved away forever the despair of the oppressed, demonstrated the might of right, and revealed the right-minded as being endowed with the commonwealth of the universe.

She knew in whom she believed. Spirit and work bore witness to her truth. She believed in the irresistible righteousness of an ever-present God. In her faith, "whosoever will" might freely come into that assurance and safety. She believed that righteous people were empowered with an almighty divinity working through their work as they strove for the peace and justice of lawful government, known then in moral understanding as the calling and office of a consecrated king.

She did not know of any organized evil but the merciless conqueror and his ruthless conquest of her helpless people. She did not know that between her and the divine calling of the royal throne there was a Satanic brood of favorites, parasites and traitors controlling the royal office, who hated her light and were treasonable toward the great pity she had for France. She did not know that when she had won her heroic way through these dark forces of evil, or that after she had driven back the foreign foe from their intervening strongholds, and had completed her task in the holy consecration of her king to his sacred work for her native land, that she would then have to meet in a fight unto death a far more powerful organization of Satanic mercenaries, who had taken possession of her religious life, and had seized the right of way to the love of her saints and the law of her Lord.

The sublime figure of this wonderful woman is the revelation of power in a child's faith glorified and exalted in the divine light of an infinite meaning for humanity. The supreme interest of her life is in the great victory promised her when the hideous despotism of so-called divine rights had done its worst. The Son of Man became a celestial ideal in contrast with Judas, the Jewish Sanhedrim and the Roman Cæsar, but it remained for the will of the Christian Church and State to place itself in a far more hideous contrast with the faith of this Daughter of God.

The heroic inspiration, and its meaning, of her sublime sacrifice is now dawning upon humanity through five centuries of soul-enshrouded night. The world of wonders, known as history, is becoming sunlit with intelligence, and slowly we are finding many of its sacred relics to be abominable evils, and even more of its neglected forms to be the noblest good. Political freedom is only beginning to realize itself as moral law. Human martyrdom and sacrifice have paid infinite prices to make free, and to help us understand, the divine rights composing the evolutionary meaning of the human race. The human mind is slowly and surely understanding the social way, and when it does there will be for every one the peace and safety of a moral commonwealth composing new heavens and a new earth.

### 2. *The Will-Made Life in a Faith-Made World*

The anguish and despair of conflicting conduct arise from the inhuman struggle between faith and will. The epic struggle of this wonderful woman was between her immediate faith in the might of right and the authorized will developed in the right of might. The ancient struggle for human rights develops as intelligence discovers and seeks to use the freedom and power of moral law. The chaos of selfish animalism disappears from the cosmic order of humanity as the individual will gives way to social reason in a com-

munity of moral law. The creation of the heavens and the earth has progressed in the order of an infinite system, every particle having its freedom and its life in the universal work, but the creation of humanity and personality, however progressive its intelligence, continues in anguish and despair, and the tragedy that tore the battlefields of yesterday, even as ever before, is the same Satanic interest that begins its contest for mastery anew, over and over again, in every new community and at the birth of every child.

Has intelligence discovered in such consequences that the entire system is totally wrong? It has. And it has always clearly known this. Otherwise, it could not be defined as intelligent. But the animal system of wills cannot yield its selfish control, and so, has tried to satisfy intelligence and keep it absorbed in constructing an involved, and ever more involved, and complicated system of contract-government, with individual mastery as the central sun or constellation of a will-made universe. It can't be done. It is always falling to pieces or reforming itself in revolutions and wars. The endless struggle of Will against Faith has been totally illustrated in every life of faith which Will has found it necessary to suppress or destroy in order to preserve its mastery and conquest. The mark of Cain is on the brow of every invading will, whether its imperialism is of persons, doctrines, capitalism or dynasties.

In the fullness of time, for every epoch in the

development of humanity from its animal system, there has come forth an embodiment of Sovereign Faith in conflict unto death with the organization of Sovereign Will. Sovereign Might in the alleged divine right of self-preservation forthwith killed its enemy and thus exalted in all reason the infinitely greater soul-ideal of Sovereign Law.

In the first supreme epoch of human history, when the human will had reached its most complete mastery in the name of organized law, ever possible on earth, and all civilization was hopelessly enslaved in the name of Rome and Cæsar, there appeared a Man with the only possible means of defense or defeat for that monstrous process of inhumanity and moral chaos. He came from the origin of Life, with all the meaning of "Life More Abundantly," as possible only in Faith. It was One against all the powers of organized might. He fought a sublime fight, but they killed him, and there was "lifted up" a Wondrous Light that was "to light the way of every one that cometh into the world."

Selfishness, always seizing every means for any control over the minds of men, built up religions and dynasties out of that interest in Divine Life, in which revolution or conquest meant only a change of masters. Europe had its starless night known as the dark ages. For a thousand years the people lived, believed and died according to the will that had fought or intrigued its way to mastery over their group. Europe was an un-

ceasing battlefield of dynastic wills. France was almost destroyed in a hundred years' war. The supreme organization of will in the time of Christ, known as Rome, had degenerated during fourteen hundred years into the most sordid and debauched condition recorded in human history. If there was faith anywhere on earth its light was put out in blood and death. God seemed to have abandoned the world, when there appeared in the fields of Domremy a little girl with a vision and a task. It was the coming of a Woman with the only possible means of defense or defeat for that monstrous process of inhumanity and moral chaos. She came from the origin of Life, with all the meaning of faith in the "Life More Abundantly," which fourteen centuries before had been revealed to the world.

Joan of Arc was a revelation of Faith. Her enemies were a revelation of Will. Faith and Will are antagonists in the limited regions of individuals and are one only as they coalesce in the infinite regions of the divine system of minds that we may call the social universe. Her faith-triumphant in unsurpassable struggle with their will-militant is a revelation of the Power of Faith over the Power of Will. Humanity witnesses in this wonderful Woman the divine secret of human life. The Will-made world belongs to the age of beasts. Intelligence and reason and morality and love have no meaning except in a faith-made world.

However much of a religious interest this may

be, and however much it may be a version of religious principles, it is no less a personal reality, and there is revealed in this simple peasant girl's experience a psychological power ever available for individual and social government. The Kingdom of Faith was a fundamental order in her soul, even as her enemies moved and lived and had their beings in a Kingdom of Will. Her career was a divine tragedy, revealing the struggle of humanity between the two kingdoms of human intelligence. It was a final demonstration revealing the perilous inferiority of will as a practical means in human affairs.

The Domremy shepherd girl, who delivered France and suffered martyrdom at Rouen, reveals with more than mathematical conviction how the world's work is achieved through faith and is lost through will. Her career is not a dogmatic assertion to be defended or denied, except as a match game on the chess-board of controversy between historical critics and religious logicians. There is a life of her that is simple and clear and that is consistently free of any mystic or partisan controversy. She surpasses wonder, when viewed as a child of faith, and yet no one in history is more sincere, reasonable and natural in her career and character. She separates with unavoidable distinction the kingdom of imperishable value from the kingdom of temporary mastery. She is an indisputable definition of the human way. She is an explanation of human history. Her experi-

ence is a living panorama of the two vital forces contending for the control of life and mind. She is, in the beginning, a supreme symbol of inspired womanhood defending her family group from the invading beasts of conquest, and then, from this great task, she becomes the sublime revelation of childhood-faith in an unconquerable death-struggle against wills and organized wills, as the religious and moral betrayers of the world.

### 3. *Before the Doors of Life*

The Maid of Orleans is a message and a way. She is a masterpiece of evidence in faith-keeping, and its independent power over the most resourceful wit and disciplined purpose possible to man. In maintaining the faith for a sublime human cause, considering her youth, inexperience, and lack of learning, she becomes the most illustrious and heroic figure in human history.

The growth of interest in that immortal child of lowly France develops according as we appreciate her possession of power that she proved to be unassailable in the midst of inescapable despotism. She was not a supernatural miracle of will but a natural result of simple faith in the might of right empowering the work of right-minded men. It could not have been a thought-out purpose, as she never knew or planned beyond the day or the task. She did only as every one must, do who desires to be worthy of being human on

the way to the divine. She gave her personal life to the meaning of social life and her social reason to the soul of moral law.

Her intelligence was not given to anything so frail as human intelligence and she had no thought of ever trying to strengthen her will with human will. Her intelligence sought wisdom for every need in the Infinite Reason and her will found strength for every trial in the Infinite Law. Her will was often broken and defeated by other wills. Her persistence was never consistent as being resolution or determination. She often cried like a child at deception, insults, suffering and cruelty. She trembled with fear under the menace of impending wrong. Her career, considered as the will of a woman, was ingloriously betrayed, and was brought to the most ignoble defeat, but the faith of the unlettered peasant girl could not be shaken or lessened by all the prolonged torture, treacherous reason, and exalted authority, possible in the will of the most learned and powerful men in Europe.

The child of faith won an unsurpassable victory over the will of men. Nothing less than the eternal meaning creative in our humanity, and almighty in our commonwealth of life, could have brought forth such a star of light for the soul of people enslaved and despoiled as they had been for centuries under the parasite system of organized masteries.

Appreciation cannot be exaggerated nor valua-

tion overprized for this illuminating contrast between faith and will, because, as has already been truly said, "nothing could have been put into the story to make it more human or more divine." The will-maker has power unto the reach of his hands, but the faith-lover has the will of the wise man as the way of an organized universe.

La Pucelle is an inexhaustible source of personal reassurance. The power that sustained her can sustain any other in any conditions, because no one could be placed under worse despotism or more hopeless despair. None can ever be surrounded by blacker forms of a more desperate destiny. If there is some weary soul, defeated and alone, imprisoned within a dungeon of suffering and evil, the memory of this unconquerable girl will bring the companionship of unlimited power over pain and death. A vision of her light should enable any one to seize fast hold, as she did, on the sources of invincible soul and be as strong as she was strong. In the desponding hour of souls besieged, there shall come at the call of faith a vision of this dauntless life; on the horizon of hope there shall appear the light of never-failing inspiration, and in the name of love there shall be a healing response for every need. Out of the night of a brutal age, behold her flaming standard coming swiftly with the sunrise of a new day. In its shining folds is victory over hate and despair, almighty in the faith and meaning of humanity and God. It cannot fail for any one who

remembers how this young girl was a child of light in the midst of the darkest wrongs, in all the historical infamy of man.

The simple revelations of her loyalty and sacrifice for the rights of life become more appreciated, as a precious human inspiration, when we can receive them free from the bewildering confusions of testimonies and records concerning voices, visions and supernatural claims. Her own unlearned explanations of her intense convictions, whether subjective or objective, whether hallucinative or miraculous, are not needed to feel her inspiration or to believe in her faith and truth. From the day in which she made her first effort to fulfill her faith, she was subjected by enemies and friends to soul-torturing inquisitions, requiring explanations more than she could explain, but necessary for such understandings, then prevailing in the midst of the most superstitious of all ignorant times. Historical consistency cannot be recovered from the controversial confusions, considering the many varieties of interest and masters. She was faith. That is all and enough. Her character and career were faith in her Lord, the King of Heaven and Earth, a supreme ideal of mind, that "we live and move and have our being" in a divine universe.

The numerous views expressed in the written testimonials of enemies and friends are of interest mainly among the curiosities and puzzles of historical criticism, and their medley of confusions

is entirely outside of the meaning that is her message to humanity. The supreme faith-mind, revealing its strength and way to every aspiring youth or suffering soul, is a fundamental and original value, existing long before any of the theological explanations were adopted that raised her religious merit to the rank of saints. It is enough for our consideration here that she built an indestructible house of faith, wherein we may find our refuge and our strength as heirs and joint heirs in a divine system of moral law.'

### *4. In the Beginning Was Meaning*

A life is like a word. It is the sign of an idea. The life-idea is fulfilled either in faith or in will. The creative inspiration of faith as social work, is not the same as the possessive satisfaction of will as individual conquest. Lives that live their inspiration in faith have a different meaning from those that live their satisfaction as will. It may be wise to believe that they have a different destiny. The law of faith can never mean the same as the law of will. It may be the difference that Americans see between Washington the liberator and Napoleon the conqueror. It may separate more clearly for us the mind of Judas from the mind of Christ. It may show that the human race is divided into two kinds of beings as distinct in class as apes and angels, especially when we try to understand the faith of Joan of Arc in clear

contrast with the will of the conclave at Rouen.

Selfishness in control of ignorance has remained master of the human way. From the beginning, its slavery of suffering and madness has possessed the whole process of civilization. Through all the story of the human struggle, the self as will, either in destructive anarchy or in organized autocracy, has kept the mastery over faith in unceasing despotism and war. Nature has endeavored to develop mind above the will into intelligence as the social reason of moral law. It has brought its own house to order as an intelligible physical system. The will of physical chaos has become extinct in the faith of cosmic law. Human intelligence is likewise hard at work to make the world safe for social reason. History is succeeding in showing that will is the maker and meaning of misery and war, while in flaming contrast it is revealing that faith is the maker and meaning of society and science as the ends of moral law.

The autocracy of Cæsar's will required the martyrdom and meaning of the Son of Man to make world dominion impossible, and the anarchy of warring wills in Europe required the martyrdom and meaning of a Child of Faith to restore the mind of France to the rights of nations. There had to be some costly valuation of faith made manifest to the oppressed and stupefied people, yet remaining alive in the midst of the hundred years' war that was still ravaging western Europe.

Jeanne of the Domremy fields was one of the keepers of the faith, who gathered into her soul the meaning of humanity and was thus called to show the people that one lone girl, loving life with all the passion of youth, could be master over all the evil possible in the art and might of men. Now passing five centuries of time, she still lives in immortal youth, and waves her banner of faith to the long line of oncoming generations, with more worth for humanity in its golden folds than all the arts of Greece and the powers of Rome. Her life-meaning continues forever to be a source of inexhaustible empowerment that surpasses all the masteries of university logic, theological excommunications and decrees of empire.

### 5. *The Almighty Way*

Jeanne d'Arc was the long, straight aim of Faith. Her reason formed judgments into will from passing events only for passing events. Intellect with its learning was expedient and instrumental among the changing values of temporal affairs. Faith meant practical work. She probably did not know that Paul said so. She could hardly have known that the prophets all said so. Even her voices did not say so. They merely said, over and over again, "Go on, Daughter of God, go on, go on." She knew the rest. She tells us through the best of her experiences, and on to the end through the worst, "For that I was born."

And we at once know the same to be true as to ourselves, because, for nothing less were we born, than to possess eternity through faith, and to count out, in harmony with it, the sands of time, one by one, as moments of intelligence and will.

She had only one conception of what she stood for before the throne of faith, and that was the deliverance of right from the might of wrong. This simple understanding and her endeavor, continued to "the last full measure of devotion," enthroned her among the shining ones of humanity who have kept the faith and fought the good fight for the meaning and worth of a soul. But hers was the task to uphold the great white light of life, as one long besieged, helpless and alone, under the most desperate mastery and the maddest learning ever known. Hers was the most extensive and mercilessly tried-out faith, and the most completely witnessed, of any recorded in history. The prolonged and exhaustive investigations of her life, minutely exacted by both enemies and friends, reveal all that can be known of any one, and nothing could be found but the noblest of human souls. Peasants, priests, warriors, poets, historians, popes and kings, alike bear evidence of the profoundest interest in her wonderful career. Their testimony for her reveals the most significant vision of womanhood in all our records of the human struggle.

The series of events composing the story of her deeds, as told by so many varieties of witnesses,

from so many points of view, are consistent only as they illustrate a way of triumph and martyrdom unsurpassed in any literature or history. Biographical accuracy, as to time, place, persons, explanations and statements, or the varied course of events, is impossible, and is not essential except as it concerns the character of her faith whose meaning is one of the greatest human values ever revealed in the progress of man.

### *6. The Meaning of Human Life*

The supreme wonder-woman of the world said that she did not know A from B, but she made an army religious, she made brutal and brutalized men respect all the mercies, she gave courage to cowards, turned highwaymen into patriots, drove mercenaries from the siege of cities, and in a few weeks turned the tide of a hundred years' war so that a lost nation was restored to the civilization of the world.

After she had broken the will of war in her war against war, and aroused a world-wide respect second only to reverence for the mother of Christ, she was seized by the powers of church and state, and through long and desperate months confounded the most learned men of the age, defeated the brutality of the most powerful wills in Europe, and endured in suffering far exceeding all that any man had ever endured in keeping the faith of man and God.

It can not be said that she knew better than we do what her life meant. It is very doubtful if she thought of a meaning for her life. In truth it may be doubted if any one is ever born with vision enough to know what his life means. We can be sure of nothing except that meaning exists only in a faithful life upon a loyal way.

Even as in ancient times a wonderful mother-woman said, so she said, "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word," and she went forth to the great fulfillment and the great victory.

"Not my will but Thine be done" was the surrender she made to her soul interest as being her only possible destiny.

She proved that there is no sign from God but a life of faith even as there is no sign from the eternal law but the ever recurring truth of the universe.

### *7. Patriotism for the Democracy of the World*

History has bequeathed to us a record of unparalleled completeness describing Joan of Arc as the most wonderful woman that ever lived in all the experiences of mystic, warrior and martyr. Art has supplemented history with many thousands of books, tragedies, romances, poems, paintings and statues displaying her in holy entrancements, in the wild assaults of war, and in the final heroism of the stake. Ecclesiastic council in the

light of legend, miracle and logic doubted her, accepted her, condemned her, burnt her and made her a saint.

Historians, romancers, poets, painters, sculptors and ecclesiastics have those interests, but such values are really only incidental in her meaning for humanity. The historical and the art work do not give us this woman any more than they give us Christ or God. The immortal wonder of her character and her career is the same that made Moses, that gave us Socrates, that sustained Paul, that worked out the dream of religious liberty, that is making the world safe for democracy, that will make democracy safe for the individual, and that shall give unto humanity the mind of the universe as the kingdom of God.

Joan of Arc was faith in right as the mind of God. Her voices and the light in which they live is the light of every man that cometh into the world. If we do not know her faith we have no vision of the woman. If we do not understand her hope we have no measure for her career. If we do not appreciate her love for France we can have no understanding of her meaning for humanity. We have not yet realized what is that divine meaning which is given for the healing of the nations or for the salvation of man, the faith that removes mountains and gives the victory over death.

Human character in all its heights and depths, engulfed in human wickedness in all its heights

and depths, with human faith unsurpassably enduring and triumphant, is shown in Joan of Arc as in no other human being in all the history of mankind. No other life, inside and out, is so thoroughly revealed as a human document.

Tennyson in his Dream of Fair Women speaks of her as

"Joan of Arc
A light of ancient France."

But she is supremely more. In exalting the vision of her, we are lifting on high her Light of Faith, which can be neither described nor exaggerated, and the light of France is seen to be the Light of the world.

Lamartine in his study of Joan of Arc says, "All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism in which a woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When everything is desperate in the cause of a people, we need not yet despair, if the spirit of resistance still subsists in the heart of woman. . . . This is the concentrated recoil and reaction of a whole nation condensing its sufferings into the heart of one, compressing its universal wail into the shriek of a woman, and thus marvelously accomplishing by a single hand the salvation of all. . . . Enthusiasm is a holy fire: its flame can not be analyzed. . . . Such is the spirit of this history,—a history more resembling a story from the Bible than an episode of the modern world. . . . Her

mission was simply the bursting into action of patriotic faith. She lived in it, and died through it, and she was lighted to victory and to heaven by the flame of her enthusiasm as well as of her funeral pyre. Angel, maiden, warrior, martyr, she has become a fit blazon for the soldier's banner,—a type of France."

Shakespeare in King Henry VI wrote a wonderful prophecy of her fame:

> "No longer in Saint Dennis will we cry
> But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's Saint."

When all the world thought her bad, he said in the same play:

> "No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
> A virgin from her tender infancy,
> Chaste and immaculate in every thought;
> Whose maiden blood, thus vigorously effused
> Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven."

### *8. The Price Paid for Civilization*

Joan of Arc is probably the greatest human example that ever lived of what constitutes the divinity in man; that is, the faith which elevates human nature above all the powers of the world.

The exalted faith of the Maid of Orleans and the work she wrought that no man could do, makes of her a singular type of symbolism for woman.

Thomas De Quincey says, "Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! . . . this was amongst the

strongest pledges of thy truth, that never once didst thou revel in vision of coronets and honor from man. . . . To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life, that was thy destiny."

Ida Tarbell in her brief review of Joan's life, when speaking of the inquisition says, "They went to her when she was ill and likely to die. But they could not touch this clean white thing. It slipped through their fingers like a ray of light."

Samuel L. Clemens in his Joan of Arc says, "The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is flawless, it is still ideally perfect, it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment."

What, then, is the loftiest place possible in humanity but loyalty to the ideal of human life known to us in its highest consciousness of mind as faith in God.

The splendid characterization made by Mark Twain in his preface, continues, "She was perhaps the only entirely unselfish person whose name has a place in profane history. No vestige or suggestion of self-seeking can be found in any word or deed of hers. . . . Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, ignorant, unlettered, a poor village girl, unknown and without influence, found a great nation lying in chains, helpless and hopeless un-

der an alien dominion, its treasury bankrupt, its soldiers disheartened and dispersed, all spirit torpid, all courage dead in the hearts of the people. . . . she laid her hand upon this nation, this corpse, and it arose and followed her. She led it from victory to victory, she turned back the tide of the Hundred Years' War . . . earned the title of Deliverer of France . . . and French priests took the noble child, the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable the ages have produced, and burned her alive at the stake."

Carlyle, severe critic as he was, describes "The radiance of her heart . . . as clouds are gilded by the orient light into something more beautiful than azure itself." Guizot declares that "History does not offer a like example so pure and efficacious resting on divine inspiration and patriotic hope." Andrew Lang wrote that "Spenser and Ariosto could not create, and Shakespeare could not imagine, such a being as Jeanne d'Arc."

### *9. The Bright and Morning Star*

Previous to the time of Joan of Arc, France could hardly be called a nation. There was no unity of language, allegiance or government. Joan of Arc was not only the heart from which France came forth delivered and restored, but also created and established. It is not enough to call her the Deliverer of France, but, measuring her by the soul and mind she gave to the masses

of the French people, she was herself France, the mind and soul of France.

For a hundred years before the time of Joan of Arc, wars had swept over France like a pestilence and had left a trail of ruin like a hurricane. Petrarch visiting France about sixty years before her time says, "Nothing presented itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude, an extreme poverty, lands uncultivated, houses in ruins."

De Seres about a score of years before her birth describes the unhappy land in the same terms, saying, "In sooth the estate of France was most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitariness and fear."

What a life into which a child should be born! What could it have of social mind for the meaning of humanity! In such conditions was born a mind that did not believe this way to be the desire of God, and that girl of faith became for all time the noblest knight of Europe and one of the kingliest characters of all the world.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, said, "Consider the unique and imposing distinction. Since the writing of human history began, Joan of Arc is the only person of either sex who has ever held supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen."

Truly that distinction is quite unparalleled and strange, but far more amazing than this spectacular distinction is the faith she found and kept.

Voices, power, glory and martyrdom are wonderful enough, but the sounds she heard in the vesper bells, the victory of mighty assaults against conquerors, the confusion she brought upon the black wit of monstrous men, and the agony of chains and fire, are all merely the unaccountable wonders that attend her as incidents, giving historical body to the power of faith possible in the human soul.

According to the most reliable descriptions gathered from those who knew her, she was a little above medium height and of strong enduring body. Her eyes were of dark blue, her hair long, thick and very dark. Her face was of boyish cast, but so fair, clear and brave that it was beautiful and trustworthy from the first glance of the observer. In her moments of reserve or resolution, she had the stolid look of the oppressed peasant, but it was said that when the enthusiasm of her faith was in some great test of realization, her whole being was quickened with power, her face shone with such a noble zeal that cowards turned to fight unto death for her cause, irreligious blasphemers became decent and orderly in conduct, brigands quit their plundering to become patriots, and many an observer suddenly cried out in all sincerity, "Behold the face of an angel." Only gospel-hardened priests, prayer-palsied ecclesiastics, and the mad logicians of the Church universities were perverted enough from Christian faith to be untouched by her divine purpose, and to be merciless in the presence

of her wonderful womanhood. The life she gave to Faith affords the most obvious evidence that when the mind becomes fast-locked in the logic of individual will it is without mercy or justice, and in Satanic sovereignty fulfills itself without regard to man or God.

The universe, as embodied in nature, in the creative process of man, has not entrusted his most essential and vital interests either to his intellect or his will. They are too weak, unreliable, insufficient and limited. The heart does not beat and the brain does not work according to intellect or will. Neither is birth or death a process in the wisdom of man, but as children need the intelligence and will of parents, so do the mature need the intelligence and will of society, even as society is safe only in the intelligence and will of the universe. In such "justification by faith" lived and died Joan of Arc. Her life appears with meaning according to the interest or need that approaches it. As a patron saint of France, she is no less a patron-meaning to Americans.

Creasy, in his analytical discussion of the battles that have been most important in the process and progress of civilization, ranks her victorious struggle at Orleans as one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world," and thus places her, for that alone, as one of the greatest benefactors, and among the foremost warriors of history. More than that, this lowly girl gave a life, as loyal as was ever known, in illustrious revelation of the

religious principle that became the protestant reformation. As her Lord was the greatest martyr of humanity, so was she the greatest martyr of Christianity, for that freedom of conscience in which "the just shall live by faith." Nearly a hundred years before Martin Luther nailed his fundamental propositions on the cathedral door, she perished at the stake for her loyalty to a life of "justification by faith," and that life was afterward enrolled among the saints by the Roman Catholic church.

Historians find a completed period of ancient civilization revealing its characteristic achievements around the cross of Christ, and likewise, the mediaeval period, known as the dark ages, came to a close defining itself around the stake that held Joan of Arc. The flames that lighted her soul through the gates of glory illuminated the degenerate despotism of the Middle Ages, as the cross illustrated the selfish masteries of the ancient world. The lessons of both are supreme with divine meaning for the American people and the progress of human life. The Carpenter Man built a place in "the house of many mansions" for all the children of faith, and he prepared the Way which the shepherd girl kept, through every tribulation, revealing how all may keep the Faith and Way on and on as the Kingdom of God.

## CHAPTER II

## ORIGINS FOR A WONDERFUL FAITH

### *1. The People and the Times*

An ancient prophecy in France, that was revived about the year 1400, was that the kingdom would some time be brought to ruin by a woman and would be restored by a daughter of the people. The popular version was that a maid would come out of the deep forests of the Vosges that were visible from the doors of the village Domremy.

The first part of the prophecy was already true. Queen Isabeau of Bavaria had been married at the age of fourteen to Charles VI, a youth of twenty-four, who was old with licentious dissipation and weak from every exhaustive emotion of excess. For thirty years he was an amiable imbecile, most of the time too weak in mind to care for himself. His wife for her cruelty and intrigues became known and hated as the she-wolf of the kingdom. Bloody civil wars demoralized and degraded the nation. Then it was that Henry V of England thought the time ripe to assert the ancient claim of the Plantagenets to the crown of France. At the famous battle of Agincourt, in

1415, he destroyed the French army and then went home to complete the conquest later at his leisure. In the days that followed, it is said that children died in the streets of the cities like flies, for hunger, and wolves came into Paris at night and fed on the unburied bodies of the dead. Life became worthless, men went wild in horrible deeds and vast numbers of the people lived like beasts.

The King of England returned in 1419, and completed his conquest with the siege of Rouen.

Isabeau, courting the favor of Henry V, disowned her son and gave her daughter as wife to the English king, thus confirming his authority as king of France. The following year Henry V died and his infant son was proclaimed king of England and France.

### *2. The Lawful Heir to an Outlawed Throne*

Meanwhile, the imbecile husband of Queen Isabeau, Charles VI, had died, and a few unreconciled French knights proclaimed his son Charles, the dauphin, as king of France, and began to gather an army around his standard.

Charles VII was only nineteen years of age, and little better mentally than his father, though morally, strange to say, a much more respectable man. His attempts to regain the territory of France were crushed in two great defeats, and he retired to live inactive in the seclusion of Poitiers. But terrible marauding parties in his name, and

under cover of patriotism, devastated the surrounding country until it became a wilderness where no peaceful citizens dared to live. The whole country was in a state of anarchy and utter ruin. At last even hope was lost, when suddenly there arose a power in the valley of the Meuse. It was as if the other portion of the ancient prophecy was about to come true, and that "a maid of the people" had been divinely called to redeem the land from the curse of a woman.

### *3. Childhood of the Wonderful Woman*

Historical evidence, according to the most eminent authorities, seems to verify the date January 6, 1412, as the day when a child was born unique in the history of civilization.

Jeanne d'Arc, romantically known as "the Maid of Orleans," was the fourth child of Jacques d'Arc, a prosperous villager of Domremy, on the left bank of the Meuse in the lowlands of Lorraine. Strange to say, for that far off period, now more than five hundred years ago, we have the most minute descriptions of her life, abundantly given from both herself and her neighbors, and it is all as authentic as any other sworn testimony in history. She says of herself, "I learned well to believe, and have been brought up well and duly to do what a good child ought to do." She had a truly wonderful mother whose name was Isabeau Romée, her given name being

the same as that of the wicked queen and the surname indicating a parentage that had some time earned the name Romée by a pious pilgrimage to Rome.

There was much that was marvelous attested by many witnesses, but the marvelous, whether accepted or rejected, in no way alters the wonder-working faith of her life. Her mother had a very vivid dream, which she told to many friends, that she would give birth to a great warrior. Merlin the warlock had made a prophecy, that had become famous in those suffering regions, that "A wonderful Maid would come from the regions of the Oak Wood for the healing of the nations." Marie d'Avignon had suffered so many things in a dream that she came with it to the mad king Charles VI, declaring that a Maid was to put on armor and be the salvation of France. The wonder-world recorded these interests as essential to her history or as necessary to the explanation of her life, but whether so or not, she had the faith that was greater than will and revealed a way that we now know is the heritage of every normal believer in the righteous might of the moral universe.

### *4. Wonder-Stories Told by Credulous Neighbors*

Boulainvilliers wrote a letter to the Duke of Milan in which he says that on the night when Joan was born, a strange ecstasy possessed all

the peasants of Domremy and throughout the night they ran around through the darkness beside themselves as of something marvelous that had come to pass. They sang sweet songs and danced in rhythmic figures, in token of the salvation they felt coming to their devastated country.

It would take volumes to tell all the wonder-stories recorded of her childhood, but they only increase the evidence of the pathetic yearning magnifying every expression of hope in the minds of the suffering people. It may explain the meaning of her wonderful life to see in her the psychological demonstration of a religious patriotic mind, becoming the organizing center of environment for the social process of making the world safe for the rights of man.

Boulainvilliers, according to investigations made twenty years after her death, among the people of Domremy, tells how they understood that the idea of her mission first came into her mind. She with her girl playmates were watching their sheep, when they decided to run a race for some flowers. Joan seemed to fly to the goal. Her companions declared that her feet did not touch the ground. When they reached her they found her in an ecstasy among the flowers. Then she said that a youth standing near her had told her to go home as her mother wanted her. But, on returning to the house, she found her mother displeased that she had left the sheep. So, thinking that a joke had been played upon her, she

BIRTHPLACE OF JOAN OF ARC

Preserved until 1819. Here in the garden at the rear of the house and at the right of the church, she received the wonderful inspiration to free France from its conquerors

returned to the meadow. But all was hid from view by a bright cloud out of which came a voice bidding her to change her way of life, so as to be more prayerful, because the King of Heaven had chosen her to do marvelous deeds for the king of France. This was in the summer of 1425, when she was thirteen years of age. She was greatly troubled what to do, when, a few days later, according to the records of her story, as she was alone in the fields, Michael, the Warrior of Heaven, came to her and revealed to her what she should do to make herself strong for her task to save France.

However superstitious in origin the prophecies were, arising out of the pitiful miseries of the people in that ignorant age, and however much the ignorance and the suffering gave rise to the career of this strangely inspired girl, there yet remains the clear vision of her loyal struggle against wrong, which reveals to actual experience the infinite social difference between faith and will in the freedom and morality of man. The life of her which we need most to know, in the present progress of society, is that of the real woman divested of the ignorance and superstition of the times. She is not to be seen even in the light of her own explanations, because it can hardly be supposed that she clearly knew herself or understood the dreadfully beclouded way. Her faith in the presence of righteous might for human rights may

have been miraculous, but the miracle is equally ready for every normal mind.

Perhaps it is miraculous for some one in an age of chaos to do the right thing in the right way, and to gather a collective mind sufficient for victory in a great cause of humanity, but her surroundings no more explain the origin of her character, or the loyalty of her career, than Athens created Socrates or Jerusalem accounts for Christ. She often went where she did not know, and her own eternal urge, welling up from the infinite depths of her being, were believed by her to be this voice divine, saying to her, "Go on, Daughter of God, go on," and it was enough for leader and guide to victory and to death.

### *5. Explaining the Miracle of Faith*

The Maid of Orleans is wholly enveloped in a cloud of imagination composing the surrounding public mind. Some try to picture her as a little country girl incapable of the deeds recorded of her. In order to explain the vast national events that took place in her name, they make her appear to be only a most visionary mystic used as a dupe through which ambitious leaders could control and unify the people. Religious writers account for the stupendous results as possible only from one directly inspired and strengthened for this great work by Divine Providence. Others of merely material views, believing that she herself initiated

and developed the power that restored France, have accounted for her as being a great military genius, able to see what should be done, and thus seeing, was able to convince able men that, through her leadership, they could reach success. Some account for it all by picturing brave soldiers waiting, as it were, ready for the word that she happened to give, but the history of various tragic events bears no such appearance.

The many histories that have thus been built upon her career, each pictures a woman wholly distinct in character and personality from the others. There is nothing with which to refute the argument for either of these various historical characters known to us as Joan of Arc, but, from a common-sense view of the whole situation, the real woman appears to be only one thing, and that is faith in the presence of God and His righteous might being in all work done for the rights of man. Exalted in the intelligence and power of that faith she moved on her way through the swarming hosts of both good and evil to the final restoration of a national France.

As we read the critical delineations that have been labeled Joan of Arc, they each seem so consistent as to appear quite convincing, even down to the trial when she suffered martyrdom as a witch, when it looked as if it were historically settled that she had duped all her followers and had been the dupe of ambitious men. It could truly be said of her, in paraphrase of another Wonder-

ful Vision in human history, "She could save France but herself she could not save."

### *6. A Glimpse at Simple Childhood*

We have abundant evidence, unmistakably authentic, that the little country girl of Domremy grew up healthy and strong, wholesome and happy as her companions, indistinguishable from the other bright and well-kept children of her age. She was surrounded by superstitions and religious fancies that were almost a normal condition considering the equal distribution of such pious imagination among all the people. Wild boars and wolves abounded in the near-by forests and sprites and fairies peopled the streams and meadows. Charms and spells and prayers of many varieties were believed to be necessary to protect life and promote every interest.

At her trial in Rouen, she talked freely as a child about these things to her judges, but nevertheless she used the most commendable wisdom, considering the fearful meaning all her words might bear for her before those men, and the prejudiced ignorance that possessed all concerning such ideas. She told her judges that she had never seen such things though her godmother, who was a truthful woman, had seen many visions of spirits and fairies.

There was a great oak in Domremy, which the people believed to be the home of the fairies. The

Lords of the Manor each year held a great festival there and the children danced around the tree and sang songs. The judges at Rouen, so cruelly trying to fasten on her the charge of being a witch, asked her about that tree. She described the scenes, and her language was written down and is still preserved, in which she said, "I have often seen the little girls putting garlands on the branches of this tree, and I myself have sometimes put them there with my companions. Sometimes we took the garlands away, sometimes we left them. Since I have grown up I do not remember to have danced there. I have danced there with other children, but I have sung there more than danced."

One of the stanzas the girls sang thoughtlessly around the Fairies' Tree was:

"Airy fairy of the tree
Made of dust and dew and fire,
Now no bigger than the bee,
Taller now than tallest spire,
Grant my heart's desire to me,
Grant to me my heart's desire."

### *7. A Great Pity for France*

The religious mind of such a devoted soul might easily have become possessed of the faith that she was the Maid to be called from heaven to restore God's kingdom in France. She may have so consecrated herself to such an idea that all her mind and soul and body grew up to that divine end.

But even so, this in no way invalidates the power of faith within her for great deeds in the rights of man as the cause of God.

At last the time came in the midst of prayerful meditation when she heard a voice proclaiming her as the one chosen to restore France. So she trained herself in saintly ways, not as a mystic, but as one doing God's work in the world. It was said in the sworn testimony of one who knew her well that, "In her village she passed for a prudent, industrious girl of blameless behavior, God-fearing and charitable, a daughter to be a blessing in her father's house." This does not describe a mystic but the mind of a common-sense girl. She grew up to be a beautiful and stately young woman, eager to understand the times and the people of her country.

As to the miraculous in her mind, one thing is sure, she did not receive her inspiration from any experience in Domremy. As she said, "I felt the great pity there was in France." In her belief, it was God's kingdom then in the hands of his enemies, and her faith was that any effort against the enemies of right would have the protection and help of God.

### *8. Voices and the Summons to Faith*

Joan's visions began, according to her own story, in the midst of the times when all the surrounding country was being ravaged by bandits

from the various army camps of invading forces. Domremy had somehow escaped these savage raids. Only once had the village been looted and all the stock driven off. But even then, prompt help arrived, as by chance, the robbers were followed, driven off and the cattle restored.

It was soon after this, when, one May day at noon, according to one of the records, she was at work in her father's garden, which was between her home and the church, a small plot of ground alongside the graveyard. She says that she suddenly became aware of a bright light on her right side toward the church. In the midst of the light was a colossal figure of the archangel Michael, surrounded by his angels. She said she recognized the figure at once as Saint Michael because she had often seen his image in churches. She was much frightened but the vision soon faded away. But after that the vision returned frequently and she felt a wonderful peace of soul whenever the white light shone about her. Presently she ventured to ask what the saint wanted of her and the reply came like the sound of vesper bells, "Be a good girl" was the burden of every response. "Be a good girl, Jeannette, be a good girl and God will aid thee."

One day the voice said, "Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret will come to thee. Act according to their advice; for they are appointed to guide thee and counsel thee in all that thou hast to do, and thou mayst believe what they shall say unto

thee." Presently they came and she so loved them that she wished they could have taken her away with them.

At first their voices and their desire were not clear, except that she must help France. Then she took these voices as her guide, they became her voice of faith, and she gave them the last full measure of human devotion, asking nothing but the salvation of her soul.

### *9. From Whence Cometh Faith*

She was full of prophesying and, girl-like, could not keep her secret. On the eve of St. John's, probably a month after she had made her first effort to interest the military commander, she met a well-behaved boy whom she knew well, and she said, "Michel Lebuin, between Coussey and Vaucouleurs is a girl, who, in less than a year from now, will lead the Dauphin to Rheims and cause him to be anointed King of France."

Another day she met Gérardin d'Epinel, a good man whom she did not like because he was unfriendly to the cause of France. Though she had taken the place at the baptismal font as godmother to his infant son, she could not tell him clearly what was flowering in her soul, yet she said, "You gossip, if you were not a Burgundian there is something I would tell you."

Her endeavors to be good as her voices told her did not mean the suppressing of her being the one

chosen to restore the kingdom from the ruin of Queen Isabeau. All the village knew her dreams, and, while some wondered, many pointed to her mockingly, saying, "There goes she who is to restore the royal house and redeem France."

No one of all her critics has ever thought of questioning her sincerity. All students of her history know that she believed what she said. There could be no doubt among her neighbors nor the people of her time, as to her being inspired. Every one from the home peasants to the learned doctors from the University of Paris believed she had supernatural guidance. The only question was, whether her visions and voices came from Satan or God. This question was as easily settled then as are questions of good or bad settled now. Was it for or against the person passing judgment? If against, then it was of Satan; if for, then it was of God. Those whom she opposed, when they had her body in their power, burnt her; those who at last realized her value to their needs, were honest enough, when they could do nothing better, to redeem her name and declare her a saint. We may not always be sure when judgment is free from will. But the great idea was not her value for or against, it was the revelation of faith as the infinite meaning and power of life in victory over death and hell. This revelation is not mystic, nor superstitious, nor religious, but the natural recognition of eternal consistency in the moral universe.

## CHAPTER III

## EARLY INTERESTS IN THE GREAT CAUSE

### *1. In the Lowlands of Lorraine*

In the river Meuse, near Domremy, there was an island in the center of which was an ancient fortified castle, partially in ruins. Joan's father with other land proprietors leased the island as a place where they could drive their flocks and defend themselves, when endangered by the hordes of ruffians that ranged over the country ravaging and slaying at will in the name of the insane king and the wicked queen. On holidays the people had festivals on the romantic island and the children played at battles and sieges.

How we can dream of what visions might have passed through the mind of the wonder-child as she wandered about through those romantic ruins! Could she in her wonderful imagination restore the battling hosts that had surged around those walls, and the victorious displays made by the Lords of War! What did she dream prophetic of her immortal name and what did she see of crowns and kings and the courtly world!

Jacques d'Arc, Jeanne's father, was a man of

popular influence and strong character. Two years before Joan declared her mission, he had a disturbing dream. He awoke with the noise of battle in his ears and a vision in his eyes of his daughter riding away in armor with men of war. He furiously declared to his sons that such a dream was a terrible dishonor, and must not come true. "If such a thing should happen," he said, "you must drown her or I will."

However little or much we may believe in supernatural visitations, or the testimony that endeavors to describe them as experiences, we do not yet know enough to dismiss them from the life of Joan of Arc, and equally that same ignorance is unable to demand that they be accepted as communications from supernatural truth.

### *2. Hopeless Misery and Superior Faith*

Joan lived in an age of faith, though it was often blind in credulities of ignorance, but there can be no doubt that her mind was religious wholly in every essence, that she was in all truth a sublime religious soul. In a distracted and suffering world, how else could such a soul live except as a dedicated spirit, dedicated to the greatest need of her time. Is it not so of the saints and martyrs and heroes of all ages? The religious soul is the dedicated life. The religious mind has a work to do and for such cause was it brought into the world. There is probably no other mission for

any one brought into the world and no other human reason for any one being born.

She can not be classed as a mystic, for religious mysticism has more the appearance of religious hypnotism. She lived only to realize her faith in works. There was in her no characteristic of the mystic. She was quick with expedients, always intelligent and alert, always living normally the life around her. Orthodox symbols and methods were a part of her religious customs, but her faith drove straight to the mark and she had little use in her mission for clerks, priests and diplomats. According to her view, the king was entitled to his throne only as he dealt right with his people as a political agent of God. Almost the first idea we find her mind centering upon was, as she said, "I had a great will and desire that my king should have his kingdom." Everything she could reach was used to nourish and enlighten that desire, but she none the less believed in being a good girl and a normal woman.

She testified at Rouen, in answer to her judges, "I learnt to spin and sew, and in spinning and sewing, I fear no women in Rouen."

### *3. Preparation and Understanding*

It is said that she eagerly listened to the various wayfaring men, stragglers and traveling merchants who came through her village, and she was

incessantly endeavoring to learn about the armies, the wars and the enemies of France.

Her parents were anxious for her to marry and they insisted on pressing the suit of a favorable lover, but Jeanne had sworn a vow of chastity and she believed there was a greater mission in store for her than marriage. The youth even brought suit against her in the courts, doubtless with the connivance of her parents, to compel her to marry him, but she appeared in person before the magistrate to plead her own cause, and she won the case. This was in 1428 when her family had been driven out of Domremy by the English army and had taken refuge in Neufchateau, where she had to mingle with the rough soldiers and endure many distressing trials of faith and endurance.

The written testimony of thirty-four persons who knew her childhood intimately was taken in the year 1439, so that in all things relating to the common affairs of her life, the evidence is practically unimpeachable. These commonplace interests, giving us a living woman and her priceless inspiration for humanity, are what we need most to know of her, as a meaning and example for faith as being the greatest power for right life. It matters little how much we accept or reject of her voices and visions, or the superstitions and miracles of her times, provided we cherish the inexhaustible riches of her loyalty and love for man and God.

### *4. Records Seventy Years Before the Discovery of America*

Nicolas Bailey examined fifteen witnesses in Domremy for the English judges in 1431, and, when twenty-eight witnesses were examined in 1456, he said that their testimony as to Joan and her family was the same as those he had examined twenty-five years before. The confusions of records, that make it impossible to write a consistent and consecutive history of her sayings and deeds, in no way invalidate an unmistakable ideal to be seen in the harmony of her mind and in the principles for which she sacrificed her life.

Many theories have been offered to account for Joan of Arc, but she can hardly be thought of as merely a religious puppet managed as the tool of ambitious men, especially when we consider the accounts of her long, persistent struggle through almost insurmountable discouragements and defeats to get a chance to lead her people against their enemy. When she did so, there are numerous indisputable instances where there was no reliance but upon her own strategy, which was executed by her in the best of military art for victory.

It was said of her that "whatever confronted her, whatever problem she encountered, whatever manners became her in novel situations, she understood in a moment. She solved the problems, she assumed the manners, she met the rain of ar-

rows and bullets, she faced doctors and clerks, she animated her soldiers as did Napoleon four centuries later, she spoke and acted like a captain, like a clerk, or like an experienced woman of the world, as the need of the hour required," and all this when she was not yet eighteen years of age.

### *5. The Testimony of Nearest Friends*

Michelet says, "It was by no means rare to see women take up arms. They often fought in sieges: witness the eighty women wounded at Amiens. In La Pucelle's day, and in the self-same year as she, the Bohemian women fought like men in the wars of the Hussites. The originality of La Pucelle, the secret of her success, was not her courage or her visions, but her good sense. Amidst all her enthusiasm the girl of the people clearly saw the question, and knew how to resolve it."

Michelet believes she was one of those who can be described only as a genius, and yet, so wonderful as to seem explainable only as a miracle. But there have been so many of this extraordinary genius that were found to be so merely in the trivial and worthless, that they could be classified only as freaks of nature arising from the unknowable conditions of mind.

Michelet records the testimony of Haumette, Jeanne's heart-to-heart childhood friend, who says, "She was a good girl, so simple and gentle. She spun and attended in the house, no different

from other girls." He notes the testimony of Simonin Mousnier, a laborer, who said, "All loved her because she nursed the sick and was charitable to the poor. I was a child and when I was sick she nursed me." Others in the village of Domremy are on record as saying that she was the best girl that they ever knew, that "she grew up strong and beautiful and true."

Jean Waterin, one of her nearest friends, a youth of good repute, near her own age, tells of many instances showing her sincere piety, and he testified before the tribunal of restoration that he several times heard her say that she was the maid who had been chosen to deliver France and crown the rightful king. Many of her playmates describe how happy-hearted, patient, tender and devoted she was to all who needed her cheer and help. Isabellette, her neighbor's daughter, says that no one ever saw Jeanne loitering along the road or idling away any of her time. Mengette was with her in their first communion at the parish church and she chided Jeanne with being too deeply in earnest, that she must not take the service so much to heart. The bell-ringer of the church tells how Jeanne scolded him when he forgot to ring for the service. "She said I had done wrong. Then she promised me some wool of her flock if I would be more thoughtful."

These beautiful little revelations of child character come to us through the centuries back from an age long before the discovery of America.

And yet, then as now, it shows how each wonder-working mind has been one of the utmost simplicity, self-forgetfulness, and singleness of purpose.

One of her companions, testifying as to her character, said, "She never swore by any of the saints, and to affirm strongly she was satisfied to say, 'without fail.' She was no dancer, and sometimes when the others were singing and dancing she went to prayer."

### 6. *Superstitions Alien to Faith*

There was great wrong hovering around the village of Domremy. The little maid whose mind was sensitive, and yet strong enough to appreciate the disorder, knew that what she saw was inharmonious with the supreme idea she had of God as the maker of heaven and earth. Domremy was in the marshes of Lorraine near the Burgundian border, and in constant fear of her hated neighbors. Every few days the village boys came back from the fields from bloody frays with the aggressive youths who crossed the border to punish the Armagnacs.

"Many a time," she says, "I saw the children of Domremy come back wounded and bleeding from fighting with the ones who had come to them out of the village of Maxey."

She knew that the system that made little children fight was not of God. All that was needed was a leader for God and He would give the vic-

tory of peace that can come only in war against the makers of war.

Jeanne was not superstitious. Her faith was clear. That truth comes often to light throughout the years, every day of which was thoroughly searched through by her foes for the least morsel against her, and then as strenuously searched through a few years later by her friends for indisputable evidence that she was true. All of this was recorded in sworn documents, most of which are still to be seen in the archives of Paris.

Much was made of the Fairy Tree around which the children of Domremy played, but she always said of the superstitious claims, "Whether it be true or not I do not know." And the evidence is overwhelming that she did not care to know, for the superstition of the Fairy Tree concerned her faith and her mission no more than the discussions of the learned doctors.

Her playmates all testified in their various views under sworn statements how she joined with them in their holiday plays about the Fairy Tree, but whenever she could she slipped away to the little near-by church and laid her garland on the altar of Our Lady of Domremy.

Jean Waterin told how the children often laughed at her for so much devotion to prayer. "Often when we were all at play," he said, "Jeanne would go away to be alone with God." All loved her so that they tried to be good to her and to her heart's desire.

Hauviette was three years younger but she regarded it as a great joy when her mother allowed her to go over and sleep with Jeannette. Mengette, thirty years after, found the greatest happiness of her life in being able to tell how she had gone into the religious services with Jeanne in the feeling that to be with her was to be near God. These sworn testimonies from so many earnest persons bear within themselves the evidence of being true, and from the unceasing measure of such a religious soul must be considered every subsequent phase of her wonderful life. Whatever is brought forth contradictory to that loyal faith may well be disregarded as foreign to the truth.

### *7. The Soul of Character and Life*

Jeanne said, "Kings are but lieutenants of their Lord the King of Heaven," and she bravely asserted without fear or favor that their crowns "no goldsmith on earth could fashion."

Ruskin says, "The nobleness of life depends upon its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy." Lord Bacon completes the great idea when he says, "Man when he resteth and assureth himself, upon divine Protection, and Favour, gathereth a Force and Faith, which Human Nature, in itself, could not obtain."

Such has been true of every noble character in history, and it was brightly exemplified in the life of Joan of Arc. No one has ever accused her of

living an intentional course of falsehood and no one has ever doubted her sincerity concerning the belief in her voices, whatever they were, or concerning her mission, however it shaped her wonderful way.

### *8. Guidance from the Depths of Mind*

Much controversy has taken place over explanations of the "voices" which Joan heard. As there were legions of false Christs claiming to be Messiahs, so there were legions of false "Maids" claiming to be directed by "voices."

Her own recorded words about the voices, as written down at the great trial, are as follows: "When I was thirteen years old (or about thirteen) I had a voice from God, to help me in my conduct. And the first time I was in great fear. It came, that Voice, about midday, in summer time, in my father's garden. I had not (this evidently in answer to a question) fasted on the previous day. I heard the Voice from the right side toward the church, and I rarely hear it without seeing a light. The light is on the side from which the Voice comes."

It is not an uncommon experience for persons of sensitive and thoughtful temperaments to have startling words "pop up," as it were, and, if cultivated by one with such depths of power as Joan of Arc, there might thus be visions and voices such as came to her. The sound of vesper bells

often brought these voices to her, and it is not uncommon for many to fancy voices in the varied sounds of bells. But this in no wise lessens the possibility of some divine possession in these supersensitive moments and there is no kind of explanation that alters the personal power in her faith or its practical worth in character and career.

### *9. The Task as Faith or Will*

Jeanne very reluctantly yielded to her voices telling her to go to the help of France. She says that she would rather have been torn to pieces by horses than to have gone on a mission so foreign to her nature, if it had not been the voice of angels from God. The almost insurmountable difficulty may be understood when we know how conscious she was of her weakness, that she had no friends to help her, that her interests would be mistaken, that it would be almost impossible for a peasant girl, of only sixteen years of age, to see or convince a king. Besides, it was four hundred and fifty miles to the Dauphin's Château on the Loire, and the way was through an enemy's country, infested by robbers and murderers. But the voice said she was born to do that work. Therefore, there was a way, and in the cause of her Lord, she must do it. Here the contrast and respective service of faith and will may be seen and estimated. She had no will to meet the unknown dangers and difficulties that intelligence could see be-

setting the almost impossible way. The difference is in the fact that faith is the way of life, and will is the way of individual judgment. Intelligence is insufficient to be wise to a distant purpose, and it is never reached as originally willed, or found to be worth the value that first inspired the way, but intelligence is always sufficient for the process of perseverance, in which life is a development of the infinite moral system.

Her task is not to be explained as being thought out from any foresight of intelligence, and therefore could not have been planned out as any achievement or triumph of will. The mystery is not so much in her as in others. Gabriel Hanotaux, in his studious analysis of her life, presents four unexplained mysteries as the practical moral interest in her career. The first relates to the formation in her mind of the call to such unwavering perseverance; the second is in her definite idea to save Orleans and crown the king at Rheims; the third, as in the case of Christ, the complete abandonment of her by all her chosen friends; and fourth, her unanimous condemnation, from utterly innocent evidence, by the supposedly most learned and judicially fair-minded conclave of responsible men in the world.

## CHAPTER IV

## THE FIRST BELIEVERS AND THEIR TASK

### *1. Beginning to Remove the Mountains*

It was probably in May, 1428, that she no longer doubted being called of God to right the wrongs of France. She constantly said to her voices, "I am a poor girl; I do not know how to ride or fight." Even as Moses of enslaved Israel, it seemed impossible for one so weak to be chosen for so great a task. But perhaps faith is not weak! The voices ever replied, "It is God Who commands it." History had begun to repeat itself in the power of the words, "God wills it." In the meaning of those words may yet be found the power of peace for all the world. The universe has conceived the form of man out of its forces, and, in the process of evolution, brought forth his social intelligence in the rational order of its infinite system.

She had always been obedient in everything to her parents, but now there was a higher call. They could prevent her at the very beginning if they knew, and her father had already been enraged, even in the suggestion of a dream, so that

he would rather drown her than for her to go away with soldiers.

She must get away from the control of her parents, and it was a grievous thing, as she afterward confessed. She found a chance. There was a cousin of her mother, by marriage, who lived at Burey near Vaucouleurs. He needed some one to help in his household and Jeanne was allowed to go for that work. His name was Durand Lassois, and on account of his age she called him uncle.

Lassois was a witness who gave his testimony clearly, as the records show, and there is no reason to doubt any part of his story.

She began her work upon him by asking, "Don't you know the saying that France is to be made desolate by a woman and afterward to be restored by a maid?"

He had heard the prophecy, because it was a common saying throughout all that country. She told him of the Voices that had given her the mission to free France and crown the Dauphin at Rheims. Lassois was impressed enough that he brought a young man named Geoffrey du Fay into council, and it was decided that she should visit Baudricourt, who was the military commander over that district.

We are indebted for an account of the visit to a man named Poulengy, who was present when Jeanne came into the presence of the military commander. She told Baudricourt that she had come with a message from the Lord and it must

be sent to the Dauphin. It was then the week of the Ascension (May, 1428) and the message to the Crown Prince was, "Let him guard himself well, and not offer battle to his foes, for the Lord will give him succor by mid-Lent." This would be by March the next year. He was to be told that by God's will she herself would lead the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims as Charles VII, King of France. Furthermore, she said it must be understood that the kingdom belonged to God, not to the Dauphin, but that God desired the Dauphin to hold the realm under Him.

Lassois, or, as he is often called, Laxart, was a common laborer, and Joan in the coarse red clothing of the peasantry could hardly impress a hard, rough soldier like Baudricourt, especially with such a preposterous proposition as she brought. He treated it as a joke. Poulengy, who was present at the interview, said in his sworn testimony, that Baudricourt, being licentious and vulgar, thought to use her in an immoral way, but the womanly dignity in her demeanor made it impossible for him so much as to suggest it.

The commander's answer was to advise Lassois that he box the girl's ears and send her home to her father. But the strange peasant girl would not be turned aside and she boldly insisted. Then Baudricourt suddenly drew his sword, loudly and crossly saying, "What would your voices say to this?" as he flourished it before her. As suddenly she snatched a dagger from the belt of an attend-

ant, and brought it down upon his sword. The knife went through his blade as through paper as she cried, "My voices would say this!"

Baudricourt shrank back as from a miracle, and said, "I'll see what I can do!"

### 2. *The Mountains Begin to Move*

Joan had made a prophecy from the voices that was accordingly on the way to be fulfilled by March. This promise was to supply help to the King in a national work of almost impossible proportions, and she had so far failed to get even a listener at home. Meanwhile the months dragged by to January, within three months of the appointed time.

During this time the most violent efforts were being put forth by various commanders to retrieve some of the fortunes of France, but with unceasing disaster and defeat. But not an hour had been lost by Jeanne. She was incessantly pleading with any and all who might have influence to help her somehow to reach the princely heir to the throne and explain to him her mission.

"It is absolutely necessary," she incessantly exclaimed, "that I should go thither, for so will my Lord. It is on the part of the King of Heaven that this mission is confided to me; and, were it necessary that I repair thither on my knees, I would go."

At last, public opinion in the district of Vau-

couleurs began to become zealous in her favor. Her incessant conversation was like the preaching of a new crusade. It became infection. The people began to feel that such devout zeal could not be untrue.

Her bold and confident pleadings among these lowly commoners for a way, and her constantly reiterated promises as a prophet of God, had no prototype in history less than that of Peter the Hermit, when he went up and down through Europe crying, "God wills it," that the Savior's tomb should be delivered from the Infidel. But his was the spectacular zeal of a long experienced master of crowds and his cause was, in a large measure, the pride of one religion against another. The hosts of Europe were swept together by a great storm of feeling and they gave their lives only to failure and death. Hers was the humble zeal of a young girl knowing only the divine meaning in the rights of her people.

### *3. The Mountains Begin to Crumble*

Lord de Baudricourt, military governor of the province, could no longer withstand the public demand to help her. But not being sure whether she was insane or that it was of the devil, he decided first on a test. Taking with him the priestly enrobed curate of Vaucouleurs, he appeared suddenly at her door, so it is told in the depositions of Catherine, wife of Henry, the blacksmith, where

she lived. In order to drive out any devils that might be in her, the priest suddenly spread out before her the broad-embroidered stole, from around his neck, saying, "If you come in behalf of the enemy of men, begone from our presence; but if it is upon the part of God, then remain."

On seeing the use being made of the priestly ornament, Jeanne fell humbly upon her knees, and made fervent acknowledgment of her devotion to the cause of God. The priest asked her many questions to all of which she promptly replied, so that the curate and the governor agreed that it might be important enough for them to write a letter to the uncrowned King.

Jean de Metz, a lawless and reckless freebooter of the Armagnacs, though he nevertheless had much influence in high court circles, heard of the strange girl and he came through curiosity, about this time, to the house where she was staying, intending to make sport of her. But, when he began, with coarse familiarity, "My dear, what are you doing here?" she told him clearly and so definitely that he was astonished. He then looked at this Maid, clothed in the deep red of humble peasants, with more than curious interest. He declares, in his sworn statement, that he saw in her appearance something impressive far above anything ever before seen in any peasant girl. He now asked her seriously to tell him what business had brought her to Vaucouleurs. She replied, "I am come to request of Robert de Baudricourt that

he will cause me to be conducted to the King, either by himself or some other person; but he does not concern himself either about me or what I say. And yet it is absolutely necessary that I see him before the middle of Lent, even if I am compelled to wear my legs to the very knees in the journey. For no living creature, nor kings, nor dukes, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland, nor any others, can retake the kingdom of France, since there is no succor for him save through myself; though I had much better like to remain at home spinning by the side of my poor mother; for such is not a work fitted for me, yet, I must go do it, for such is the will of the Lord."

"Who is this Lord?" inquired the visitor, and she replied, "It is God."

In responsive enthusiasm, he knelt before her kissing her hand and swore on his honor that if God was their leader Jean de Metz would be her knight and take her to the King.

"When do you wish to start?" he asked.

"Rather now than to-morrow," was the reply, "rather to-morrow than any day after."

Surely, it may be well said that never had any knight a nobler lady.

### *4. The Preparatory Interests of the Wonderful Journey*

One thing testifies unceasingly to the saneness of mind with which Joan approached every task.

She never expected God to do anything for her that she could do for herself. "Men do the work," she said, "and only then is it so that God can give the results."

Schiller in his "Maid of Orleans," referring to her many authentic prophecies, has Johanna say to one who was in despair for France:

> "No! there shall yet be wonders,—a white Dove
> Is on the wing, and shall, with eagle boldness,
> Assail these vultures that lay waste the land."

Jean de Metz asked her if she should go in the red clothes she then wore. Women's skirts were hardly possible for so long and hard a journey, where peril and rough roads required freedom of action. She said that she was willing to wear men's clothes. Her new-found believer hastened to have made for her a soldier's uniform, the peasants bought her a horse, and she was thus prepared for the fateful journey. This knight, thus wholly transformed in his attitude toward life, was now in full sympathy with the long suffering peasantry, who were yearning for any gleam of hope in the right to live, and so together a way was made, regardless of their humble impoverishment, for her to begin her historical mission.

It is a marvelous freak of men's minds that there should have been such extended controversy concerning her use of men's clothes, rather than women's, while she had to be with men. It took

up a large part of her trial and was the specific charge of relapse into heresy, which brought about her expulsion from the church to the stake. The town folks of Vaucouleurs were the ones who first believed in her, whose enthusiastic support made Baudricourt act, and they were the ones who prepared for her a soldier's uniform that she might properly ride the horse they gave her, on the way with the little band of sworn knights to see the Dauphin.

### *5. On the Long, Perilous Way*

This wonderful girl was practical beyond all expectations and beyond any mystic visions of the operations of special Providence. Her peasant friends and the sanction of divine will were not the means through which to get results in temporal affairs. She must use temporal means for temporal success.

She wanted the support of responsible men and Baudricourt was persuaded not only to write favorably to the King, but he sent Poulengy as his representative. Meanwhile, persons of high rank, in the hopelessness of the times, were now beginning to take notice of her. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who was ill with an unknown and apparently incurable disease, desired to use her supposed divine power to get back his health. He wanted the service of La Pucelle, the Maid, as she was now becoming popularly known. She de-

cided to visit him. This was probably while she was waiting for her soldier's uniform to be made and for the equipment necessary for the journey of several hundred miles. Her kinsman, Lassois, took her to see this important friend. The Duke made a deep inquiry into her claims but most of all he desired her prayers that he might become well. She told him prayers were useless so long as he mistreated the duchess, his wife, who was a noble and virtuous princess. Likewise, she had a chief aim. She wanted him to cause his son, René of Anjou, to conduct her mission to the King. And thus of her own efforts, she had at last enlisted a prince, if not in person, at least in influence and interest, to lead her to the goal of Voices.

Jeanne's parents had known something of her efforts, but it was not until now that her father realized that his dream of her was coming true, and she was to march away with soldiers. Her parents, in great consternation, set out in haste for Vaucouleurs to stop their daughter from such a mad enterprise. But it was too late. She wrote a letter imploring their forgiveness, but she was upon the Lord's business and could not turn back.

The expedition was indeed a hazardous enterprise and attended with considerable cost. Four hundred and fifty miles was a long journey, especially through a land infested with lawless bands of guerilla warriors, roving robbers, English freebooters, and Burgundian brigands. A

vast assembly from around Vaucouleurs came to see her little conclave of seven persons start on their momentous journey.

When the feeble little force set forth on the long, dangerous way to the King, some one from the crowd called out to Jeanne in warning, how dare she face such peril, and she replied, "It was for that I was born." So it was likewise centuries before that a Son of Divine Faith had said when brought face to face with the mailed fist of human will, "To this hour was I born." Faith knows the way and the work. Only those born of the will are limited to self and therefore blind to the vision of humanity.

Again, when they came to a town, where she could go into customary religious surroundings suitable to the composure she needed, her escorts protested against delay, but she said to them, "Fear nothing. God clears the way for me. I was born for this." The self or I that she and her Savior knew was the divine faith in righteousness as the God within them. To several childhood friends from Domremy, who had expressed privately to her their anxiety for her safety, she correspondingly expressed herself, "I do not fear armed men. I have God for my Lord, Who will make clear for me the road even unto my lord the Dauphin."

Baudricourt had, with noteworthy consideration, made each of her escort take oath for the safe conduct of La Pucelle, and it is recorded

that they started on that wonderful way of faith, fully convinced of a great mission, on the first Sunday in Lent, the thirteenth of February, 1429. According to most authorities this was a few days after she was seventeen years old.

### *6. The Journey and the Great News*

The sworn statements of those who accompanied her, one of whom was her brother Pierre, agree that, through all the terrors of their journey, La Pucelle was unafraid and the noble dignity of her demeanor inspired them all with courage to persevere. Jean de Metz says he felt toward her as toward one sent from God. Bertrand says she was as good as if she had been a saint.

After a hard, perilous journey of eleven days, full of adventure and marvelous escapes, she arrived at Fierbois, which was in the territory protected by the King and was therefore her first safe resting place. From that place she wrote the King a letter, telling of her desperate journey, that she was acquainted with many things he needed to know, and that she should know whether she should enter the city where the King was.

The favorites of the King laughed loud in derision because they did not want any one there who might be a rival for his affections, especially not a peasant girl from Domremy. The Archbishop of Rheims was a learned politician and he did not want any one else to share the honor of any victory in the name of God.

But everybody had failed in France. The enemy was slowly mastering the siege of Orleans and then even the little that was left of France would be at the mercy of the conquering English. Creasy, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," says that, among all the certainties recorded in history none seemed more clearly inevitable than that France was soon to disappear as one of the nations of the earth. That a young peasant girl should arrive at this desperate hour capable of producing one of the most momentous changes in all history, seems so incredible as to be explainable only by miracle and Divine Providence.

Here was a young girl, attending three masses in one day for her patron saint Catherine, who had come with seven attendants, through an incredible journey of four hundred and fifty miles, across the enemy's country, and alighted without mishap at the door of the pious lady in Fierbois.

"What God keeps is well kept," went with superstitious awe from mouth to mouth. It seemed as if in a few days all the people of France were talking about the Maid from the marshes of Lorraine. The weary beleaguered citizens starving to death in Orleans, heard of her and began talking of her as an angel sent from God for their deliverance. They sent messengers who slipped out through the besieging camps to inquire if it were true. Even the English soldiers began to ask questions and wonder. Some became fearful

and said, "What! has God been sent against us!" "Nay, rather say the devil," replied their religious counselors. But that was even worse and more hopeless. They began to conjure up reasons now why the Burgundian army would not help them capture Orleans. Either God or the devil against them would mean disastrous defeat. Hope began to strew La Pucelle's way with flowers and fear began to grip the hearts of the enemy of France. Already nearly every prayer in perishing France bore to heaven the name of La Pucelle the Angelic One.

A sign was appearing in the sky of men's minds. The question began to arise whether after all it could be that right was might, and was it indeed true that the invader fought there in the right with God.

### *7. The Test of the Divinely Appointed Mind*

There was great confusion in the court of the King. The royal council was divided about the girl from distant Lorraine. But she was given protection in the Castle Coudrey about three miles from Chinon, the present home of the uncrowned King of France. At the Castle Coudrey, she was committed to the care of a lady of distinguished piety, wife of Bellier, who was master of the royal household. Three of the King's councilors were sent to inquire into her mission. Jean de Metz was on guard and he conducted them to the interview. She was reluctant to tell

any one but the King. However after much persuasion she told them that she was sent of God to raise the siege of Orleans and to crown the Dauphin at Rheims.

The councilors reported to the Dauphin and an appointment was made. Jean de Metz was her body guard to the castle of the King.

Near the gate a horseman rode up with rude jest and vulgar oath asking if she was the Maid from Lorraine of whom so many were gossiping. Looking at him sternly, she said, "How canst thou deny God, when thou art so near death!"

Within that hour his horse had thrown him into the castle moat, and the story of her prophecy concerning the nearness of death, added to the conviction that a prophetess had come, but many dared not affirm surely that her inspiration and power were not from hell. The curse of the times then as now was not the question whether her cause was right or wrong but from what party did she come, and for whose pay was she taking all this trouble. As usual, reason decided for selfishness, and she was right for those who profited as long as they profited, and wrong for those whose will she opposed.

The court was called together, as was finally decided upon, in the castle hall to receive her. Three hundred knights, nobles and gentlemen were assembled to see her. Fifty great torches illuminated the aisles. This day, March 8, 1429, was a historical crisis for France.

The Dauphin of France was dressed in civilian's clothes, it is said on purpose to deceive her, while others were robed in kingly garments. But she went straight to the King and knelt at his feet.

"Jeanne," he said, pointing to one of the richly robed courtiers, "there is the King."

"Nay," she replied, "thou art the king and none other. God give you good life, my gentle lord."

Many thought there was a miracle in that recognition, but doubtless his kind and gentle features, from repeated descriptions, were already familiar to her. She was entirely too practical and keen in observation not to know of him, even as to his instability and weakness. If he had been a regal man there would have been no need for her to have been called to the greatest of man's tasks from the sweet green fields of Domremy. He would himself have delivered France.

"By what name do you call yourself?" asked the King.

"I am Jeanne the Maid," she replied.

"What is it that you want of me?" he further asked.

"The King of Heaven sends me to save you and your kingdom and to conduct you to Rheims for your coronation."

The warriors in the room were scornful and the courtiers were smiling in derision.

"THOU ART THE KING"

Rheims! it was in the very center of the enemies' conquest. The road to Rheims was impassable because of their fortified cities, castles and armies.

But Charles, the Dauphin, was somehow seriously impressed. He led her away from the jesting crowd and talked long and earnestly with her. In that time she told him, so he said, something known only to himself and God. From many sources, especially that of De Boissy, who was the King's only confidant, there is a common belief that he had prayed bitterly to know through some sign from heaven that he was in reality the true heir to the throne, and she had given him that sign by telling him of his prayer, and convincing him that he was indeed the legitimate heir to the throne of France. It was bad enough to be the son of Isabeau, who was not only vilely immoral but had sold the kingdom to England. The doubt was even worse that he might not be the son of the late King of France.

There had been much reason for doubt, as his enemies had been declaring, and his conscience over this doubt had paralyzed his efforts in many ways. It would also not do to let any one know that he ever felt such doubts, so, in the fiercest hours of her inquisition, when every torture of mind and body was brought before her, to frighten her into betraying that Something, which had become known as the "King's Secret," she held her peace and could not be made to betray it. This

sublime loyalty to a faithless King, who was also a disloyal friend, adds high proof that her martyr's death in a moral cause was an immortal victory over all the wicked ignorance and selfishness of the earth.

### *8. The Credentials of a King*

Through all the malevolent criticism of the centuries, endeavoring to discredit her from all points of view, no doubt has ever obtained a legitimate place in any reason concerning the personal genuineness of her faith.

Her great moral persuasion was unchangeable, that she could do what she did do, that is, to save France from its enemies, to raise the siege of Orleans and to crown Charles VII as King at Rheims. She never claimed to be anything more than a weak and ignorant girl beyond the one great task, and she always maintained that she had no knowledge or power or will more than was given her through the Voices which she called her council. She was fully persuaded and she knew in whom she believed.

Like Paul who knew nothing but Christ and him crucified, so La Pucelle knew nothing but the pain of France and the crowning of the King, who was only so, by being the servant, as she was, of the King of Heaven.

It was a year of staggering calamity. The church was divided into struggling factions, the

Turks were overrunning the Christian countries of the East, and there were prophets of calamity distracting the people of almost every community in Europe.

Charles VII, the Dauphin, for whom Jeanne had labored so long to come to his aid, was over-timid and over-conscientious, and the counter-currents of interests at the courts made interminable delays. Meanwhile the King had a long private interview with her in which she outlined her policy and caused him to agree to three requests.

1. He must hold his kingdom as a trust from God.

2. He must forgive all his kindred who had antagonized him or done him wrong.

3. He must humble himself so as to receive into his favor all who asked for it, great or small. This was exactly opposite to the policy advocated by the Dauphin's chief adviser, La Tremouille, and it made for her in the King's court a cruel and bitter enemy.

After this interview, the King took her to dinner, and then they went for a walk in the fields.

If she was to lead the armies of France she must know how to ride like a warrior. The Duke of Alençon brought her a powerful horse and a warrior's equipment. She took them as one long accustomed to their use. Mounting the horse without aid, she rode before the King with such stately grace, that Alençon made her a present of the horse and the warrior's arms.

### *9. More Mountains to be Removed*

Such were the distractions in the court over her that Charles could not make up his mind what to do. Some Franciscan monks were sent to investigate every detail of her character as known among her neighbors in Lorraine. The learned men of the church and the university were gathered at Poitiers and Charles decided to have her brought before them for decision concerning her qualifications and character as a lawful means to use for France.

Thus her plea for soldiers with which to save Orleans was answered by her being sent for examination to the learned doctors of the University of Poitiers.

When she found that she was to be sent there to prove her divine mission, she said, "In God's name much ado will be there, I know. But my Lord will help me. Now let us go on in God's strength."

We can easily see why the theological doctors worried and annoyed her. She could see no need for learned men to interpret her Voices or to set any stamp of approval upon anything coming from God. She understood her Voices and she knew in whom she believed. Anything more than this was not only superfluous but absurd. This is freedom of conscience. It is the liberty of life. But it was her first realization that there was established on earth certain authority and powers

of interpretation necessary to authenticate her communion with God, wherever that faith might appear as works.

The King lodged her with the family of his advocate in Parliament at Poitiers, and for three weeks she was constantly under critical, if not hostile, examination by the most learned men of the times. Her inquisition was presided over by her enemy the Archbishop of Rheims.

For hours each day she was subjected to all manner of shrewd questions to get her to make a foolish remark or to contradict herself. But it could not be done. Each reasoned from a different beginning for a different vision of success. From a different origin, they were on a different way to a different land of promise and social existence. Such minds never meet. Such persons never know each other. The faith-mind does not live in the same world with the will mind. They do not compose the same kind of persons. There is no mutual means for the adjustment of any conflict between them but force and compulsion. The minds that have incidents and particulars as measures and ideals for religion or morality, for patriotism or humanity, are either despots or cowards, fanatics or compromisers, militarists or pacifists, masters or quitters, and they are a different order of beings for a different order of society from the unconquerable souls whose measure and ideal and way are stayed on the Eternal Meaning known to us as God and his social universe.

## CHAPTER V

## THE PROMISED SIGN FROM THE KING OF HEAVEN

### *1. The Doctors of the Law*

THE University of Poitiers could not trap her in any irreligous thought or foolish mission.

"You tell us," said William Aymery, one of the learned Dominican doctors of the law, in the council examining her, "that God has great pity upon the people of France and wishes to free them. If he wishes to free them, there is no need for the soldiers you ask for." But her Voices were not those of a mystic. She had a practical view.

"In God's name," replied Joan, "only as men fight can it be so that God may give his warriors victory."

A Carmelite at last declared that nothing could come from God without a sign, and she replied with great dignity, "I am not come to Poitiers to show signs. Send me to Orleans and I will show you a sign there. Give me soldiers many or few and I will raise the siege."

Long before this, the seeker after signs had been condemned. The divine witness is never a

sign but always the truth. When one of the learned doctors from the University of Paris quoted many learned authorities to prove that they should not believe in her, she replied, "There is far more in my Lord's books than in all yours."

Some of her answers to impertinent questions were curt enough to enlist the admiration of her inquisitors. When Seguin, who spoke very poor French, tried to confuse her by asking what language her Voices spoke, she replied, "They speak a better language than you do."

After a wearisome day with these learned questioners, another delegation was brought in.

"Listen!" she said to these new tormentors of her truth, "I know neither A nor B, but only that I am sent by the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans and to crown the King at Rheims." Then, asking for pen, ink and paper, she began dictating, for one of the University doctors to write, her famous letter to the English demanding their surrender to the French, because they were out of order with God's laws by occupying French territory and oppressing the French people.

In all these questionings, all the testimony of witnesses were taken down in writing by official notaries, and sworn to, so that every detail that could be found, as to her thinking, as to her conduct or her character, was officially recorded. But besides the examination made by the many learned doctors, and the testimony of all who had

ever known her, Charles caused her to be visited, privately and otherwise, by trustworthy women of the court and by girls of her own age. She was secretly watched and every act reported. But all reports agreed that she was incessantly engaged as would become one with a mission such as hers. Her devotions were always most earnest and sincere.

A few days later, she was subjected to a final test, after everything had been done that ingenuity could invent to find some imperfection in her either from a social point of view or from the requirements of the church. She was brought unexpectedly into the presence of Queen Yolande and her court of royal ladies. They questioned her and applied every test they could think of. But there was nothing that was not beautiful, good and true.

All evidences were now in and Queen Yolande went into the council chamber where she publicly announced to the assembled court and courtiers that "no fault can be found in Jeanne d'Arc. She is chaste, modest, simple-minded, and good; she is truly fitted for her wonderful mission, noble in every glory of her sex, and free from all feminine weakness but tears."

### *2. The Most Remarkable Certificate of Character in History*

All possible investigation and analysis of the character, motives and intelligence of Joan now

having been exhaustively searched, proven and recorded, a document was written in the various languages of the interested nations, and sent to the various governors, especially to the English camps besieging Orleans.

A condensed translation of the document is as follows:

"Charles VII, of France, seeing the necessity of his kingdom, and considering the prayers of his poor people, ought not to reject the offer of the Maid, who says God has sent her to give him victory. But, following God's written word, he ought to prove her in two principal ways: by human prudence, such as inquiry into her life, conduct and intentions; and by devout prayer asking for some unmistakable witness whether she be come by the will of God, as did Hezekiah, Gideon and others.

"The King has done all this. For six weeks he has proven her in every part of her mind and life, by scholars, ecclesiastics, pious men, men of war, noble ladies, wives, widows and children. Publicly and privately, in every manner and form, have they searched and not one has found in her any substance or shadow of evil, but only chastity, humility, piety, devotion, simplicity and womanly honor. Besides, of her birth and life many marvelous things are faithfully witnessed as being true.

"As to the second means, of proving her, the

King has required of her a divine sign that she is from God. To this she replies, that before the beleaguered city of Orleans, she will show him a sign, for so God has commanded her.

"Having regard to this, that no harm is found in her; considering her unceasing perseverance and the urgency of her plea, to doubt her and to set her aside in whom there is no appearance of evil, would be to disrespect the Holy Spirit of Grace, and to render himself unworthy of the succor of God."

### *3. On the Wonderful Way.*

La Pucelle was now officially acknowledged to be the agent of the King of Heaven, divinely empowered to restore France to its place among the nations. Her fame spread far and wide. Soldiers who had long given up all as lost now gathered courage and flocked to her standard aflame with zeal for her great work. She was soon panoplied in all the gorgeous display of war. But this was not her desire. It was the court's idea of a holy show. The people were to be impressed by display instead of truth. She was an agent possessing given power. Divinity must have royal robes. She had a body-guard, chaplins and attendants. Two of her brothers were now with her. She was clad in armor made for her at Tours. A strangely wrought sword was found in Saint Catherine's at Fierbois, as revealed to her by the

Voices. John Davies in his "Historic Prologues," describing her, wrote,

> "Soon as the saintly sword is found,
> Long time entombed in holy ground,
> Armed cap-a-pie, Joan takes the field,
> Celestial agency her shield."

Jean de Metz was now her treasurer and she had a well appointed household, organized by direction of the King. A special flag or standard of white linen was made for her as directed by her Voices. The Savior of the world was pictured on it seated on a throne in the clouds holding a globe in his hands.

The Maid always bore this standard with her in battle instead of a sword. When asked why she did this, she replied, at one time, "I love my banner forty times more than my sword"; at another time she said, "I can not carry a sword to shed blood."

Amidst all the jealousies, her conduct was always superior and faultless, so that no one ever dared to approach her with any intent of evil. Especially did all women devoutly believe in her. She was always joyous and felicitous in expression. Her words of praise were always strengthening the courage of those around her. By the King's commands no one should do her any displeasure and he made it known among the soldiers that her will was law. But she took such responsibility with all the ease that had been

hers in attending her father's flocks in the fields of Domremy. She took command with sternness of attitude and imperialism of purpose equal to any master of men in war. Most of all she demanded that only soldiers of clean conscience should be enrolled in her train. She required the freedom from fear provided for in confession so that no arm should be unnerved in battle by fear of death, and the displeasure of God.

### *4. The Great Hope That Came to Orleans*

Orleans was the last great stronghold between the English-Burgundian armies and the remnant of the French kingdom. The Duke of Orleans, who was its masterful soldier, had been captured at Agincourt, in 1415, and remained a prisoner in England for twenty-five years. If Orleans fell it was known that the enemy would roll over France and sweep the kingdom out of existence.

According to the Orleans chronicler, at the time when they received the first news of the appearance at Chinon of La Pucelle, "All the citizens and dwellers in Orleans were come to such straits by reason of the besiegers that they knew not to whom to turn for help, save to God alone."

In the midst of this despair, some adventurers were admitted through the gates who told the wonderful story of a girl from Lorraine who had power from God. No one could ridicule such a source of relief when it was their only hope.

Dunois, commander of the garrison, in order to satisfy the people, sent two officers to see if there could be any reliance in this strange new hope. When they returned, the starving people gathered around them and heard that through a wonderful Maid, surely God was coming to help them.

### *5. The Beginning of the Sign at Orleans*

La Pucelle was an unsurpassed organizer of fragments into solidified purpose. She was going to Orleans as the instrument and emissary of God and her army must be god-like in both heart and equipment. Religious enthusiasm operating as patriotism has never known anything like this unless it was so under Cromwell.

Her first act at Blois was to send the summons she had dictated to the University professor at Poitiers, ordering the English to abandon the siege of Orleans.

Some of the characteristic interests in it are here related.

Addressing the King of England and others in their order, she says, "Do right to the King of Heaven. Surrender to La Pucelle sent hither by God, for the Dauphin of France, the keys of all the good cities that you have taken and violated in France. She is ready to make peace if you will do right, and set free the kingdom of France.

"To you, archers, companions of war, gentle and valiant, and to all others who are before the

cities of Orleans, in the name of God, begone into your own land; or else expect news from La Pucelle, who will see you presently, to your very great dismay.

"King of England, I am chief of war, . . . sent of God, hand to hand to thrust you out of France. . . . If you will not believe this word from God by the Maid, when we meet you we will fall on you with such a hunting-cry as has not been heard in France for a thousand years.

"Duke of Bedford, the Maid prays that you will not brave your destruction. If you do right to her call, in the name of God, you may yet come into her company, when the French shall have performed the grandest deed that ever was done for Christianity."

Two of Jeanne's heralds were sent to convey the message to the English camp but the English soldiers received it with outbursts of both derision and rage. Contrary to the rules of war, the messengers were held under threat of being burnt, but this was not carried out.

A bright little glimpse of the Maid, when she went to Selles to prepare for the campaign, is to be seen in a letter written by Guy and Andre de Laval to their mother and grandmother. Being kinsmen of the King's favorite, La Tremouille, the widowed mother expected them to have a place of honor next to the King. But when they reached Selles they met La Pucelle and a place

by the King was no longer to them the place of honor.

"To see her and hear her," they wrote, "she seems altogether divine."

They begged to become part of the military guard attending her, but Joan had learned of their mother's desire for them to be with the King, and she advised them to wait and attend him at his coronation in Rheims.

"But," Guy wrote in telling of their disappointment, "God can never choose me to do this, and not go with her, and my brother says the same, as does also my Lord of Alençon."

In this letter he also said, "I saw her mount, all in white armor, except her head, on a great white charger. . . . Then she turned toward the church door, which was close by, and said in a pleasant woman's voice, 'You priests and churchmen, make a procession and prayers to God.' She then rode on, crying, 'Forward! Forward!' her furled banner being carried by a comely page."

### *6. The Warrior Maid*

La Pucelle insisted vigorously on the expulsion of all evil agencies from the camp and that it should be purified of its immoral conditions. An altar was erected where all religious devotions should be performed, and she required the severest discipline of religious righteousness among all the men. Mounted upon a large white charger,

and clad in white armor, surrounded by a brilliant array of knights and officers, she marched forth upon her historic way. Waving her banners, she chanted the *Veni Creator,* until the sacred strain was taken up by the whole army.

The three days' march to Orleans was like a triumphal procession. The arrival in sight of the town was hailed by the starving citizens as indeed deliverance from heaven. But the besiegers had been given time, in the long delay, and they used it in proving their belief in the genuineness of the Maid's mission, by developing the most elaborate system of siege. There was not a single point not well guarded and strongly entrenched.

One of the examiners at Poitiers, knowing the military ring around the city, said, "It would be a famous exploit to pass enough food through such a force to relieve Orleans."

She replied, "By my Martin-baton we shall do it with ease! Not an Englishman will stir or make any show of hindering us."

She proposed to send sixty wagons of supplies and hundreds of oxen, cows, sheep and swine directly through the strongest forces that were investing Orleans. Her military commanders were dumbfounded. Word was got through to Dunois, the commander in the city, and he returned the opinion that it was too rash a plan to be thought of. But La Pucelle refused to listen to prudence or caution. The commanders were in a quan-

dary. They were under strict orders to obey her every command. As they could not change her mind they decided to mislead her. She did not know the way to the approaches of the city, so they led the way to the approach most suited to their own judgment.

The march up to the city was vision enough for any imagination. Joan carried her standard with all the inspiring beauty conceivable for the "Angelic Maid," as the soldiers called her. Her quick glance and instantly-acting judgment allowed no detail of her plans to be abused. In an imperious way, emphasizing her decrees against evil things, she ordered all immoral campfollowers to be driven away.

The army marched to the sacred chants and the sounds of song mingled with the low of cattle and the shouts of the herders. But the Maid heard only one voice, in the midst of her enormous responsibility. That voice was continually her comforter and her guide.

"Go on, go on!" it said, "Jeanne, daughter of God; I will be with thee and be thy help."

As in echoing chorus the chanted verses of a thousand songs surrounded her like clouds of glory. It was the profound religious cry of France for pardon and pity, for rest and peace. The soldiers who had been beaten till they had lost all faith and hope looked upon her saintly figure moving on and on before them, and they felt the power of divine might against the evil that

had crushed the people for a hundred years. And yet that form of hope before them was the very name of weakness known as woman, and this one little more than a child. But something in her was the making of the ages. She claimed the right that was might, before which the greed for power and the lust for conquest must fall.

The peasant maid realized for them that the fight for man was irresistible when it was a fight for God. From their despairing souls a great cry of renewed faith arose as they sang the song of the Holy Ghost:

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O God,
Clothe us with love divine; hold up our wasted strength with living might,
Be Thou our guide: our helper in the midst of fear,
Drive far the enemy and give us peace."

### *7. Captains Afraid to Trust the Military Wisdom of a Girl*

When the army of relief arrived at the circle of the enemy's camps, Jeanne discovered that she had been misled by her officers. But she had no need to punish them for their offense. Any one could now see that they had come to the worst place. As if to make matters still more ill-timed, the weather had become wild and stormy. The only way to get into the city from this place was in barges up the river. Still worse, the stream

THE ENTRANCE OF JEANNE D'ARC INTO ORLEANS
A Window in the Cathedral of Orleans

was now very low and the heavy wind dead against them.

Some citizens, including the commander, Dunois, came down the river to them. La Pucelle met them at the shore.

Singling out the commander, she cried out in a rebuking voice, "Are you he who advised us to come by this side of the river, instead of straight through the English camps? If we had come as I ordered, we could have got in the relief with much less difficulty."

Dunois tried to excuse himself but she impatiently responded, "By my Martin-baton, the counsel of God is wiser and safer than yours. You thought to deceive me, but you yourselves are deceived. I have brought you the best succor that ever knight or city had, for it is the succor of the King of Heaven, not given for love of me, but of God's own good will, who has had pity on Orleans."

The military council now acknowledged her superior plan, and everything was moved on up the river six miles. There they found that the wind had changed, that the water from recent rains in the upper valley was now deepening the river, and that, true to her prophecy, the English army made no attempt to attack her guard of troops. The supplies were loaded upon barges, pushed across the river, driven far around the strongly fortified bastile of Saint Loup and on into the starving city by the gate of Burgundy.

### *8. Entrance into the City*

The people of Orleans had besought their officers, who had gone out to meet the Angelic Maid, to bring her back with them. The officers, showing how well the army was now organized and committed to her cause, said that the people and defenders in the city were in present need of her more than her army. Accordingly with a body guard of two hundred lancers, pages, her brother Pierre, and numerous personal attendants, she entered the barge and was taken safely past the bastile of Saint Loup, where the English did not even make a demonstration of attack upon her. Whether it was from religious fear, or because they did not regard her and her supplies worth an attempt, has never been clearly settled. Doubtless both causes kept them within the fortress. However, it was the historical fact that unmolested she entered Orleans with her soldiers and supplies, April 30, 1429, and the beginning of a great epoch in the life of France was now at hand.

Ever alert for righteous obedience to moral ideals, she rebuked the officers of Orleans for swearing, saying that they should not swear, but, if it seemed necessary, they might bear witness to any important purpose, as she did, by her Martin-baton. And thereafter, at least in her presence, so the officers testified, they always swore by their Martins.

Thoughtful for her comfort, they tried to

avoid the people and to get her secretly into the city for a night of rest, after her three fatiguing days of travel, in which she had not taken off her armor. They waited until dark to enter the Burgundy gate. But the people heard of her coming, and when she rode in at eight o'clock, the soldiers were lined up with a blaze of torches, and the masses of people, starving and suffering, crowded around with unceasing shouts of joy, striving among one another to be the first to kiss the ground where her horse had stepped. Her burnished armor reflected the weird lights, and they looked upon the shining one, thus bringing relief that none else could do, with the worship due an angel descended from heaven. Had not all the world abandoned them, till this one came, in the name of God with food for the starving people! Who can imagine the feelings of the wonderful Maid as she looked into the hunger-bitten faces of thousands crying to her as to a saint! No dream of the Domremy fields could equal this reality, as mothers lifted their children that they might be blessed in seeing this daughter of God.

High over her head she waved her banner of freedom, cleaving a way through the shouting people, crying in clear tones to them at every step, "O my people, hope thou in God! All is well with you! Have all a good hope in God. Have confidence in our Lord, and you shall be free! God has sent me to deliver Orleans."

What else could they do than believe in that

beautiful white vision of faith, hope and love!

Slowly the soldiers, lancers and attendants tenderly pressed back the crowding throngs to make way for La Pucelle. Then the crush to be near her was so fervent that a torch was bent over against the banner and its fringe caught fire. Jeanne seized the flame and crushed it in her bare hands. Everything was marvelous. It was all a miracle. Why should they not believe that no other girl in all history could have done this, except God be with her!

Besides the recorded testimony of witnesses, a writer who saw her enter Orleans describes the scenes with great minuteness.

"All felt greatly comforted," he wrote, "and, as it were, already unbesieged, through the divine virtue of which they had heard in this simple maid; whom they regarded right lovingly, both men and women, and likewise the little children."

### *9. The Feast of Honor and the Company of a Child*

At last this wonderful procession came to the home of Jacques Boucher, who was chancellor and treasurer of Orleans and whose wife was one of the most respected and beloved women in the city. There she was lodged with her attendants who were under the management of her two brothers. Her hostess helped her out of her armor into suitable clothing and then led her to the dining hall

where a great banquet was prepared with all the notable people there, but Jeanne took only a small cup of water and wine with some pieces of toasted bread, and then asked to retire to her room. We may suppose that she had not come to a feast, and, in a city where many were starving, she could not sit at a table spread for a banquet. But, these people, though their desires were no doubt good, could not understand how much more she loved those she had seen in the streets, that royal display was not in harmony with her mission or her moral law.

As she passed out of the room she noticed a wondering child looking wistfully at her from the door. It was the eight-year-old daughter of the hostess, little Karlotte. La Pucelle had only one request to make, and this was that the little child might be her companion while she remained in Orleans. Her war was not for those who had already lived but for those yet to live in the need of a better way. Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven, who have not yet received their inheritance, because of the willfulness of men. She could not renew her strength from men of powerful self-assertion and great will, for her faith in the might of right things was, as with these little ones, in the Maker and Preserver of Life more abundantly.

## CHAPTER VI

## FREEDOM TO THE CITY OF ORLEANS

### 1. *The Sign Given in the Miracle That Was Promised*

BEFORE Orleans in military camp was the most renowned army then in the world, and of the most victorious nation. God had prospered them as they verily believed. But now, confidence as to being the favored of a conquering God began to fail, and the assurance of the besiegers of their righteousness as a mighty power fled from them like an actual spirit, and entered the French. The whole city went with the Maid to the Cathedral of Saint Croix to return thanks for the marvelous goodness of God. The chronicles of that time say, "Not one returned to his home from that service but that did feel within him the strength of ten men." But the English did not long entertain the thought that God had deserted them to enter the souls of Orleans. Their explanation became a settled conviction that the devil was inspiring their enemies, and for the time being was getting the best of God.

The flower of the English armies was there safely housed in fortresses known as boulevards

situated at about even distances around the city. To be sure they had let the devil's emissary get into the city with a supply of food and reënforcing troops, but, when the Maid's army came and tried to break through they would capture it, and that would be the end of the devil's experiment with the Maid and of Orleans.

The head men in the army and government of Orleans were glad to get the supplies, and they welcomed the enthusiasm aroused by La Pucelle, but they were calloused military men, and they could not feel either faith or interest in the Maid, except as she could serve their purpose. They needed assistance and when it met their approval, they would accept the service either of devil or of God. Faith derived from the consciousness that eternal right is infinite might was in deadly conflict with the personal will derived from the reasoning of individual interest. The natural history is self-evident. Life in nature was the vital impulse to organized form adjusted to environment. Out of this, intelligence arose and it formed the animal will. As human intelligence realizes the intelligence of the universe, faith forms the will. So the faith-will is in conflict with the self-will.

They deceived her in every possible way in order to satisfy the people that they were obeying her and yet to have their own way. La Pucelle saw through it all. She was much grieved, but she accepted their treachery merely as one of the

obstacles, and despite their blunders, led them to victory.

Black suspicion with the credulity of ignorance was rapidly eating into the English lust for conquest and breaking the will of the besiegers. They talked among themselves how impossible it was to war against Beelzebub and his devils.

The Duke of Bedford, who was conducting the siege, said in a letter to King Henry VI, "Your people, assembled before Orleans in great numbers, have received a heavy blow which seems to have fallen from the skies. This check has come to them, in my opinion, from the foolish thoughts and unreasonable fears which have been brought upon them by a disciple or a limb of the enemy, called the Maid, who has used false enchantments and sorcery."

Those who had sought for a sign, both at Chinon and Poitiers, were now given one that must have been indisputable, even if it was not convincing. The great day came on May 4, when four thousand of the Maid's soldiers, coming by the way which she had first ordered that they should come, marched on into the city, about midday, without a single move by any of the English garrisons to prevent them. Thus was the proof given that had been promised the doubting doctors, the miracle was performed that the Voices had promised the Maid, and the mission of the daughter of God was being fulfilled. These historical facts may be explained in most any way to suit the ex-

plainer's fancy, but nothing explains away the demonstration of a woman's faith that eternal right is infinite might, as a normal process of man's work.

### 2. *The Challenge to the Ordeal of Baal and God*

Lord Talbot was regarded as one of the most successful English commanders. He saw that something must be done to get the fear out of his soldiers. He did all he could to revile the Maid as a wanton and a witch. He derided the French as being under the sorcery of a common camp woman. He sent her word that he would soon capture her when he would burn her as a devil from hell. This word-war was as full of possible consequence as any series of battles. It is in good evidence that human battles may first be lost or won in the regions of mind. It may be some explanation of the long belief in the justice of duels.

When the messengers brought the worst of abusive challenges daring her to show her Satanic power, this returned challenged was issued: "Go back," she said to the heralds, "and to Lord Talbot say this for me: 'Come out of your bastiles with your host, and I will come with mine; if I beat you, go in peace out of France; if you beat me, burn me, according to your desire.'"

In the afternoon following the unmolested entrance of the relieving troops, La Purcelle was weary and she retired for rest and sleep. Con-

trary to her orders, some of her over-enthusiastic soldiers organized a sortie to capture the fortress of Saint Loup, but Talbot, the English commander, repulsed the attack and drove the French in a rout back to the city.

Meanwhile, La Pucelle had sprung up from her sleep, rushed out to the page in waiting, and, shaking him vigorously, said, "O blood-guilty youth, why didst thou not warn me that French blood is being shed. Bring my horse!"

She clad herself in her armor, seized her banner, and galloped away to the Burgundy gate. There she met some of the wounded being brought in. A chronicler present wrote of this, that, for a moment, she reeled on her horse, faint at the sight of blood. Then she put spurs to her horse, turned back the fugitives she met, and with a great shout flung herself and her swaying banner into the midst of the madly fighting men.

The English fell back as if every wave of the banner was the stroke of a sword. The French flung themselves forward with shouts of praise to God. The fort was taken by storm and all that threw down their arms were in mercy spared. The next day being the Feast of the Ascension, the Maid's army kept Holy Day in Orleans.

The next day following this service, Joan led her soldiers against the bastile of the Augustines, and the soldiers went in platoons, as if from waves of her banner, over the defenses, driving the English like sheep before them.

### *3. The Power of Faith in the Mind of Man*

The great stronghold of Tournelles was now in turn ready to be assailed. According to the war-science of the time, it had been made impossible to assault. The Orleans generals held a council and decided that they dare not attack Tournelles until they had reënforcements from the King. This word was brought to Joan and she sent back the statement, "You have taken your council, I have received mine."

At break of day she was up and on the way to lead the assault. On arriving at the Burgundy gate, she found it closed by order of the Council of Generals.

"You are doing a bad deed," she cried to the keeper of the gate, "and my soldiers shall pass."

The gate was opened. Joan galloped on with her men to the troops that had been left to hold the fortifications captured the day before. They rallied to her ensign and rushed on to the assault. That day would decide the fate of Orleans.

Meanwhile, the officers of the army in the city had been informed that La Pucelle was leading her troops to the assault on Tournelles. Though believing it to be impossible and that it was a fatal blunder, they hurried to her help.

This may be noted as far more commendable than has happened in many a crisis in the story of Americans. The conscientious objector, and no one has ever found any other kind of obstruction-

ist, is too conscientious ever to help remedy a blunder, no matter how important the need, when made by any one who is not acting according to the objector's judgment. This individualizing of will as supreme for the sake of party methods and personal decision is the soul of anarchy and the invariable maker of despotism in any group, social, political or religious, for peace or war.

During the awful century of bloody war that had bled France to hopelessness, for then more than seventy years, there never had been such valorous energy and self-sacrificing heroism, as was given wherever eye could see the banner of the Maid of Orleans.

Down into the ditches went the French with sword and lance and mace. Up the walls they swarmed on scaling ladders in the face of showering arrows, lances and hatchets.

She spurred her horse forward into the thickest of the fight, shouting to her men, "On and on to victory for our Lord."

With great shouts the English led by Gladsdale rushed out against her, calling her all the vile names they could think of. La Pucelle heard him and with her standard raised aloft rode down upon him at full speed.

"Soldiers," she cried so that her clarion voice was heard over all the tumult of battle, "fear not. Strike in among them boldly in God's name."

She dismounted in the midst of the fighting

mass, striking furiously with the flat of her sword upon the enemies' heads and waving her banner high as she could reach. Now it was down, then up again, swaying round and round, as the center of all the fiercest wage of war.

### *4. The Banner Fallen at the Walls*

All through the long hot day of May 7th, the banner of the Maid of Orleans was swung back and forth at the front of the death struggle by her tireless hands. In the afternoon Joan sent an arrow over the walls into the English ranks, bearing a note, demanding for the third and last time that they surrender. Captain Gladsdale climbed the walls and, waving the note before him, shouted so she could hear, "News from the harlot of the Armagnacs!"

She began weeping at this insult and then became comforted as she called on the King of Heaven to clear her mind of his evil words. Have you heard a gossip slander a good name! Who has not? It is the poisonous thinking of an immoral mind striving to have a congenial world.

Dunois, the commander-in-chief, was much discouraged with the day's work and word came to her that he was about to order the assault to cease. She hurried her horse with all speed to the commander and implored him not to give up the fight. He would not answer. Turning her horse, she unfurled her flag, saying, "Watch my stand-

ard; when it reaches the walls, the fortress will be ours."

Dunois had become weary of the unavailing struggle. He recalled the judgment of all his military associates that the Towers could not be taken by assault. But he could not order the soldiers back while the banner of God was going with all the speed of the white horse toward the English walls. Such commands would be unheard. The soldiers were following like a great human wave the flowing banner and the call of the wonderful woman.

It was turning late in the afternoon of what seemed to be a hopeless day for Orleans and France, as she led this final terrific assault. "On, soldiers, on," were the words that reached the men like the cry of a mother to her sons. "In the name of God, the victory is ours." The weariness of the long dreadful day's struggle was gone. The power of faith gave the renewed strength of ten men to every man.

Reaching the moat, she sprang from her horse and crossed safely over, waving her banner and calling victory to the soldiers still struggling to break through or to climb over the ramparts.

Before her, against the wall, was an empty scaling ladder from which the men had been driven by a shower of stones. She went up to it with the intention of climbing it herself when it was suddenly thrown down by someone of the enemy from above. Thrusting her banner into

the hands of an attendant, she raised the ladder back to its place by her own strength. Then she took the banner and began to climb, when a heavy bolt from a crossbow struck her in the shoulder near the neck. The blow struck her backward to the ground, where she lay as one dead. A fierce volley of arrows and stones drove all the soldiers back across the moat, while loud shouts of victory were heard all around the Towers.

### 5. *The Wounded Warrior*

The English saw her fall from the ladder, and they believed this meant the end of resistance for Orleans. To capture her was better than any other victory. They rushed forth to get her body. But Gamaches, one of the knights of her body guard, sprang to her defense with all fury in his battle-ax. He beat back the assailants until the soldiers could rally to her rescue. They drove the shouting victors back and Gamaches, though sorely wounded, carried her across the moat. Then she was placed upon a horse and removed to the rear where she could receive proper care.

Doulon, who was present, wrote a noteworthy account describing the feelings of the rough men around her. The arrow had gone through her shoulder near the neck, and it was necessary to turn down her clothing to stop the blood in the long ugly wound. "But the purity of her soul, and the sight of her blood shed for her country,"

said Doulon, writing of the scene, "clothed her with such sanctity in her nakedness that an impure thought was impossible."

The soldiers looked upon her as a saint, and yet, like a child that she was, she wept at the sight of blood, but was brave enough to draw out the arrow with her own hand, and to forget her pain in the peril of her cause.

Let it be noted here again that Joan had no superstitions. Friends crowded around her trying to touch her wounds with special charms they carried. She cried out for them not to do so. For what this was to them she had nothing to say, but for her it was a sin. God did not work His blessings through inappropriate or irrelevant things. She preferred a dressing of olive oil, though she cried like a child with the pain as they dressed the ragged and dangerous wound.

The French were now fast being overpowered and in many places were in full retreat. She inquired for her banner. Doulon had seen it lying in the moat where it had fallen from the ladder. With a few brave soldiers he ran back to secure it for her. Realizing what was happening, she mounted Gamache's horse and rode up to them as they came out of the ditch with her banner. The knight handed it to her, a gust of wind caught its folds and made it stream out toward the walls as if pointed by the hand of God. A shout arose among the soldiers. "The Maid is restored to life! She beckons us to come on!" and they came

on like a returning wave of the sea. The English were stricken with fear. They had seen her cut through by an English bolt. They had seen her fall. They had shouted the news of her death throughout all the ramparts and towers. Here she was back again. Her banner streaming toward their walls. She could not be killed! She had been restored to life! Back of her the oncoming wave of shouting soldiers witnessed her resurrection. Flesh and blood could not withstand such miracles. The strength fled from their weakened arms. They were unable to draw a bowstring or hurl a stone. Every soldier, long thereafter, French, English and Burgundians, as each told the story wherever he went, declared that he saw legions of countless numbers coming on earth and in the clouds. They saw the smoke and flame of cannon and the flash of avenging swords filling the air and sky. However it was, in that strange hour was won the most amazing victory in the regions of mind. Perhaps it may be a symbol of how the self-system of evil goes into chaos before the might of right. The self-made will can not fight for evil as the faith-made mind can fight for social justice.

Byron uses her heroic figure, seen here, for one of his striking contrasts in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, saying,

> "First in the ranks, see Joan of Arc advance,
> The scourge of England and the boast of France!"

### 6. *The Banner Over the Walls*

One of the soldiers with her, writing of the battle, says that, as they fought around her, close to the ditch at the walls, a white cloud was seen floating around her standard. At that moment she cried out, "Into the fort, children; in God's name the fort is ours."

"And never," says this writer, "was seen flocks of birds lighting on a hedge as thick as were the French climbing up the walls."

"That night," he continues, describing how Joan rode back victorious as she had foretold, "all the bells of the city began ringing, and the people were shouting their praise and thanks to God."

They formed a procession in gratitude for God's mercy, and, excepting only for brief intervals, that procession has been continued and has celebrated the deliverance that came with the Maid, every year through all the changes of now nearly five hundred years.

Several writers of that time tell us that it was near sunset as she led the final assault upon the stronghold called "The Towers." The English soldiers were probably the best in Europe but they could not fight what they could not kill. They fled in terror panic-stricken from the tireless soldiers of the woman. All testify that above the tumult of battle could be heard her cry, "In the name of God, the victory is ours."

In a mass, the terrified soldiers driven out of the forts crowded upon the bridge across the Loire. Sir William Gladsdale, the commander who had reviled her in such vulgar language and called her the harlot of the Armagnacs, was among them.

"Surrender!" she cried to him. "Surrender that I may save your life, for I have great pity on your soul."

But he hurled back a vile epithet at her and would not heed her mercy. Then the bridge went down, the heavy armor took all to the bottom, and the free waters of the Loire closed over them forever. "At this," the chronicler writes, "the Maid wept bitterly and would not be comforted for the loss of so many good men, who should have been Christians together, for the rescue of the Savior's tomb and the redemption of the Holy Land."

In such wasteful wilfullness have many multitudes of good men been lost to the unhappy world. Intelligence has not yet been developed enough to banish the reign of wills and give place to the peace of faith.

Southey has her say in her note to Gladsdale:

> "That gracious God
> Sends me the minister of mercy forth,
> Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France,
> To England friendly as to all the world,
> Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,
> The masters and the murderers of Mankind."

So she had been called in the vast history of things to suffer that others might understand, and she at last gave all to the stake for the honor of her faith in God as the personal sanction of the Almighty Universe to the inalienable rights and duties of humanity.

### 7. *A Warrior Uninterested in the Glory of War*

Though Joan had been in battle twelve hours and for several hours badly wounded, she would not quit the field till her wounded soldiers were all cared for, and this was not until long after midnight. She had eaten nothing all day and before retiring to rest she took only a few pieces of toast dipped in half water and half wine.

Twenty-five years later, during one of the investigations, into her character, the sworn testimony of thirty persons, who were present and familiar with the conduct of La Pucelle, was written down, and is still preserved, in which the record of the depositions says, "And in this they all agreed, that they had never perceived by any means whatever that the said Joan set to the glory of her own valor the deeds that she had done, but rather ascribed everything to God, and, as far as she was able, prevented the people from honoring her, or giving her the glory; for she preferred to be alone and solitary rather than to be in the company of men, unless that was necessary for the purposes of war."

Those who supposed that this wonderful child of faith was either mystic or visionary or superstitious will find all the testimony to witness that she was practical, reasonable and normal beyond all the surrounding experiences of life. Joan never showed the slightest trait of fanaticism or bigotry. When she was asked to lay on her hands to heal the sick, she answered, "Touch them yourselves. Your hands are just as good as mine." This is the democracy of genuine faith in a reasonable world. She was nowhere looking for freaks, she had no whims, there is no record of any capricious will. The individual will in its drive for success strikes at opposing objects as does a snake, leaps like a wolf upon its prey, and quails in cowardice before the darkness of every unknown way, but faith moves on, facing faithfully the far dream-shores, even though the journey must pause to suffer the judgment and satisfy the wills of men at the stake and the cross.

### *8. The Mountain Removed*

On Sunday, May 8th, the English captains in the remaining fortifications decided to make a final stand. They came from all the remaining boulevards and drew themselves up in battle array. The French soldiers all came out through the near gates and formed their battle lines before the walls. But the English gave no signal for the attack.

The Maid with her banner rode up and down before her line, speaking words of pious encouragement to her men. Then she ordered the priests to erect an altar where Mass could be said. While the priests were busy with the Mass, and she was deep in the devotions, without turning toward the foe, she suddenly waved her banner and shouted, "Look and tell me if the English have their faces to us or their backs."

"The English are retreating," was the answering shout, as the soldiers rose from their knees to look.

"In God's name, let them go," she replied. "It is not my Lord's will that we should fight them on the Lord's day."

Then was the name and fame of Joan of Arc immortal in the history of the world. Forever more it was to be high before Mankind like her banner as a vision of faith and hope for relief against the oppressor in the name of God and his social universe.

Writers who were there say that in the presence of this victory her face was transfigured till it shone like the vision of an angel.

Shakespeare in his Henry VI puts these words into Lord Talbot's mouth, who for the first time had seen defeat:

> "My thoughts are whirled like a potters wheel;
> I know not where I am, nor what I do:
> A witch, by fears not force, like Hannibal,
> Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists."

The whole civilized world was now ringing with her fame. Thoughtful people, realizing that something of the most far-reaching consequence had taken place in defeating treason, violence and wrong, began to hope that God was truly appearing in the affairs of man and ordering the righteousness of the world.

The lowly people around her were giving her the reverence due to a saint and the proud were heaping honors upon her as the glory due to a mighty captain of victorious armies. She tried to avoid it all, praying to God for protection against all such flattery and idolatry.

An archbishop, through whom she had been seeking the righteousness and peace of his office, said to her, "Never was seen in any chronicles of the world the like of the deeds that you do. In no book can such wonders be read."

In humble negation of personal merit, and maybe in contempt of "the little learning" that makes men mad, she replied, "My Lord hath a book of wonders in which no learned man has ever read."

### 9. *The Harvest of Envy and Treason at the Castle of Loches*

La Pucelle had completed her mission to Orleans. Monday morning she gave her blue satin hat to her noble hostess as a keepsake, kissed little Karlotte farewell, and, while the priests were saying masses in the churches for their dead, she

rode away to Balois, preliminary to a meeting with the King at Tours.

Dunois and many of the officers, nobles and knights of Orleans, escorted her in a triumphant cavalcade to the appointed place of meeting. As she saw the King awaiting her, she rode ahead holding aloft her banner, till she came up to him, when she stopped and bowed low her head. The King took off his chapeau and came up to her with uncovered head. He caressed her on the cheek and bestowed upon her the badge of the Royal Lily of France.

The people were wild with joy and hailed her as the greatest saint since Mary, the mother of Christ. But the wavering King could never be sure. A poisonous sneer had come into his ear from Tremouille. A pious doubt had been suggested by the crafty Archbishop of Rheims, and the English, to save themselves from some of the dishonor of the defeat, were loudly proclaiming everywhere that the French King was profiting by the sorceries of a vile witch. All the politicians, courtiers and hangers-on about the court helped to defame her wherever they could, because she was no friend of theirs. The officers belittled all she had done, and in some instances, boldly took it to themselves that they had succeeded despite her crazy plans. The snake is never a slanderer and the hyena is never a hypocrite. The slanderer and hypocrite alone inhabit regions

where they may live lower than any nature-made thing.

To counteract this rising tide of hate toward her, a mild protest in defense of her was printed at Lyons only six days after the siege of Orleans had been raised. This brief commendation was written by Jean de Gerson, known as "the most Christian Doctor."

In characterizing her he said, "She seeks neither worldly honors nor worldly men; she abhors seditions, revenges, hatreds and vanities; she lives in the spirit of prayer, in works of grace, in holiness and justice. She employs no surprises, no deceits, and she has in view no hope of gain. She is seen to be very firm in the faith; for she exposes her body to wounds without taking any extraordinary precautions to save herself. Warriors obey her willingly, and risk the dangers of war without fearing the disgrace which would fall on them were they beaten, having a woman to lead them. She clothes herself as a warrior to fight the foes of justice, to defend her country, proving that God can, when he will, confound the mightiest by the hand of a woman."

Gerson wrote from the monastery at Lyons admonishing the people to be faithful to one who could be likened only to the saints of scriptural times, and Gelu, archbishop of Embrum, warned the people that to fail her was to betray the voice of God.

## CHAPTER VII

## THE PEACE OF A PACIFIST KING

### *1. The Wills and Their Ways*

JEANNE wanted to take the army at once on to Rheims but the military management refused to consider such haste until the valley of the Loire was cleared of English troops.

Charles retired in indolent peace to Loches and took with him Jeanne and all her company. The Maid of Orleans was an object of the greatest love and veneration by all around her, but the King left the management of all his military affairs in the hands of his officers. Such things were not a woman's work and Jeanne was helpless. "I have but a year and a little more to live," she implored of him, "and in that time there is much to do," but the King was satisfied.

In a few weeks all the army that had flocked to her standard went to pieces, and the officers were struggling with the problem of soldiers for the sometime purpose of driving the English from the regions of the Loire.

Jeanne did not like the court nor the presence of officers, and she spent most of her time with the priests and the common people who loved her so well.

The Abbot of Talmont had been one of her examiners at Poitiers, and he held her in great respect. One day in riding out with her, he thought it time to reproach her for allowing so much reverance, that amounted almost to worship, from the people. The common folks knelt at the wayside as she passed, they kissed her hands and her feet, they were happy to touch her horse as it passed.

"Does it become the Maid," he asked, "to suffer such honors to be paid her? Ought she not," he argued, "really to guard herself against the reverence of these simple people, that might easily become idolatry?"

Jeanne was sorely perplexed and grieved at such a thing. She did not know how to repulse the love of the people.

"In truth," she replied, weeping, "I know not how to keep me, unless God will keep me." In that reply is condensed the entire gospel of righteousness. It is the experience of every one who has tried to live the will of self. It is the meaning of faith in a divine universe.

The Abbot says that he was silenced, and he used her statement in such fervent appeals to righteousness and patriotism in her name that it became a famous saying, and it is still on the way of meaning for a social world.

Here and there are little incidents along the way, that happened to get into the records, which are worth more in understanding this wonderful

woman than any victory in battle, for it was the deadlier battle with the treason of courtiers and priests. One of these describes a deserter whose family had died in the famine and he refused to fight because he had nothing more to live for. "Look into my eyes," she commanded when he said this, "and tell me have you nothing to live for while there is France and God!" A transformation took place in the man's mind as he looked into those deep blue eyes. Another vision of existence was substituted. He kissed her hand and fell upon his knees at her feet. Then he arose, bravest of the brave, as the chronicler tells it, a soldier of France and a warrior for the social justice of God.

### 2. *Pearls of Great Price Before Swine*

The month of May was coming to an end. Dunois came to Loches with a plan to be sanctioned for clearing the valley of the Loire, but Jeanne wanted an army to clear the way to Rheims so that the King could be crowned and her mission be finished. After that they could purge the land of English troops.

One day when the King was holding his seemingly endless session of councils, this time with a small group of his most confidential advisers, "all as by chance being good men believed in by Jeanne," she knocked at the council door. They bade her come in. She went up to the King, knelt

at his feet and embracing his knee, said, "Noble Dauphin, do not hold so many long tedious councils, but come quickly to the task that you may receive your crown at Rheims."

Dunois, who was present here, records an incident that gives a realistic glimpse of their attitude toward her, and the possible explanation of her Voices as being flashes of brilliant intuition, so strong as to seem to her to be outside the senses, and thus objectively alive to the sensitive soul of this wonderful girl. Her description and explanation of her Voices, in order to be reasonable, had to fill out the intuitional vision with the forms of her own reality. In fact, the impartial investigator often believes he can detect evidences of form being given to her explanations in order to make them seem as reasonable to others as to herself. This does not in any sense imply deception, even in any attempt to clothe with reasonable appearances whatever seems to be the most reasonable in the reality of mind.

She had risen from her knees before the King, as she implored him to follow up the victories and move on to Rheims, where he would be crowned the real King of France.

Christopher de Harcourt, Grand Master of the Forests, asked her if her counsel had told her thus to dispense with their council. She answered promptly that it had.

"Will you tell us here, in the King's presence,"

he continued, "in what manner your counsel speaks when it tells you what to do?"

"In my own mind," she answered humbly, "I perceive what you wish to know and I will tell you."

The King interposed kindly to save her feelings. "Jeanne," he asked, "does it please you thus to declare this thing before these witnesses?"

She said it did. Then she began, in much hesitation and confusion, seeking for words to convey her meaning, by first telling them how unhappy it made her to find they had so little faith in her message from God. So in her grief she entreated her Lord to tell her what to do to banish their unbelief. She said that always in such a prayer she clearly heard a voice saying, "Go on, Daughter of God; I am with thee to help thee; go on, go on."

She said that in the light that shone with these words she was in an ecstasy, in which she wished she could remain forever, and as she told of it there was such a look of heavenly beauty upon her face that the witnesses said they could never forget nor deny.

But the official staff managing the military campaign would not be moved from their plan, and the best that even the King felt able to accomplish was that the Maid of Orleans should accompany them. Laying aside her own feelings, she accepted the preparations made for her, and with all her old spirit of enthusiasm fared forth on a

task which she did not regard as in any sense advisable or within her call from God.

### *3. A Godless Task to Satisfy the Will of Men*

A month after Joan had left Orleans, she returned to make it her headquarters during the process of driving the English out of the many small garrisons dotting the regions along the Loire.

Soldiers, citizens and peasants all met her as a saint sent them directly out of heaven to be their deliverer and guide. Their reverence she always took not to herself but to her mission. Her chaplains and confessors all testify that she always said everything was for her ministry. She always declared that she had not come to show signs nor to do miracles. She had to have means to accomplish purposes and reach ends. Her Lord merely showed her purposes and ends, and unwearyingly she toiled and toiled till she had fulfilled the will of her Lord. All the bitter dregs that men emptied into her cup she drank in unbroken silence. But her success in great things caused the people to demand success, even as a sign in the endless procession of little things. The demands upon her as having strength from God for anything was cruel beyond description. As she could do anything, she must do everything. She must cure every ill, banish every discomfort and restore paradise for every man, woman and

child. To do less, was to be an enemy. If she could not do everything for them her powers were faulty and if they were faulty they could not be of God. If they were not of God, from whence came they but from hell, and what of such a woman, if not worse than the vilest denunciations of the English. Such is the logical mind of selfishness, however plausibly it reasons, when demanding every meaning to be realized in all forms that can be manipulated by will for personal benefits. It reveals the anarchist, who thus reasons that righteousness should lay all values at his feet or else every such system is his enemy.

What happened to La Pucelle, happens to every beauty and to every good and to every truth, where will comes in to use the machinery of logic for the mastery of the way. Jeanne d'Arc treated the adulation of the throngs crowding about her always with the high spirit of a religious guide. "Trust in God and strive to do his Will," was her constantly repeated admonition.

She was the master of consistency in all her diplomatic or military affairs, and all the captains testify that she had no equal in organizing troops into battle array.

Her negotiations with the Duke of Brittany to renew his allegiance to the King, and her success in re-uniting the alienated fragments of France, shows the highest and best forms of statesmanship. Princes and noblemen began to turn from their hostile attitudes toward Charles' reign, and

CHARLES VII (1403–1461)

the whole fabric of intrigue against France began rapidly to go to pieces.

### *4. The Hour Is Always Now for the Will of God*

In the afternoon on Saturday, June 11, 1429, the Maid rode out of Orleans with her army on a self-imposed task to drive the English from their strongholds along the Loire. The Armagnac military leaders heard of heavy reënforcements coming to the English and they became afraid. The council was soon involved in a quarrel, fast becoming desperate, when La Pucelle appeared among them in great indignation, declaring that the Lord was guiding their way and that if it were not so she would be back in Domremy guarding her sheep. Shamed out of their quarrel, they became reconciled and went on to the assault of the town and the stronghold of Jergeau. A detachment went on ahead to capture the outside part of the town so that the soldiers could sleep in the houses. As Jeanne came up, she met the soldiers returning. They had been defeated and driven back. Taking up her standard she cried out for them to come on where she led, and, as she approached the English fled, leaving that part of the town to the unmolested use of the French.

On Monday morning at dawn the French artillery began to batter down the walls. By nine o'clock an opening had been made, and the trumpets pealed forth the order to assault. In front

of the surging mass of soldiers came the Standard of the Maid. The Duke of Alençon had not yet given the order to rush the breach in the walls.

"Forward, gentle Duke," she cried, "on to the assault."

"It is not yet the time," he called out to her.

"Doubt not," she responded. "The time is when it pleases God and he wills this hour."

The soldiers heard and swept in after the Standard of the Angelic Maid.

"Ah, gentle Duke!" she cried back at him, laughing in a mocking way. "Art afraid! Have I not promised thy good wife to send thee back to her safe and sound?"

The Duke hesitated no longer but ordered the grand assault.

The banner never faltered but moved ever in the hottest of the fight and wherever it went the English fell away from it and victory went with it like waves of the sea.

She had been wounded severely in the foot, but it never delayed her for a moment. As she mounted a ladder to scale the walls with her banner, a stone from the walls struck her standard and was dashed into fragments on her armor. It struck her down, but she rose with her banner, crying, "Friends, cheer up! Cheer up, comrades! The day is ours! Come on! Come on!"

Somehow the Angelic Maid grows in the mind as a symbol of womanhood leading humanity to the fulfillment of courage and power, clearing

wrong from the world. If not in war-like form, it has been so from the days when motherhood teaches the feeble steps, and the hours when mother encourages the infant mind to grasp the meaning of the world.

Jergeau was mastered with all the fury and passion of war. Not so with Jeanne d'Arc. She protected the prisoners and her first care was to see that they should not suffer from the enraged people.

Within two weeks the valley of the Loire was cleared of its enemies.

### 5. *Overcoming the Enemy on the Way to Rheims*

Jeanne rested two nights in Orleans, most of the time in the cathedral, at the foot of the altar, in silent prayer. And now there was not a single general who dared deny that she was a leader superior in military strategy and foresight to them all.

Tuesday evening she summoned to her the Duke of Alençon.

"To-morrow, after dinner," she announced to him, "we go to Meun."

At that town was a strongly fortified garrison and its subjugation meant that the way was now being opened toward the final goal of all her tasks, the way to Rheims.

True to her plans, her army reached Meun in due time. The English fled from the town and

took refuge in the fortress. She took possession and bade the soldiers to be at ease till morning.

The next morning Alençon heard that Constable de Richemont was marching to join them with several famous knights who had joined their fortunes with him. The Constable was in strong disfavor from the King, because of much antagonism, if not disloyalty, and the King had forbidden Alençon from receiving Richemont or his support in the royal army. Alençon was personally very bitter toward Constable de Richemont and he told La Pucelle that if she received the Constable, he would withdraw from the army.

The King in conferring authority upon Jeanne had among the specified rights at her request committed to her the power to pardon offenses done against him and his kingdom.

Lu Pucelle reminded Alençon that if she pardoned de Richemont he would be on equality with Alençon both as to person and as to the King's service, in which state of affairs Alençon would have no excuse to leave that would not be treason.

In any estimate of the character and career of this strange girl, such foresight and firmness have much significance in her history.

When the Constable met her on Friday evening, she received him cordially on her own responsibility. She told him that she would receive him free from all disfavor from the King or any one in authority, if he would take oath of life loyalty to his lawful sovereign. This he was glad to do

and thus the last important faction disrupting France was closed.

Meanwhile, a panic had seized the English in the fortress. They begged for a council of surrender. This was agreed to and, according to the terms arranged, on the next morning, the garrison disarmed, filed across the bridge, leaving everything behind but their personal effects.

### 6. *The Fortunes of War*

Hardly had the last English soldier disappeared over the bridge, when a messenger arrived with news that a force much larger than that of the French was approaching to relieve the fortress. The French officers did not believe they could hold the town against the superior force and equipment of the enemy. They advised immediate retreat.

"By my Martin-baton, No!" cried Jeanne, who wanted battle in the open fields. "God is sending them to us for defeat. The King shall to-day have the greatest of all his victories."

The trumpets were ordered to sound the call to battle. In swift march, they hastened to meet the enemy. Presently they came upon the English drawn up in battle line near the village of Patay in an advantageous position.

"There are the English," Alençon said to the Maid. "Dare we fight them?"

Dunois and Richemont came up.

She suddenly enquired, "Have you all good spurs?"

"What!" cried the Duke, "Are we to be defeated? Shall we turn and run?"

"Nay! Nay!" she replied, "but the enemy is about to flee. They will not stop and you must have spurs to chase them."

Plans were therefore laid not only for battle but for pursuit. This proved to be a most remarkable provision for victory.

It was hardly a battle. Where the standard of La Pucelle waved the battle became a rout and then a desperate flight. But they could not escape the horsemen prepared for the pursuit. The cavalry spurred on ahead of the fugitives and turned them back to the slaughter, till half were scattered over the fields, wounded or dead.

Sir John Falstaff, the hero and knight of the garter, made famous by Shakespeare, broke through and fled madly on to Yenville, where the people refused him and his associates an entrance, and he fled on and on till he was safe within the walls of Corbeil. But nothing he could say about the sorcery of the witch-maid availed and he lost his knighthood on the charge of cowardice.

In the battle of Patay was completely destroyed the really splendid army brought over by the Earl of Salisbury to complete the conquest of France.

It was a wonderful consummation, not open to any commonplace explanation, when the Lords, Earls and Knights stood captive the next morn-

ing before the Maid, who had dictated to a professor at Poitiers, the summons commanding them to depart from Orleans and leave the soil of France. It was all beyond their comprehension as it is ours. Talbot answered for them all, and no more practical explanation has ever since been given them, when he replied to their questions, "It is the fortune of war."

### 7. *Favorites of the King*

La Pucelle was all womanly compassion for every one suffering who was not receiving that suffering in an act of violence against the rights of France. That was the crime worthy of whatever punishment that might befall. As she rode back from the battlefield of Patay, she saw a French soldier driving forward some prisoners, one of whom was wounded unto death. In the great pity of her soul she sprang from her horse, rebuking the cruel soldier. As the wounded man sunk down she knelt by his side, ministering tenderly for him as a mother. He asked for a priest and she had one brought forthwith to them. She took the dying man's head in her arms and weeping over him, comforted him till he died. He looked into her pitying eyes and it is said that he saw angels coming to take him away from the world of violence and blood.

That she loved the humble and the poor is well attested in the depositions of Dunois. He says

that, as she rode by his side, through crowds of grateful people, blessed if they could touch her garments, happy if they could kneel upon the earth where her horse had trod, she said, "In the name of God, behold how good and devoted are these poor people. There are none others to compare with them."

The Angelic Maid was a soul of infinite sympathy supreme as the motherhood of humanity.

In a week the Wonderful Woman had freed the hopelessly beleagured city of Orleans; in another week she cleared the Loire valley of the numerously garrisoned enemy, and she wanted to go on at once to the coronation as the end of her mission. Then she could go back to her flocks in the peaceful fields of Domremy. But the coronation that Charles most desired was ease. He was born to be ministered unto. Though he was grateful to this strange and unaccountable girl, it was no more than he should expect from his subjects, whatever their talents, gifts or powers. Naturally, anything they possessed from God on down to taxes and service should be his.

The King showered compliments on her and listened to the usual advisers suitable to a King, the envious favorite Tremouville and the archbishop of Rheims.

The King's favorites were already preparing her crown of thorns. They were already shaping the road to the martyr's stake.

All the energy she once used striving to be

heard, she now used striving to organize her means for the last of her tasks.

The King advised her to rest. She declared that she could not rest. The peace she had made between the King and those who were unfriendly to him was broken by the renewal of envious antagonisms. But the humble people of France were wild to follow where she led. They came from all parts of the kingdom only to find delay and uncertainty. It seems that the King himself was envious of the interest of the people. He discouraged them in every way that could be devised. The King's favorites tried to have her sent off to the conquest of Normandy. They said that the French army could not yet get through to Rheims. The enemy was too strongly garrisoned along the way.

### 8. *None So Blind as Those Who Will Not See*

Jean, her second brother, arrived from Domremy, in the midst of her endeavors to have the King move on to Rheims. She loved him dearly and inquired with deep interest about her relatives and the people of Lorraine.

One thing he told her that caused her many tears and for which she gave many prayers. He told her that back at home they believed her power began under the Fairy Tree, known as Beautiful May. It was the superstition of the peasantry and they did not know it would do her harm.

There were two accusations which always made her scream with pain. One was any question of her chastity and the other any suggestion that her power or mission was from any other source than God.

"What!" she cried in consternation. "Do they believe back at home as the English believe that my love for King and country is not of God!"

Alas! for humanity! She was soon to learn how little that King and country lived in the name of her Lord!

At last La Pucelle, seeing that she could not encourage the King against his advisers, encamped in the field before his castle with her followers, who were paying their own expenses with their scanty means, there awaiting his feeble decision to come on to the coronation. But he came not. The King's favorites wanted to have all the glory of this final act. The Angelic Girl of the Wonderful Faith was like a fawn in the midst of wolves. Her God and her Lord of Right were nothing but scornful jests to them.

Then Jeanne started alone for the advanced camps of their army, to clear the way, for the King to Rheims. This courage shamed him and the next morning he followed her.

Town after town surrendered along the way and supplied the army with food until they came to Troyes, where the English and Burgundians gathered their strength to block her advance.

For five days the French army, and a host that

had flocked to the standard of the Angelic Maid, lay in the fields around Troyes, with nothing to eat but beans.

The wonderful thing about this was that a strange personage named Brother Richard, possessed of the most fiery eloquence and zeal, had appeared there during the season of planting time, with the strange order from heaven that the people plant beans. There was no reason that any one knew for planting beans, but the peasants did it, and without that harvest of beans, now ready, La Pucelle's army of Coronation would have been compelled to disperse from before Troyes and abandon the attempt. The Maid's mission would have failed and the justification of all her sacrifice and labor would have been lost.

La Pucelle was exclusively practical. She denied all miracle. But her followers believed she could do anything. She had only to speak to her Lord and there would be abundance. She had only to wave her banner in the name of God and the enemy would become panic-stricken and powerless. The incompetence of ignorance always fails in the process of faith and supplies the means of conquest to the wills of despotism.

### *9. When Will Gives Way to Faith.*

But if ever an uncouth, unequipped army looked hopeless, this one was now so. They were

destitute in the heart of the enemies' possessions. All around them were fortified cities. They were not more than half fed and soon found themselves with less than a day's supply of their meager food. The officers were not only in doubt but in revolt against the folly of trusting to a girl to lead an army.

The Archbishop of Rheims declared to the council, called by the King, that only a miracle could save the army from famine, the city could not be taken without artillery, and it did not seem possible that the minds of the English commanders could be changed, as they paid no attention to the summons of the Maid. All the counselors in their turn spoke to the King, advising him that nothing but retreat could save them, as there was no help short of several days' journey.

Then Robert le Meçon spoke. He was one of the three who had heard Jeanne at Loches tell the King about her Voices. He reminded the King that the expedition had not been undertaken through reliance upon the military power of their soldiers. It could never have been thought of on such grounds. It was undertaken upon the help God was giving to the Angelic Maid, and she should be sent for that they might hear what she had to say.

This appealed to the King's conscience and he decided to send for her. Faith in the power of righteousness and the estimate of possibilities in the struggle of wills were again on trial.

## CHAPTER VIII

## A DIVINE CROWN AND THE ROYAL HEAD

### *1. The King Reluctantly Patronizing Another Power*

MEN of might relying upon will usually seek divine power only as a substitute for avoiding failure. So long as there is any chance of winning by their own will, they dislike the restraints imposed by the interference even of a temporary substitute.

Joan of Arc must have felt that kind of contempt for the weakness of Kings, when she came into the royal presence of this man who was of the most corrupt origin and from the most treasonable political system in Europe. Could a divine mission be given to such a man! But she doubtlessly believed that her responsibility so marvelously proven to be divine would be no less imposing and compelling when thus conferred upon him. A consciousness of their belittling condescension must have weighed heavy upon her as she came into the council hall before these unworthy men.

She came in with stately bearing as one having authority above the wills of men. She made her

respectful salute to the King. Then she turned to the Archbishop with a motion for him to proceed with what he had to say.

The Archbishop spoke at length, covering all the reasons that had been given why the army should save itself while it could do so in retreat.

She then turned to Charles and asked him if he would believe her if she spoke her mind. He replied that he would surely believe anything reasonable.

"Gentle Dauphin," she replied, "if you will stay two days longer before Troyes, the city shall be yours."

"Jeanne," interposed the Archbishop, "we would gladly promise to stay thrice so long, if it could be reasonable that we could have it."

"Then never fear," replied the Maid; "you shall have it to-morrow."

The fervor of the inspired warrior may be felt in the words Theodosia Garrison has her say for the freedom of France:

"And angels militant shall fling the gates of Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and cheer us as we ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint Michael of the sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long agony;
I would go singing down that road where faggots wait for me."

The King and his advisers quickly agreed that she should take charge and have another day. It was to be a great day for France.

Jeanne ran out of the house, mounted her horse and was away to the camp. With her Martin-baton she pointed out the work for the captains, knights, squires and soldiers to do. They made bundles of small limbs from the trees with which to fill the moat; they brought parts of frames from houses torn down from which to bridge the mire of the ditch. Some mounted the culverins and bombards; others prepared ladders and gathered material at convenient places for assault. They could work when they believed and they could fight in the greater faith. Jeanne worked the whole night through and aroused the same zeal in her men. Dunois said that she did as much as any three captains.

It was from these scenes that several of her hard-minded warriors, in testimony concerning her as a soldier, said, that in the art of war, in the plannings of battle and leading soldiers in assault, "she bore herself like the most skillful captain in the world," this child fresh from the pasture-fields of Lorraine, who had power and inspired power in the name of humanity and God.

### *2. Brother Richard and His Assurance*

The English soldiers within the besieged city saw these preparations. They saw the Maid all through that momentous day, and, when darkness came, her torches showed her tireless work through the whole night long. The enemy saw feebleness change to power. The defeated were working like men sure of victory. The people could not sleep, they flocked to the cathedrals to pray. Many of them ran wild through the streets crying that the day of judgment had come. That strange fanatic known as Brother Richard was there. He went about whispering counsel that their souls must be prepared for the day of God that was coming with the next sunrise.

The exploits of the Maid, when she came waving her holy banner, were told with trembling lips with a meaning never felt before. Even the solid stone walls could not stand before the mighty waves set in motion from her hands.

Possibly she was from God. If so, who could stand before her!

Brother Richard warned them that if she were from God it would not only be death but damnation to oppose her. If she was of the devil, their miserable death at her hands could hardly be worse. There can be no doubt that this man of strangely true intuitions, was preparing the psychological way for the victory of the Wonderful Woman.

The people did not wait for the military commanders. At dawn they sent Brother Richard out through the gates with a vessel of holy water to ask her if it were indeed truth that she came from God.

The priest came into the presence of the Angelic Maid with great caution. He solemnly sprinkled the holy water upon the ground before him to purify his steps, he signed himself with the cross so that no devilish influence could touch him, and then he threw the holy drops into the space between them so that there could be no devils of the air to mar their conference. But Jeanne had no superstitions. She had no fear of holy water. "Come on boldly," she cried, laughing at his grotesque gestures of fear. "I shall not fly away."

A few minutes' conversation was all that Brother Richard needed. He hastened back into the city and such was his report that the city lost not a moment in hastening the surrender.

Many of Charles' council desired to punish the city for its sins against him, but Jeanne would allow nothing that was not full pardon and peace, as soon as they took the oath of allegiance to their rightful King.

### *3. Keeping Faith with the Enemy*

Europe had never achieved anything but a very inconsistent and variable code of honor. Per-

sonal advantage was the supreme divine right. No one thought of keeping an oath as being binding when it was unprofitable. The measure of all things was self, while God was merely a great self magnified into almighty sovereignty.

But, in that most lawless and corrupt period of all time, this marvelous child of faith was so superior to her age as to believe that covenants should be kept, and that righteousness existed between man and man only as it must be between man and God.

Troyes was overwhelmingly convinced by Brother Richard that the Maid was indeed from God and they must not be a stumbling block in her way. The English officers saw at once that they could not overcome the superstitious fear of their own men, nor withstand the determination of the citizens to surrender, and have any hope of defeating the ever victorious woman. They agreed to be disarmed and to leave the city, provided that they would be allowed to take away with them their personal possessions. This was agreed to by the Warrior Woman in the name of the King.

It was soon learned that the English soldiers had bound their French prisoners and were taking them along as property. This was technically correct, as prisoners were the profitable spoils of war. Each man capturing another held the captive for ransom. Word of what was happening was carried to Joan. "In the name of God," she

cried, "they shall not be taken hence!" But the English soldiers claimed that their treaty of surrender included the right to take away their property.

La Pucelle mounted her horse in great indignation and galloped forward to the English commander. He likewise insisted that such was the understanding that his officers had of the treaty made and so understood by the French officers. She insisted that no one could make a treaty that was not right before God. But she believed in keeping faith even with the enemy.

Her conclusion was instantly reached: if the King had allowed such a treaty of surrender, he must pay the ransom. She hastened back to the King. He told her that the English being unarmed could not take away the prisoners if she would not allow it. She insisted that no such violence against a covenant between men was possible and it was equally impossible to allow the prisoners to be carried away into captivity. He must pay the ransom and set the men free. And it was done. She soon returned to the city with the prisoners glorifying her as their savior. Probably for the first time in the history of Kings there was asserted a divine right greater than kings, even as later on she was to pay with her life the penalty for holding the faith that the divine right of religious conscience is superior to all the tribunals or decrees of kings, ecclesiastical potentates, or organized masters of church and state. In this free-

dom of faith kept true is the immortal meaning of Joan of Arc for the American rights of man and the humanity of the world.

### 4. *On the Marvelous Way to the Coronation*

About ten o'clock on the morning of July 11, the King in a triumphal procession rode into Troyes. Brother Richard preached one of his most famous sermons to them, and henceforth was a personal follower of the Wonderful Woman.

"God does not work for the idle," was the constant saying of La Pucelle. "Work and God will work." She wanted to be always at work until the completion of her mission. At last she got them moving on to Rheims. Town after town surrendered or fell before them. It was a triumphal procession on to the great coronation of the King. She never thought of it in any other way than the fulfillment of God's will. Her religious devotions were unfailing and she inspired the same spirit in all around her.

Dunois says that she had the vesper bells rung half an hour every evening wherever she was because in them she could hear the music of the Voices, as when she was in the fields of Domremy. He also says that wherever she came to stay all night she always inquired for the most respectable woman in the town, with whom she would lodge, while guards kept watch on the outside. He, who had been with her through so many victories, was

one of the noblest of men, and none can doubt his testimony. He says that "all the soldiers held her as sacred, and so well did she bear herself in warfare, in words and in deeds, as a follower of God, that no evil could be said of her." Princes, noblemen and priests all with the same respect only extend the description of one of the noblest women ever born to the earth.

Rheims was reached with only the delay incidental to receiving the surrender of the towns, and from performing the ceremony of allegiance by being sworn to the Dauphin on the way to become King.

Saturday morning, July 16, the Archbishop of Rheims entered the city and prepared it for the reception of the King at sunset. At the appointed time, the triumphal entry was made, Jeanne riding by the side of the King. Her dreams in the fields of Domremy were coming true, and it was surely the most wonderful dream ever dreamed by a little girl. Far more, as a testimony to the power of faith, it was the dream of the most wonderful little girl.

The next morning at nine o'clock, Sunday, July 17, the historic cathedral at Rheims was ready for the coronation of a king. In that great historic hall, now so torn by the bombardments of the invader, gorgeous colors, velvet and silver, satin and gold, steel-pointed spears and glinting armor were mingled with waving streams of crimson and

azure, flowing from the high windows and reflected from the many-figured aisles.

The holy oil with which the King must be anointed at Rheims was of great historic veneration. It was said to have been brought down in a vial from heaven for the coronation of Clovis. All was at last ready and the great day in the resurrection and restoration of France was now at hand.

### 5. *The Coronation*

It was as if the impossible had come to pass. And yet, king and archbishop never believe that anything is impossible with God for them. Being the highest, why should the divine go any lower for the conferring of favors or for the interests of humanity! On them was the glory and honor. But, whatever they thought, they recognized in Joan an instrument now proven to be useful and they gave her a prominent place in the coronation.

One writer describing the scene says, "Joan stood beside the altar, her standard in her hand. Her celestial figure, glorified by the rays which shone upon her through the stained glass windows, seemed the personification of the angel of France, presiding over the resurrection of her country." Perhaps that gorgeous assembly could not understand which was the great figure in that coronation. It might be the King or the Arch-

bishop but it could hardly be a woman, however strangely God had looked upon her.

But the like of her had never been seen at any glory of kings and never again, as there would never again be such times, could there be such a warrior for the rights of man in the name of God.

At the foot of the great altar, stood Charles the Dauphin of France, ready for the mystic ointment of Saint Remi's oil, that was to confirm the lowering of the crown of France upon his head.

The Maid, clad in silver mail, holding aloft her standard with which she had waved victory into every fortress and hostile camp from Blois to Rheims, stood like a guardian angel at the side of the altar. "That banner has borne the pain," she said, "and it should share the glory."

Felicia Hemans, describing Joan at the Coronation, says,

> "Her helm was raised,
> And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
> Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
> Youthful but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
> And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
> Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
> On its pure paleness; while enthroned above,
> The pictured virgin with her smile of love
> Seemed bending o'er her votaress."

### *6. The Task Completed and the Longing for Home*

The Dauphin of France was now King according to the ancient ceremony of coronation used

since the time of Clovis. Then a strange act took place when the King arose with the crown of France on his head.

Those who were near her testify that, "When the Maid saw the King had been consecrated and crowned, she knelt, weeping as she clasped his knees, saying, 'Gentle King, now is accomplished the will of God, who decreed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and bring you to the city of Rheims, for your holy sacring.' "

She wanted the King to understand and with him all the people that she now considered her service at an end.

"And right great pity came upon all who saw her," continues one who was present, "and many wept."

Well might they weep, for it was not like the age of Egypt when there arose men who knew not Joseph, because here there were men around her, in high places, who knew not God.

And now before the entrance of the place where her King was crowned, unmolested by the vandalism that ruined the great Cathedral in the European war, stands her statue with the symbolic standard in her hands. The King is lost in the contempt of history, but the faith of the peasant girl forever flourishes in the soul of humanity.

As she rode away in the coronation procession with the King, the people were shouting and singing in religious enthusiasm all along the way. Jeanne was greatly moved by their devotion and

CHARLES VII AND THE MAID OF ORLEANS ENTERING RHEIMS

From a painting about the year 1700

she said to the Archbishop, "When I die I should wish to be buried among such good people."

The prelate asked her how her mind in such an hour could turn to thoughts of death.

"I know not," she replied. "My death will come as God pleases. But I would that God let me return home to my sister and my brothers. They would be so glad to see me, and I have fulfilled the will of my Savior."

### *7. The Task, the Woman and the King*

Dunois, of Orleans, who knew her work best, in his sworn testimony says, "When she spoke seriously of the war, and of her own career and vocation, she never affirmed anything but that she was sent to raise the siege of Orleans and to lead the King to Rheims to be crowned."

So, when she stepped forth from the great throng at the completion of the Coronation, and embraced the knees of the crowned monarch, saying, "Gentle King, now is the pleasure of God fulfilled," we may well believe it was like unto the cry of old, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

John Stirling, writing in England when she was still thought of only as a sorceress, says of her desire to return home, at the completion of the coronation:

> "And with many tears implored!
> 'Tis the sound of home restored!

And as mounts the angel show
Gliding with them she would go,
But, again to stoop below,
And, returned to green Lorraine,
Be a shepherd-child again."

Elsewhere in his poetry he speaks of her as "the most wonderful, exquisite and complete personage in all the history of the world."

Joseph Stephenson, in his "Wars of the English in France," says, "Had she returned home with her parents from the coronation at Rheims, had she escaped from prison, or even been pardoned by her judges . . . she would have become the heroine of romance instead of the heroine of history. . . . Her death was her triumph, and from the ashes of her execution-pile at Rouen arose the regenerative liberty of France."

After naming the great promises of her "Voices," he says, "But for Joan they had no promise to her save this—that at the end, after a great victory, they would take her home to Paradise."

The illustrious lady, Christine de Pisan, was in her old age an inmate of the Abbey of Poissy where her daughter had long been a nun. She wrote at that time of the triumph at Orleans, a poem of five hundred lines in praise of the Maid, in which she said,

"And thou, Maid most happy, most honored of God, thou hast loosed the cord with which

France was bound. Canst thou be praised enough, thou who hast brought peace to this land laid low by war?"

In praise of women through Jeanne, she said,

"Honor to the feminine sex! God loves her. A damsel of sixteen . . . the enemy flees before her. Many eyes behold it. She goeth forth capturing towns and castles. She is the first captain of our host. Such power had not Hector or Achilles . . . in heaven shall ye have reward and glory, for whosoever fighteth in a just cause, winneth Paradise."

But this really learned woman proved not to be so good a prophet. She said, "In her conquest of the Holy Land, she will tear up the Saracens like weeds. . . . There shall her life end."

At the close of the coronation rewards were freely bestowed upon the princes, knights and officers who had contributed to the victories resulting in the crowning of the King. Then La Pucelle was asked what she wanted. The Heavenly Maid remembered only her childhood home. It should have all the reward. She asked that the two villages, Domremy and Greux should be forever free from taxation. The King granted her request and caused it to be written as "a favor of and at the request of our well-beloved Jeanne the Maid, and for the great, high, notable and profit-

able service which she has done us, and does each day toward the recovery of our kingdom."

And all honor be this much unto King Charles' word. Every year until the profligate days of Louis XV, it was written over against the taxes on those two villages in the tax book: "Nothing, for the sake of the Maid."

### *8. After the Coronation*

Joan of Arc was now at the height of her achievements in world history, but not yet to the greatness of her wonderful character. The King would not let her go from his service. It seemed to him no less preposterous now that she should go back to her flocks in Domremy, than when he first saw her that she should achieve the crown for him at Rheims. As for her, if she must remain in the service of France, she could not be idle or lose any time.

The Duke of Burgundy was yet in open hostility to the King, though not fully in accord with the English. She at once wrote him a letter in which she said, "High and mighty Prince, Duke of Burgundy, Jeanne the Maid, in the name of the King of Heaven, her rightful and sovereign Lord, requires that the King of France and you make a good, firm and lasting peace. Forgive each other with a good heart, fully, as loyal Christians ought; and, if you must fight, go against the Saracens. . . . I beg and pray you, with clasped hands, that

you will make no longer war upon us, you, your soldiers or your subjects; for believe very surely that how many men soever you lead against us, they shall gain nothing, and great pity it will be for the battle and the bloodshed."

Shakespeare in his "Joan of Arc" puts her words into this form:

> "See! See the pining malady of France.
> Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
> Which thou hast given her woeful breast!
> Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
> Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!"

Jeanne d'Arc with her marvelous military insight desired to march at once on to Paris, but the King as if composed of the ancient traditions of slow plodding warfare, did not dare to order the capture of Paris. It looked like too big a task even for "the daughter of the King of Heaven." Such swiftness of execution was too quick for his imagination.

The war-council decided that not Paris but the strongholds supporting Paris should be first reduced, and thus was the wonderful enthusiasm of her army to be wasted on the outposts instead of being led to a crushing victory upon the center at Paris. Her brilliant military strategy could not be used for four hundred years, when Napoleon used her swift and direct methods with which to win some of the greatest victories in history.

The delay gave time for the Duke of Bedford to rush English troops to the strengthening of Paris, and to bring inducements to bear on the Duke of Burgundy not to make peace with Charles de Valois.

Bedford prevailed upon his uncle Cardinal Beaufort to come to his aid. The Cardinal had already sent an army to help fight down the Hussites in Bohemia, and now he turned with pious zeal to the task of the Armaguac witch known as Joan of Arc. Bedford needed time to make his preparations to hold Paris, and the Duke of Burgundy, now more and more being committed to the English Cause, delayed Charles four days more at Rheims, on negotiations for peace. Then he succeeded in getting a fifteen days' truce under pretense of negotiating the surrender of Paris.

### *9. The Road of Treason and Defeat*

Diplomacy and intrigue had now taken the place of the Voices of the Maid in the Councils of the King. The little she could get done was by sheer force of her tireless energy and will,—this girl of seventeen! She had seen her high noon at Rheims, but now her faith began to fear, not for her cause but for her lack of a cause. Her work was now more for the glory of a feeble King than for the good of the people or the interests of any heavenly calling. Slowly she felt about her the

creeping coils of faithlessness and the confusions of insatiable greed.

"I fear nothing but treachery," were her significant words to Gerardin. There was no more her heavenly voices in the vesper bells. The cold hand of man's inhumanity to man was freezing the celestial fires in her soul.

On August 7, 1429, Bedford wrote a letter to Charles VII in which the Duke berated the King as one "Who accepted the help of superstitious and reprobate folk, a woman, disorderly and defamed, wearing a man's attitude, and of dissolute conduct," and whom he challenged to combat "with all the perjured rascals of his train."

This challenge was made because the English and the Burgundian armies were now ready. The slothful King and his intriguing court could not complete the restoration following the task to which the Maid had been inspired. She was not now in the army according to her divine call from Domremy. Heaven had given her the sign of her calling and had closed the mission.

The challenge to battle for the way to Paris had its effect and the corrupted cause of the King was to be put to the test with an unprepared army.

The fatal disbelief and slothfulness of the King's favorites wound him about as in a net of indifference, and the Maid often became weary and fell into the weakness of tears. She could not win victories with such unworthy slackness in

men. She might thus work for unworthy idlers, but God would not.

The English leaders frequently sent her word that if they could capture her they would burn her as a witch, and then in response she would cry to the King that he must come on to battle for his rights. She said, "I cry, 'Go in to the English and I shall go in myself.' "

But the easy mind of the King was the easy dupe of both the Duke of Burgundy and the King of England. He believed he was a great diplomat. He thought he could persuade the Burgundians from their alliance with England and thus force a peace without further battles. "As to peace with the English," Jeanne reiterated, "the only peace possible is their return to their own country."

The stupidity and folly of the King is shown in his compliance with everything suggested by the Duke of Burgundy. Charles would not fight him as long as the Duke promised anything in the name of peace. Her light was darkening under a sky so beclouded by selfish wills that she could not see her way, and she became patient, so pathetically patient. The holiness of the King was fading from her vision. The hour of betrayal was at hand, and she was no longer to be seen at court when there were to be found any group of the humble with whom she could worship.

It was always Jeanne and the people. Those in authority were always opposing and obstruct-

ing. They were glad when the day came so that they could be rid of her interference with their plans.

The King's court was composed of false courtiers, artful flatterers and greedy sycophants. The weakness that could endure no controversy, was unable to organize his own household, and could in no sense obtain any rights through war. The court did not want one near who required decency and they were glad to be rid of La Pucelle. This reveals how absolutely essential that morality is to humanity, and that without its divine loyalty there is no possible meaning for a social world.

In the midst of such demoralization there could be no peace, and the noblest of peacemakers could have no influence upon such ignoble wills. Autocracy and immorality are both disastrous and impossible to social justice. The American president, defining Americanism in the European War, made it clear that real Americans "desire peace by the overcoming of evil, by the defeat once for all of the sinister forces that interrupt peace and render it impossible." As the vesper bells voiced divine harmony in the soul of the wonderful woman, so her life rings out as the liberty bell of our coming civilization, not only in America, and for France, but throughout the world.

## CHAPTER IX

## ON THE WAY TO PARIS

### *1. Mountains Unapproachable by Faith*

MANY of the Maid's most devoted captains and knights had been taken from her and scattered over detached commands, and yet, with an almost incredible organizing power and military insight, she overcame the delays made to please the Duke of Burgundy, and got the army under way toward Paris.

Insurmountable as seemed the obstacles from Domremy to Rheims, the way from Rheims to Paris was worse from the unpatriotic stupidity and apathy with which she had to deal. It made little difference to most of the people whether their masters were English, Burgundians or Armagnacs.

On Sunday, August 14, her forces arrived before the English fortified about the village Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

There was some skirmishing back and forth before night-fall, but the real battle was expected to take place in the morning. All night she worked with her former zeal to have the army ready, but the next morning the English would not come out to battle. Every device was made to provoke

them, but they kept close behind their defenses. Then La Pucelle took her standard and rode down with a small detachment to the entrenchments, striking her standard against the walls and daring them to come out. But in vain. At this, a retreat was ordered to deceive the enemy, but instead of following in an attack, Bedford withdrew his men and marched on to Paris.

The end of the fifteen days' truce came, and the Duke of Burgundy sent his nephew, Jean of Luxembourg, with negotiations for more delay. Charles, supported by the Archbishop of Rheims, pleaded the great virtue of peaceful means and sent a commission to a council of peace.

Meanwhile, many towns and villages, on being summoned to surrender by Charles, readily consented, because all the forces holding them, by either Burgundians or English, were being withdrawn to the defense of Paris.

By August 22, the envoys had returned from their conference with the Duke of Burgundy, unable to report anything accomplished. Five weeks had now been trifled away since the coronation, which had been used by the Burgundians and English to strengthen themselves against the royal army, and to lessen the prestige of the Maid.

### *2. The Need for Friends and Also a Fatal Letter*

Jeanne could endure the delay no longer.

"My beautiful Duke," she commanded Alençon,

"get your men ready and your captains, for, by my Martin-baton, I will go and see Paris, nearer than I have seen it yet!"

Her friends among the officers in the army were yet in the majority, and it was decided to obey her orders and move on to the capture of Paris, even though they would be leaving the King behind, and would be ending all his negotiations with Burgundy, by moving against Paris.

The army was drawn up just ready for the order to start, when a letter was brought to her from the Count of Armagnac. She was in the act of mounting her horse as the messenger gave it to her. It was the one heartless, fatal thing which her enemies in the church were to use for her destruction.

There had been three claimants for the papacy and three popes had been elected. The Count recited these things in his letter and begged her "to supplicate our Lord Jesus Christ, that from His infinite mercy He will declare to us by you, which of the three above named is true pope, and which it will please Him that we henceforth obey."

It was so that, between the writing of that letter and the delivery to Jeanne, the church had settled its divisions and Martin V had won the decision as pope, so as to be confirmed in the pontifical chair. But this news had not yet reached France.

The request was not blameworthy because such had become the fame of the Heavenly Maid, beyond her own army, that among all the friends

of France an old prophecy from the time of the Crusaders was believed to mean her and her mission. To have the Dauphin crowned King of Rheims was only a beginning of her great work. She was destined to recover Jerusalem from the Saracens and restore the Holy Land to the Christians. Then, after establishing the reign of the universal faith, the Daughter of Heaven was to die at the tomb of the Son of God.

Her answer to the Count of Armagnac was used in her trial to show that she assumed to be greater than the Church.

Her associate officers were impatient for orders to advance and threatened to throw the messenger in the moat for delaying them, but Jeanne insisted on replying. She felt the need of friends now and the Count of Armagnac should not be disappointed. She wrote in her reply, "Of this matter I can not well inform you until I am in Paris or elsewhere at rest. At present I am too busy with the war; but when you shall hear that I am in Paris, send me a messenger and I will let you know truly which you ought to believe, when I shall have learned it by the counsel of my rightful Sovereign Lord, the King of All the Earth."

### *3. The Sordid Minds of a Royal Court*

Charles VII appeared to be a King who was always afraid of too much success. He was so slow to avail himself of the Maid's achievements

that one might well believe he feared to owe so much to heaven or to her. Perhaps there were unconscious reasons for this as her work meant purity of purpose, and he, despite his good intentions, was helplessly involved in the network of intrigues that seemed to be not only the pastime but the life of his favorites in the court.

Paris was filled with consternation and despair at the approach of Joan and her army. The most terrifying defamation of her was officially disseminated. It was said that King Charles had decided to destroy Paris, to give the city over to pillage and massacre, to burn and destroy everything, even to plow the ground and sow it with salt, as told of Romans in the destruction of Carthage. The Armagnac witch was to put every one to torture through her sorceries and there was to be no mercy to man, woman or child in any sanctuary or for any cause. But falsehoods for political effects were not peculiar to those days. The liar for political or other treasonable purposes is still with us to defraud our rights of thinking, to pervert our means of reasoning and to deform the mind in its provisions for our lives. "Who steals my purse steals trash," said Shakespeare in comparing money with the worth of a good name, but the divine right to a true mind is so much greater than all, that the thief and the slanderer are incomparably less disastrous and Satanic than the liar.

In the terror of their impending doom the peo-

ple gave up everything they had. The churches yielded all their treasure. The people worked night and day.

Battles to test the defenses were now being hourly fought all around the walls of Paris. La Pucelle with her banner was at the front of them all. The Duke de Alençon was usually at her side.

But the vigorous ardor with which she won victories for the unappreciative King lacked the heavenly fire of her appearance before Orleans. The success of the King as the divine cause of her people was the life of her mission, and the feebleness of his life in her cause began to make uncertain the voices of the divine way. God and France and the King were one idea in her service. Nevertheless, she was surrounded with the most enthusiastic youth, eager to do some heroic deed in the sight of the Angelic Maid. But her Voices had ceased to visit her with their sublime command, "Go on! Daughter of Heaven, go on!" And yet she tried to be brave in the same old wonderful way.

She felt that she and her soldiers needed the presence of their King. She urgently begged him to come on to Saint Denis, and he promised to be there September 2, but he did not come.

She had always held the soldiers under the strictest moral discipline, but the little respect shown her, becoming worse and worse, from the sordid King, court and prelates, began to have its influence on the soldiers and moral discipline

became lax beyond her power to prevent. The wanton women that had been such a feature of all armies, now appeared among the men around her and it was like a deadly pestilence to her soul.

One day at Saint Denis the mistress of one of her officers came riding by, made up to imitate La Pucelle. Worse than all, the Duke of Alençon could see nothing to rebuke in it, as in tears protesting she rode by his side. They saw nothing in La Pucelle but a woman warrior, their religious conception of her was only superstition, and their minds were so sordid in sensual interests that there could be no sensibility for any real meaning of patriotism, religion, or of God.

The vicious insult was more than a blow at her womanhood,—it was like a stamp of evil, placed by her own friends upon all she had done. She drew her sword, the sacred sword of Saint Catherine de Fierbois, and the woman rode away in terror. Jeanne spurred her horse after the abhorred woman and struck her across the shoulders with the flat of her sword. The blade broke in twain, and, in grief for the loss of her noble weapon, the Maid thought no more of the wanton woman. She sent the sword to the armorer to be restored but they said it could not be done. Charles heard of it and suddenly achieved the energy to be profoundly if not righteously indignant. He said that Joan should have used a stick on the woman and not a holy relic such as was the sword of Saint Catherine.

Her soldiers took it as a bad omen. Her holy sword had been broken! Truly, it must be a bad sign. The King, his court and all the priests believed it to be so. But Jeanne had no such superstitions of luck. In its place she put on a finely jeweled sword which she herself had wrenched from a Burgundian officer in the midst of battle, and she fought with it on the fatal road to Paris as valiantly as in the better days when she was on the way to Rheims.

### *4. Religious Faith and the Confidence of Superstition*

It soon became evident to the Duke of Alençon that the King must come to restore confidence. The Duke accordingly went after him and brought him. Confidence was at least superficially restored, and the soldiers, once more rejoicing in the old reverence for the Angelic Maid, declared to one another that, "She will put the King in Paris, even if it should all depend on her alone."

The day for the assault arrived and the people of Paris crowded the churches in utter despair. It was believed by them to be their hour of destruction, their day of doom.

Of all who suffered in pitiful terror none were in deeper fear than Queen Isabeau, whom history and prophecy alike charged with the ruin of France. She was living in the worst of neglect and degradation under the charity of Count Saint-

Pol. It is said that in dread of the sorcery of the martyred woman who was to restore France from her betrayal, she killed herself soon after the peace of Arras, and was thrown into the moat.

The assault was begun fearlessly and fiercely. At two o'clock the Maid decided to lead the attack in person to the foot of the broken walls. Bearing her standard aloft, followed by her bodyguard and foot-soldiers, she crossed the dry moat and mounted over the ridge separating it from the mud-moat. There she handed her standard to a soldier and began to test the depth of the moat with her lance. At that moment an arrow pierced the soldier's foot and he raised his visor so he could see better to draw it out, when another arrow pierced his head, killing him instantly. She caught the standard as it fell from his hand, in the midst of a hail of stones and arrows falling all around her. Heeding none of these, she shook her standard at her assailants on the walls, crying, "Surrender the city to the King of Heaven and of France."

Her men rallied around her trying to cross the moat, but the means they had with which to make it possible were insufficient, and, as night came on, with the unsolved task and so many slain, the soldiers grew weary and discouraged.

She threw all her energy and devotion into the cause of laboring on. She had never failed before and she would not fail now. But despite entreaty and prayer, Raoul de Gaucourt, an old sol-

dier, who knew nothing of the power of Faith and Enthusiasm as helpers in fighting battles, ordered retreat from the walls.

### 5. *Failure*

Near this spot, where she fought so valiantly for the liberation of Paris, is a great statue of the Maid of Orleans by Fremsiet. Paris is not the first nor the last of cities to abhor its saviors. The intelligence of the people has not yet advanced enough to distinguish reliably between the benefactors and the assassins of individual minds.

It is quite certain that the chief officers and favorites of the King were not sorry to see her fail. In defiance of her orders they sounded the retreat. It was the death-knell of her earthly career. However immortal in human history and saintly she was among the gods, that bugle call killed in her the sublime idea of her faith. God Himself can not force, or at least, there is no evidence that He ever violates His own order to force righteousness into unwilling minds, even when the unwillingness is the work of lies and liars. She would not leave her task and a few brave souls remained with her in the now hopeless conditions. At last Gaucourt with two or three of his officers went and seized her, set her upon a horse and forcibly took her away.

"By my Martin-baton," she cried in despair and rage, "the place could have fallen."

She was taken to La Chapelle and given in charge of Jean d'Aulon. She had been seriously wounded in the thigh by an arrow but had given it no heed. The wound was now dressed and from labor that would have exhausted any man, if not many men, she was sent to her room to sleep. But early in the morning, she was alive again with her former eagerness to serve her beloved France. She sent for Alençon, entreating him to sound the bugles for another assault on the walls of Paris. Her Voices did not say so, but she knew of herself that she could win Paris back from England to France.

She had enough friends to win her cause in the council, though Gaucourt violently opposed it and everything planned by the Maid. While they were discussing whether or not to follow the Maid, there arrived from Paris the Baron Montmorency and sixty noblemen, desiring not only to make peace with the King, but to join the army in an assault on Paris. This was so conclusive of the temper of Paris that they were about to decide for her when an order came from the King. He had heard of the disastrous failure before the walls of Paris, and he ordered Alençon to bring her to him at Saint Denis.

She obeyed, but so full of despairing wrath that she determined, when the retreating army had reached Saint Denis, she would cross the Seine over a bridge newly built there, and lead the volunteers of the army around to another at-

tack on Paris. But the King heard of this plan and that night he caused the bridge to be destroyed.

### *6. Her Armor Returned to St. Denis*

The stupidity and folly of the King, court and captains could go no further and the betrayal of her faith could be no worse. In these hours of distress, her Voices came back as guides in her personal conduct. She was forbidden to stay where she had been taken, thus fatally restricted as the disturber of great men's plans, but despite all she could do or say, the King ordered her to await his royal pleasure.

Full of heart-breaking despair, she took the armor, in which she had been wounded before Paris, and hung it up on a pillar before the Virgin, in the Abbey church of Saint Denis. It was her cry to God and France where the slogan of ancient victory had been "God and Saint Denis." She wished to show by this that her work for the King as the inspired Daughter of God was ended.

"If any one in the King's command," said a Burgundian writer, "had been as much of a man as Jeanne, Paris would have been in the greatest peril."

Many of her faithful friends had gone resentfully away from among her associates, or had been treacherously sent away to distant work. Her cause seemed to be lost in the weakness of the

King and the antagonisms of his court. "And thus," it was written at the time by Percival de Cagny, "was the will of the Maid and the royal army broken."

All fear of Charles now being dissipated, brigands and skirmishers were let loose by the Duke of Burgundy to pillage the towns that had surrendered to the Maid, and all her work was being rapidly undone. Even her armor, in which she had achieved all her victories as the Daughter of God, was carried away from the Abbey church in Saint Denis by the Cardinal-bishop of Winchester.

The whole country which had worshiped the Maid as their deliverer was now given over to such merciless pillage and plunder that not a laborer was left in the fields and famine was gripping fast every village in the land. La Pucelle had not brought them the deliverance they had believed and her name that had been a holy one on many lips now became accursed. Such were the results of the peace and the truce of peace which the King had made with the Duke of Burgundy.

La Pucelle was virtually a prisoner in the King's care at Rheims, while he kept the peace with his good friend the Duke of Burgundy. Many of the King's favorites were in the pay of the wily Duke and there can be little doubt that the Duke had long been playing a game that was to win for himself the mastery of France.

### 7. *The Name and Fame of the Angelic Maid*

Persons of great vision often neglect little things and therefore appear to be inferior to those who attend ever faithfully to little things. Thus is a prophet without honor in his own country. Jeanne d'Arc was the center of love, admiration and wonder wherever she went. Books were being written about her, she was preached about as a saint, images of her were being carried about as a protection from evil by all who could get them, and the King had a medal struck in her honor, bearing the words, "Sustained by the counsels of God." Foreign potentates of many kingdoms sent messengers and delegations to offer their respects and to pay their homage. The Duke of Milan tried to enlist her interest to recover his lost lands. She was addressed as "The very honorable and devout Maid, sent by the King of Heaven for the redemption of France."

But that was of no interest to the immortal Joan of Arc. Such adulation only wearied her. She denied it all. She longed for her Voices again. They were more to her than all the world. She required her chaplain always to tell her when he was to receive the children of the poor, and she was always there to encourage and help them. She gave all she had or could get to be distributed among the suffering. Her almoner protested that she gave too much and she replied that too much could not be given.

Jean d'Aulon asked her to describe the counsel that guided her life. He says that she replied, "My counsel is three; one voice stays with me always, another goes and comes, visiting me often, and with the third both deliberate all three as one." In his comment we understand that she meant by the first, her conscience, by the second as being prayer, and that the third was God.

Several of her chroniclers, and no one in all those former days was ever so much written about, say that she never was alone. There was always some lady with her of high character and spotless reputation. She never received any kind of company after sunset, and often some diplomatic visitor or gay young gentlemen of the court tried to win her favor with all the niceties of their courtly insinuation, but La Pucelle's modest self-possession froze their impertinence and made them ashamed of their sacrilegious ambition. All the voluminous testimony agrees in almost every detail of her life that she was ever the same pure-minded, generous peasant girl who listened to the heavenly voices and cared for her flocks in the lovely green fields of Domremy.

No less marvelous among her strange inspirations and instincts, unless we concede to her some unusual intelligence far beyond her youth and experience, she had none of the superstitions, not even the most prevalent religious credulities that were then flourishing so rankly in the ignorance of the times. Many of the good people of Bour-

A Symbolic painting of LaPucelle listening to her Voices. Made about 1600, now in the Cathedral of Rouen

ges came to her with ailments or with crosses and chaplets for her touch. Jeanne would smile at them and say, "I touch because you ask me, but why not you touch them? Your touch is good as mine."

Some distinguished visitors once said, "You have no fear because the Lord will not allow you to be harmed."

She vigorously replied, "It is not so. My life is no more than that of any other soldier in the army." She reminded them of her wounds and that before going into battle she always prepared to meet God with a clean soul.

Joan of Arc needs no halo of divinity to reveal her clearly as the most remarkable woman, if not even more than one of the noblest that ever lived. Her purity and kindness in the midst of her faith in right as the might of life disclose a supreme ideal of womanhood.

### *8. The Peace of Inaction and Stupidity.*

Nothing could be more deadly to Joan of Arc than inaction in the face of great needs for work. The various captains who had fought under her inspiration were sent off on trivial expeditions, and they often tried to induce the King to let La Pucelle go with them but he would not consent. At last, so insistent was she that she be given some work to do to free France of its enemies, that an expedition was planned for her against

the English and Burgundians who were so fearfully oppressing the people of the Upper Loire.

A poorly equipped force of insufficient size and under the command of Sire d'Albert, a brother-in-law of Trémouille, her enemy, was given her for a winter campaign against the strongest of the enemies' forces.

In due time her expedition arrived at Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier, a strongly fortified town in the Upper Loire. It was defended by strong towers and a wide, deep moat. La Pucelle had said she was afraid of nothing but treachery. The Archbishop of Rheims and the powerful favorite Trémouille had never lost a chance, even the most despicable, to hamper her operations, to weaken her means, and to poison her influence with the King. There had been treachery at every step and now it became bold. The army given her for this heavy task was small and in charge of a subordinate officer unknown to Joan.

The siege was begun without means and carried on with little support. The assaul' was begun spiritedly enough but almost at th/ first response from the garrison, the soldiers fled leaving Jeanne standing at the drawbridge with only four or five men near her. This is hardly explainable on any other theory than that it had been planned to have her captured there. But Jean d'Aulon, her squire, who was of her bodyguard, saw her there fighting alone, as if the army were still continuing the assault. Though wounded and sup-

ported by crutches, seeing her peril, he mounted a horse in the pain of his wound, and, furious in dismay at this strange cowardice of the soldiers, ran his horse to her and brought her off to a place of safety.

But she would not have it so! "I am not alone," she cried. "A host of warriors are with me in the name of the Lord. To work! All the world! Bring faggots and logs to bridge the moat! We will take the town." It was like a vision from the ancient prophets of Israel. Aulon says he looked around but saw no one. She caught up her banner and returned to the assault.

The retreating soldiers saw her and saw her banner waving toward the fortress. They forgot orders to retreat. They turned, gathering wood as they came to throw into the moat. The garrison on the ramparts, seeing them returning with the Maid in their midst waving her banner, became panic-stricken. They abandoned the walls and fled out of the town by the other gate. The Maid's soldiers climbed with her over the walls and the fortress that was to be her doom of defeat was her victory. The English and Burgundian commanders reported to their superiors that countless numbers of men appeared suddenly swarming toward them, and it seemed as if the whole world was coming over the walls. And so it was. All the great, good, coming world of social justice was alive in their souls, writing a revelation in the hope of man.

### *9. The Contest Between Treason and Faith*

Reginald Thierry, the King's surgeon, being with her, wrote that the hungry soldiers began to loot the town. The soldiers full of the lust of victory and hate toward the enemy became robbers. Word came to her of what was happening. She mounted her horse and sped down the street waving her banner against the enemy that was despoiling the meaning of her war. She stopped the looters in the midst of their fury, and one of the priests wrote how she drove the robbers out of the churches where they had gone for pillage, and made them restore all the goods.

Jeanne wished to move on with her victorious followers to other conquests but La Trémouille, fearful of his hold on the King, and perhaps of the rich bribes he was most likely receiving from the Duke of Burgundy, threw every kind of a difficulty in her way. But she accepted all difficulties and endeavored to overcome them.

She wrote letters of appeal to the towns she had delivered asking for supplies and munitions. These letters we can read in the archives of France. They do not have the old fire of confidence. She is weary and her poor soul is drooping from the sordid selfishness of those she is helping most. And she is only a child in years. Her letter to Riom she signs with her own hand, guided like a child by another who can write. She has never been taught to write. She seals that

letter in red wax making the impression with her thumb, and a dark hair is still to be seen, a precious hair from the head of that Wonderful Woman, as happening to fall under the wax while it was still soft.

The death-blow to be given her had been marked by her enemies for Saint Pierre, but it failed. The King's favorites were so malevolently jealous of her that they meant not to fail again. They tried another plan. Like many schemes of the present day, they sought to offer another "just as good," and so with a substitute to belittle her influence and kill her power.

A woman was brought forward who claimed to have voices of superior insight to those of La Pucelle. Jeanne went to see her, heard her through and advised her to go back to her husband and children. Brother Richard, the eccentric yet eloquent mendicant friar, had become much impressed with the powers of divination possessed by Katherine, and he had caused the King to be much impressed. When the King asked La Pucelle her opinion, she told him plainly that such claims were folly and any one making them was an impostor. It was the difference between superstition and faith, but treason could not see what it would not see, and the will of the court favorites was to have power, not truth.

## CHAPTER X

## THE VICTORY OF EVIL MINDS

### *1. Nobility Conferred by an Ignoble Court*

On November 24, 1429, Jeanne went with D'Albret, brother-in-law of Trémouille, to the siege of La Charite. The poverty of equipment was such as to make valor absurd. The Maid tried to lead a storming party but they were driven off and were ordered to retreat. The siege was given up and the report went back that the Maid had failed.

But, however the Archbishop of Rheims and Georges de la Trémouille might plot for her disgrace and downfall, the King found it profitable to keep up her prestige in foreign courts. On that account he decided to ennoble her and her family. This occurred December 29, 1429, at the King's Château, the same place where Charles, many years after, starved to death for fear of being poisoned by his son Louis XI. There is no reason to believe otherwise than that the King, in his understanding of affairs, was sincere in desiring to show his appreciation. His blunders and failures were from the complaisant stupidity of his own disposition, his greater pleasure in liv-

ing at peace with his favorites, and his confidence in the intrigues of diplomacy being more powerful than his sword or the continued achievements of the Wonderful Woman.

Joan loved the King as the righteous representative of her beloved France in the name of the King of Heaven. For the cause he represented to her people, she endured everything and labored on for his good. Whatever she thought of his unworthiness, there was no other hope for France.

The causes and meaning of the ennoblement are expressed in the proclamation of the King briefly as follows:

> "Charles, by grace of God King of France, in the perpetual memory of an event: to give glory to the High and Divine Wisdom, for the many and signal favors which it has pleased Him to confer upon us by the famous ministry of our dear and well-beloved, the Maid Joanne d'Arc of Domremy, and which, by the aid of Divine Clemency, we hope to see multiplied: we judge it fit and opportune to elevate, in a manner worthy of our royal majesty, this Maid and all her family, not in recognition of her services only, but also to publish the praises of God, so that being thus made illustrious, she may leave to posterity the monument of a recompense emanating from our royal liberality to perpetuate to all ages the Divine glory, and the fame of so many graces."

The unrestricted ennoblement of Jeanne and her entire family, together with the exemption of her two native villages from taxation forever, was the greatest of testimonials to her service, but it could add nothing to her real friends, who believed her to be ennobled above all earthly things by the King of Heaven. It only confirmed Jeanne with a place in court as a rival to the King's worldly favorites. But with all the pious worldliness of the King he tried in his own light and way to be loyal and appreciative for her personal services to him. Her higher ideal probably never appeared in any of his worldly-minded visions.

### *2. The Worldly Glory of Her Fame*

Joan of Arc was now a world character. She had the equipment and income of a count. Girls of noble birth were her attendants. The King required that she wear the gorgeous uniforms of the princes and grandees. Nevertheless she expressed herself as having been happier in the jerkin of leather thongs and the trappings of a shepherd maid in the fields of Domremy.

For four months she remained at the French court in the height of worldly glory. During this time her enemies, hating her severe piety and the galling moral restraints she held fast upon their licentious gaiety, began to organize themselves against her.

The unscrupulous fortune teller, Katherine of

Rochelle, whose envy and malice against the Maid paused at nothing however vile that might do injury, was put forward into the King's notice whenever it could be done. She claimed that she could influence the Duke of Burgundy to make peace, and Charles always believed that the scheming Duke was about to yield to him. But La Pucelle insisted that the only peace possible with Burgundy was at the point of the sword.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Burgundy continued to strengthen himself and the King's powers correspondingly were weakened. Between the scheming aggressions of the Duke and the inactivity of the King the lot of the people grew worse and worse into a desperation more and more hopeless. Jeanne visited many places trying to arouse a united effort to bring peace in some way to her mortally suffering France.

The testimony of many women who slept in her chamber was that, often from month to month, when she thought them all asleep, the Maid would arise, and kneeling in the darkness, implore God for light and a way to bring peace to her beloved France.

The whole country had now become a vast scene of reprisal, retaliation, pillage and plunder by raiding parties from first one side and then the other. No mercy was given by the King's soldiers or by the enemy. Joan's beloved troops were now little more than guerilla bands killing and plundering wherever they could strike the enemy.

The Duke of Burgundy no longer placed any restraints on the Picards of his army. He was busy celebrating his marriage to the Princess of Portugal at Bruges, in a manner more magnificent than had ever before been seen in Flanders. But, during this so-called truce of peace between Charles and the Duke, the villages under Charles, within reach of the border were so often pillaged that they were ready for any master who could protect them. Thus Charles was being undermined, so that the territory restored by the Maid to the King was cursing him and the day they lost the better protection of the English.

### *3. An Example of Faith*

It was about this time, to illustrate the monstrous fanaticism of the age, that Pierrone of Brittany, a little peasant girl, whom La Pucelle had befriended, fell into the hands of the theological doctors in the regions occupied by the enemies of the French King. Because she unceasingly declared the praise of the Maid and would not be stopped, she was brought before them on a charge of blasphemy. They tried to make her say that Joan was a witch and she stoutly declared to their faces that the Maid of Orleans was sent from God. They led her to the stake on the third day of September, 1430. But the poor little Breton girl had caught the eternal faith of La Pucelle and she bore witness with her blood for the

name and the cause of one she had seen to know, and what she knew she could not cast out as unknown. Like the one she loved so much as to die for her good name, this Little One of the Master's fold kept the faith, and those who tried to make her break it were anathema in the final reckoning of the Church.

The hideous character of religious fanaticism, in which the worst torture was used for purposes and to obtain results that were far less reasonable and merciful than any brutality of beasts, has not changed since then as to the natural development of men's will. It does not give its culture to others for their good but for its own increased strength. The liquid flame and poison gas used to advance the dynastic power of Germany in the European War, with the hideous methods of frightfulness and the still more hideous repudiation of moral law, reveal the unchanged nature of the will to mastery for the sake of a master, whose people believe themselves to be a divinely chosen people having a divinely-given master as the empire-sovereign of the earth.

The will to power shown by the military-ecclesiastic organization of the dark ages and the dynastic-capitalistic-socialism of Middle-Europe dominion, are the same forms of will as shown in the predatory greed of speculative business in America. It is the same merciless, burning, suffocating beastliness of will as the divine right of self,

driving on to its inhuman mastery over the inalienable rights of the helpless child of the streets, or in manipulation of the public mind for political or party purposes, against the moral right and vital need of the people to know and to do the truth.

### *4. The Self-interest of Courts and Kings*

The tortures, abominable and ferocious, that were on the way through the jungles of that inhuman time to seize La Pucelle were none so terrible and painful to her as the savage ravagement of her people to which the enemy were daily subjecting them.

The break in her decision came at last when she received a letter from the terror-stricken people at Rheims. The Duke was now on the march with a reorganized army to join the newly-arrived forces of the English at Paris. Utter disaster for all that had been won was moving upon them.

Her promise to them was thus in brief: "Know that you shall not be besieged if I can stay your enemies; and if I meet them not, and they come against you, shut your gates, and I will shortly be with you, and drive them so hard that they shall not know whither to betake themselves."

Twelve days later in answer to another cry for help from the approaching Burgundians, she replied, "I beg and pray you, my dear friends, that you will guard your city well for the King, and

keep good watch. You shall very soon hear of my good news."

Almost superhuman energy and skill were now put forth by Joan in her efforts to have the King see that the Burgundian truce was a subterfuge, that the cause of the King was being betrayed, and that he must meet war with war, and not with promises, if there was to be any more a kingdom of France.

Her failures in battle she knew had been through treachery and her loss of influence over the King was more treachery. Her prayers and tears were unavailing. His three most trusted councilors, the Archbishop Gaucourt and Trémouille, all of them assured the King that their diplomacy was succeeding and all they needed was to fulfill the terms of the truce when Burgundy would swear allegiance to him and drive the English out of Paris.

There is a possibility that these complacent pacifists were themselves deceived, but it seems more merciful to concede that they were rational men and therefore traitors in the pay of the enemy of the King.

La Pucelle's devotion to the King was her devotion to France as her religious mission on earth for the King of Heaven. Her heart was torn with pain at seeing the success of treachery over the deceived King. He ordered her to cease from opposing the Duke. The bitter struggle was between obedience to the intelligence of the King expressed

in his commands, and the rights of the King as lodged in the actual truth of events for the cause of France. In response to her higher duty she had fled as a peasant girl from Domremy. God had verified her voices and fulfilled the divine cause with her. Could she now do less?

It was the hour of great decision.

Jean d'Aulon, Bertrand de Poulangy, her faithful brother Pierre, her chaplain, and Jean de Metz, with her company of bodyguards, were her near associates who remained true. They had her confidence in the sublime duty that could not be seen by a favorite-blinded King.

### 5. *Away to the Defense of the People of France*

Brother Richard, believing in the divine powers of Katherine of Rochelle, was now the center of religious influence among the court-enemies of Jeanne. Most of the watchful ones had gone with these two strange persons to Orleans where the Lent sermon was being preached by Brother Richard.

It was a good time for the flight of Jeanne from the worldly follies of the King's court. All the grand honors had faded away before the sunrise of her duty to France and God.

The hour had come when something must be done. Her intimate associates, at a given signal, bestrode their horses as if they were away for a merry ride. But, underneath the robes of Joan

of Arc was the armor of a warrior battling for the cause of France and God. Her Voices had told her that she had a year and a little more to live and there was now not much more time to work for France.

They rode away without farewell to any one, away to stop the spear-thrusts in the sides of France. The Maid never saw her beloved King again. She left him alone in his woeful confidence. But as much as she went forward to fulfill faith, it was as if she were leaving hope behind. Her enemies at court could show the weak-willed man that their predictions to him were true. Joan of Arc was false to the King! She cared nothing for his appreciation! Had he not ennobled this peasant girl! Made her the equal of his favorites! Given her a place among the higher human beings! And now she was destroying the truce of peace in which diplomacy was to heal the wounds of France!

The Maid's Voices had whispered long before that she had not long to live. She heard them again saying that before midsummer she would be a prisoner in the hands of her enemies. Her associates all testified that she had told them this. She began to feel that her mission was ended. She no longer tried to command the troops. She did not go into the councils planning their expeditions. She remained in almost constant prayer. Her one wish was that she would not have to suffer the cruelties of her enemies long. She had

felt her friends slipping away and the people in their suffering had lost faith in her. But the stunning revelation was yet to come to her, that, with all the supreme honors and costly gifts that had been showered upon her, there was not left enough friendship to pay her captive's ransom anywhere in all the world. So had her enemies succeeded. So do they always succeed wherever they can pervert as the liar despoils the mind. Like not only produces like in times of peace but it requires like to kill like in times of war.

### *6. The Last Battle of the Warrior Woman*

Joan of Arc had yielded up her authority as given from God, but she was never less tireless in the labor of a warrior in the army for freedom to the people of France. She was at the front in numerous battles, but she believed the scenes of life were closing around her.

The fatal time came when she heard that the siege of Compiègne had begun. She mounted her horse crying, "I will go to see my good friends of Compiègne." A great bronze statue of the Maid was erected there in recent times with these brave words upon it.

She was warned that the roads were so infested with the enemy that she could not get through, but, in her faith for the great need, there was no such word as "could not" to any right thing. She braved the dangerous way and after several thrill-

ing escapes arrived with her bodyguard of faithful friends.

Many years after, when children had grown old, several old men and women testified that they, with other children of the poor, were at early mass in the Church of Saint Jacques in Compiègne, when the Heavenly Maid came in and knelt before the altar. They were rapt in wonder at the glorious woman when she arose, and standing by the pillar, looking back at the altar-image of the Crucified One, said, "My children and dear friends, I tell you that I have now learned that I am to be sold and betrayed and will soon be delivered over to death. I beg you to pray God for me, for nevermore shall I have power to serve the realm of France."

Then she became silent, and as she told them, a voice said to her, "Take all things well, for thus it must be. God will aid thee."

At this she turned to the sorrowing hearts about her, saying, "My children and dear friends, pray for me."

The witnesses who heard her moaning at the altar in the Church of Saint James at Compiègne, could not have invented the words they testify under oath, in name of their soul's salvation, that they heard her say. Those words bear witness of their own truth, so life-like are they in harmony with what we know of her. She had often urged her King and her generals to hasten her work for

she had only a year and a little more to live, and time was on the wing.

At five o'clock that afternoon, May 23, 1429, she with her faithful officers commanding about five hundred men, rode out of the town for a surprise attack on the besieging camp at Margny. To make them safe in case of being driven back, cannons were planted on the walls, and bowmen were arranged in boats below in the stream, to come to their rescue.

The surprise was successful as the Picards expecting no attack had laid aside their armor. But their officers having met for a council with other officers on the bluffs above saw the banner of the Maid coming through the gate at Compiègne, and they hastened to bring on the nearest companies of Flemings and Burgundians.

With all her old heroism the Maid of Orleans rallied the men to withstand the new assault. But the odds were too great. The men wavered and broke.

"Make for the gates or you are lost," cried the captains.

But the Maid knew no such thing as defeat.

"Silence!" she cried to the captains. "Follow me and strike."

The fleeing soldiers turned. They drove the enemy back in disorder, when a freshly arrived company of English struck them unexpectedly from a side attack. Her soldiers gave way in utter rout.

### 7. The Capture

English and Picards, seeing the banner of the Maid faltering and falling in the midst of the panic-stricken mass, strove with one another for the capture of so great a prize.

An eye-witness says that the Maid was the last to yield every foot of battle-ground. Her brave associates rallied around her. "She was the most valiant of her band. Doing deeds beyond the nature of woman."

Never had woman done such deeds of valor in any history known since history began. She fought her way to the drawbridge through an onslaught of soldiers from all sides. A great crowd of fugitives were there choking the way in frantic endeavor to get over the moat and through the gate, back into the city. She fought more furiously than ever to give her friends the chance for escape. Then suddenly the drawbridge was lifted, the gate was closed and the few remaining ones outside were left to their fate.

Whether this happened in a panic, as some historians suppose, or whether the governor, as generally believed, thus saw a chance to be rid of her interference with his plans, there has never been any way to know. But De Flavy, who was accused of closing the gates against her, had a notorious reputation as a man without conscience or honor. He knew that she had left the royal court against the orders of the King. There is

every presumption that her day of betrayal had come.

Seeing that it was hopeless to remain where she was, she gathered the remnant of her guard and tried to fight her way around the moat to the other gate. Valiantly they strove on against overwhelming odds almost half the way. There her enemies reached her, when all her defenders had fallen.

One seized her horse's bridle. Another caught a firm hold upon her wrist, but it was a Picard archer who dragged her from the saddle by her scarlet cloak.

"Give yourself up to me," cried an officer riding through the crowd. "Give me your faith," called Lyonel of Vendome over their heads.

"I have given my faith to another than you," she cried out sharply above all the tumult, meaning to God and the King, "and that oath will I keep." And that faith, plighted to righteousness above all the wills of men, she did keep, as only the faith-keeping soul is empowered to be true.

"The year and a little more" was drawing rapidly near to the most wonderful battle ever fought between faith and will.

Believing as she did that this capture, doubtless on the way to death, was to come to pass soon, yet she went on courting every danger where she believed she could do her country any good. Nowhere in human history is there a greater example

of devotion and courage, than this wonderful woman, the bravest of the brave.

Theodore Roberts thus describes his vision of the Maid, as the Spirit of Womanhood in the midst of evil, warring against the Lords of wrong:

"Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron shod;
The White Maid and the White Horse and the flapping banner of God.
Black hearts riding for money, red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame.
Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in Christ's high name!
Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago;
Shadows the poor French King and the might of his English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles, and the archers kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with the banner of snow."

### *8. Views from the Men of Her Time*

The last fight for France was the beginning of her fight for the world, and this was greater than all that had gone before on her wonderful way.

George Chastellain, a Burgundian warrior and a bitter enemy, thus writes of her capture at Compiègne: "The maiden, beyond the nature of woman, endured to do mighty deeds, and labored sore to save her company from loss, remaining in the rear of her retreating force as the most

valiant of her troop; there where fortune granted it, for the end of her glory, and the last time of her bearing arms."

Joan of Arc did not lack for fame from Orleans to Compiègne, as, during that time, all the world was filled with the wonder of her work. So great was the fear of her on the side of the enemy, that the severest decrees had to be issued to stop deserting and to prevent the demoralization of the army. In foreign friendly nations, the most noted kings, princes and high ecclesiasts vied with one another in doing her honor. Historians consider it indisputable that if Charles had given her king-like energy or support, all France would have been cleared of its enemies in a few months, and perhaps all Christendom united around her to rescue the Holy Land from the Turks.

Monstrelet, secretary to the Duke of Burgundy, wrote that there was never knight nor captain in the French army so much feared as the Maid of Orleans. Her capture was worth more to them than to capture an army.

An old English Chronicle records that when the English secured possession of the Maid, they "were more rejoiced than if they had gained all the gold of Lombardy." No more proclamations would now be needed to stop the desertions from the English army, occurring so extensively from fear of her. It is notable that, through all history, the greatest destroyers of right and the worst murderers of men have always claimed the clos-

est alliance with God. They were doubtless sincere enough in their egomania, as their God, being a God of might, would associate only with might and give His aid only to masteries.

The Duke of Burgundy hastened to inform his allies of the capture of the Maid and the following is part of his proclamation:

> "By the pleasure of our blessed Creator, the thing has so happened, and such favor has been done us, that she who is called the Maid, has been taken. We write these tidings for your great joy and comfort in them, that you will give thanks and praise to our Creator who by His blessed pleasure deigns to guide our enterprises to the good of our Lord the King, and the relief of his loyal subjects."

### *9. Explanation of the Great News*

As the vesper bells now came to the ear of the captive girl, she no longer heard within their music the Voices saying, "Go on, go on, daughter of God, go on!" Her Voices now said, "Suffer all for God is with you to the end." That is the voice of "justification by faith." It is the belief that what has happened has been from the source of truth and that the order of truth is the order of almighty and inevitable moral law.

The fall of a King could not cause more rejoicing among his enemies than the capture of Joan of Arc brought to the sordid masters whom

she had restrained in their greed and in their oppression of the poor.

The Archbishop of Rheims threw all his powerful influence into an explanation that her fall was merited because she had become too proud of glory! The hideous excuse to the licentious throng that God had abandoned her for her pride was quickly accepted, and then it was easy to say that God had never been the source of her success.

A shepherd boy from the mountains of Gévaudun was brought in with the sign of the stigmata, that is, the bleeding wounds of the Savior, who was accepted as a prophet, saying the Maid had been captured by her enemies because she had persisted in doing her own will instead of the will of God.

The Archbishop quoted this with his sanction as the reason why the people should not grieve or pray for her.

This dreadful letter, written to Orleans and other cities she had rescued, had great weight because it was sent by the spiritual adviser of the King. He hated her for believing that she should take her orders from God rather than from him, who was a real official of God. This may explain much that brought all her love and wisdom and labor to nothing at that time, and ended in her capture by those she had fought in the name of France and God.

## CHAPTER XI

## HOW SELF-INTEREST DECIDES QUESTIONS OF RIGHT AND WRONG

### *1. Ransom Money*

Two days after her capture, the news reached Paris. On the following day, May 26, by authority of the University of Paris, a letter was written to the Duke of Burgundy, in the name and under the seal of Martin Billormi, vicar-general of the Inquisition, demanding that the Maid of Orleans be at once surrendered to the Holy Office, to be tried for various heretical crimes against the honor of God.

The Duke made no reply, for he believed her to be worth any king's ransom, and he evidently expected Charles to be willing to give anything in his kingdom for her freedom and restoration.

Some think that the Duke might have had some feelings of knightly honor against giving so knightly a person of such unimpeachable chivalry over to such bitter foes that they would try her as a witch and burn her at the stake. He may have had enough of nobility in him to appreciate her as a worthy antagonist fully entitled to all the

protection of an honorable prisoner taken in a Christian war.

The Duke, no less than all others knew that, whatever superstition had said of her, or whatever she had assumed to be more than the authorized representatives of God, she had been a noble warrior, a generous conqueror, an unsullied woman, and above all unmistakably the soul of restoration for the kingdom of France.

Jean of Luxembourg, who had held her as his prisoner, refused to give her up unless he received fair ransom money.

But she had enemies at court, and the King was never known to move for any person or thing, not even for his crown of France, where the opposition was any way insistent. He was the pacifist among kings, the non-resistant mind in whose hands were the fortunes of life for a nation.

As the measure of ransom money fell in the estimates of Jeanne's captor, his respect for her lessened and the brutish resentment in him prevailed.

We can not know how much to believe concerning the shame or villainy in her treatment, from the various stories of the times, but since her enemies were fed on the slanders made to ruin her influence, she may have been treated as foully as the worst that has been told. But even these enemies bear witness that neither schemes, fraud nor violence could break her spirit of faith nor corrupt her ideal of saintly womanhood.

### 2. *Sold to the Highest Bidder*

Jean of Luxembourg, who was a nephew of the Duke, could get no money from the court of France. The English court did not show any interest because their needs were all served in her being a prisoner away from participation in the war. The Inquisition could not organize any movement to put her on trial for sorcery or heresy, because there were numerous powerful prelates who believed, and who, like the Inquisitor of Toulouse, did not hesitate to assert that Jeanne d'Arc was unimpeachably a good Christian and Catholic.

The University was renowned as having the orthodox scholarship of that age. It threw its influence wherever it could add to its prestige and power. A scholarly priest, Pierre Cauchon, who had been Bishop of Beauvais, and was driven from there by the Maid's army, was now in high favor with the University, and had become an official member of the English Council. He had secured his degree of Doctor of Arts and Canon Law and had been made rector in 1403 of the University of Paris. The capture having been made in his diocese, he put forward a claim to her and the University lent all its influence, intrigue and power to support him in his claim. He had been most malignant in his hate of the Maid, and had written much proclaiming the wicked policy of Charles in profiting by the sor-

ceries of "the Armagnac witch." Therefore, the University was unanimous in proclaiming him as the rightful judge of the captured woman. He had suffered from her Anti-Christ powers and therefore was the best qualified to sift the evidence against her!

The English council had been given charge of the most noted French prisoners, but it was three months before it made any move to secure custody of Jeanne d'Arc. Probably this move was caused by rumors that the Maid had more than once almost succeeded in escaping, and that a powerful rescue party was being organized among her friends. They also had little faith in the Duke of Burgundy.

Pierre Cauchon, fugitive Bishop of Beauvais, was the prime mover in every plan to secure the Maid. On July 24, in great pomp and circumstance, he arrived among the besiegers around Compiègne. He was accompanied by an envoy of the University, and an apostolic notary. He loudly proclaimed the Maid to be a witch, an idolatress and a heretic. Under seal of the English King, they brought the summons.

With all this array of authority, the Bishop of Beauvais demanded, "That the woman, who is commonly called Jeanne the Maid, prisoner, be sent to the King to be delivered to the Church, to take her trial, because she is suspected and accused of having committed many crimes, such

as sorceries, idolatries, invocation of demons and many other things touching our faith and against it. Considering this, she ought not to be regarded as a prize of war, nevertheless, for the remuneration of those who took and have kept her, the King will liberally give to them the sum of six thousand francs, and to her captor, he will assign a pension of two or three hundred lires." The total sum in modern values represents probably about one hundred thousand dollars.

The money was supplied by the English Regent in France and was finally accounted for by a burdensome tax on Normandy.

### 3. *The Justice of Wills Organized for Power and Mastery*

Some idea of the value named for La Pucelle is seen when the cash paid for her was about five times the amount customary for the ransom of a King. The price of prisoners, like other commodities, was quite well regulated by supply and demand. As usual, the powerful lost no money, the common people had to pay the price. She was a prisoner of war, but she was sold like property and was not ransomed. Thus everything done against her was always illegal and wrong. It was as if she, as the personification of faith, were intended by Providence to represent the disorder and unreason of will in the affairs of man. Every move in the process against her was in full vio-

lation of all custom but also of both the ecclesiastical and civil law.

A subjoined item in the ecclesiastical demand left no doubt as to what would be her fate. It stated that any points at issue would be submitted to learned doctors in theology and canon-law, and to experts in all matters of jurisprudence, so "that it may be wisely, piously, and maturely done, to the exaltation of the faith, and the instruction of many who have been deceived or misled on account of this woman." False facts thus accompany false reasoning in the breeding of more monstrous facts for the perpetuation of the ancient meaning of hell.

The University of Paris in a long letter to the Duke of Burgundy, very humbly yet vehemently demanded that "the Maid be put into the hands of justice, duly to take her trial for the idolatries and scandals which by her means have come on this kingdom."

Reciting the awful wickedness of this woman, the University asserted that "so great a wrong to the holy faith, so enormous a peril, disadvantage, and injury to the people of this kingdom, has not happened within the memory of man."

To leave no influence unused that the Maid be delivered over to "the reverend father in God, the Lord Bishop of Beauvais," the University also wrote to Jean of Luxembourg.

"Very noble, honored and powerful lord," it flatteringly began, "your noble prudence under-

stands well all good Catholic knights ought first to employ their might and power in the service of God, and afterwards for the public good."

The God-idea was a great Will-idea against those judged to be unorthodox, and it knew nothing of the faith that worked for the public good.

This idea of the public good being separate and secondary to the service directed by the authorized representatives of God, was the thing that at last brought on the conflict between political organizations and orthodox organizations, in which the divine right of kings first fought down the divine rights of ecclesiastical masteries and then had to yield to the divine right of the people whose voice finally became known as "the voice of God."

### *4. Reason as the Tool of Selfishness*

The letter to Joan's captor was long and argumentative. It asserted that, through the Maid, "the honor of God has been beyond measure affronted, the faith excessively wounded, and through whose means idolatries, errors, bad doctrines, and other inestimable evils have come upon this kingdom."

This recital of wrongs done by a woman to the French-English empire and God was far worse than those enumerated in the American Declaration of Independence against England. It grossly libeled the eulogy Shakespeare wrote for man

when he said, "How noble in reason!" But, in the definition of God, such beastly minds may not have been in men, whatever their form. All autocracy of will is a tiger that crushes its innocent prey for food with which to grow strength for greater masteries.

The innumerable misdeeds perpetrated by this woman against "our mild Creator" were alleged to be an intolerable offense against the Divine Majesty. This knowledge of God's attitude toward La Pucelle did not come through any intuition of voices, but it had been all reasoned out and made into an infallible code of God.

The University of Paris and the Lord Bishop of Beauvais were ferocious enough in their zeal to bring every art and force to bear, but the Duke and his nephew did not consider the time at hand. The delegation went back without her. Meanwhile, there is no record that any attempt was ever made anywhere by any one to ransom or restore her. Many theories have been offered why this was so, but none seem to be sufficient for the situation.

*The Catholic Encyclopedia* says: "No words can adequately describe the disgraceful ingratitude and apathy of Charles and his advisers in leaving the Maid to her fate. If military force had not availed, they had prisoners, like the Earl of Suffolk, in their hands, for whom she would have been exchanged."

Hearing of the negotiations for selling her to

JEANNE IN PRISON

the English Council or to the Bishop of Beauvais, Joan made an attempt to escape, by tearing away one of the planks in her prison wall. We have no consistent details describing this attempt but it was almost successful, and she was taken away to Beaurevoir. There she was under the care of the good old Countess of Ligny who selected one of the knightliest of her young men to make love to Jeanne and thus in marriage to save her from her enemies, but the Maid treated him so earnestly as merely a friend that he could not make any advance and so gave it up.

Haimond de Macy, was this handsome and noble cavalier. Whether he acted so as a test, or from love of her, is not surely known, but he testified that he endeavored to gain her affection, and that every attempt at familiarity was turned aside. In writing of this after her death, he said: "She was indeed of modest bearing, both in word and deed. I believe her to be in Paradise."

She was the daughter of a superior faith, and was now on the swift way foretold to be little more than a year of life, and then a great triumph, the triumph of sainthood for all time, the sainthood of loyalty to faith in our infinite humanity.

### *5. When Death Seems Better Than Life*

During the period of captivity before her trial there is no consecutive story and we know of it only by incidents here and there told in divers

ways and assigned to various times. A few of these are worthy of noting without attempt at historical consistency or order.

La Pucelle was allowed to climb to the top of the tower where she could look out for hours over the beautiful fields of Picardy. What thoughts and visions filled her mind during these sad musings only her tortured soul could ever know. No doubt she often looked at the sky that lowered far away over Chinon and wondered why she never heard from the King. What did she think of Orleans, of Tours, of Blois, of Rheims, and the other cities she had delivered in such unparalleled heroism from the invader? Surely there were hosts of heavenly visitors about her, who had given their lives for her cause. Sure it was if she had been at Chinon and the King had been where she was now prisoner in the tower, what prodigies of valor she would have done for his rescue.

She prayed but we do not know the burden of her prayer; she grieved but we do not know the pain of her grief; she loved but we do not know where her love was wounded unto death. We look back through five hundred years into that darkened, blinded time and wonder without relief at the minds of men. Where now in her despair were the heroes who had fought so long at her side? Where was Alençon and La Hire and Dunois? Where were her brothers and the noble family at Domremy? Something is wrong with history. It could not have been so! Something

we do not know, for some reason we do not know, staged that more than human struggle between faith and will.

Meanwhile, it is on record that her enemies were haggling back and forth over the price for her blood. The French King's ministers were busy blackening her name. The King himself was at peace, though it is said that he grieved much when she was dead. It may have been so. He was never an aggressively bad man. It was the vulture's peace. It preferred to live on the remains of the dead. He was a man of peace, of peace at any price. Six years later, when the Duke of Burgundy had lost beyond hope all his dreams of dominion, the enfeebled intriguer made peace with the King, and France fell like a wounded, starving and exhausted animal before his royal door.

In the midst of her captivity in the tower, her only friend there, the Countess of Ligny died. Then came the news that Compiègne was about to be starved into submission, and the besiegers had sworn to put all the people to the sword, sparing only the children under seven. At the same time, her most dreaded enemy and most malignant foe arrived with a new proposition to buy her from her captors. The news was now carried to Jeanne that she was at last sold to the infamous Pierre Cauchon, who was then at the castle.

This infamous thing seemed impossible and the fatal desertion seemed worst in the darkest hour

when France needed her most. In unbearable terror, she ran to the tower, and climbed the steps, crying, "O God, let me die now!"

Never pausing, she stretched out her arms toward her beloved France in supplication and went on over. Maybe she believed the angels would bear her away on their wings, maybe that her Savior would not allow her to be crushed on the stones below, maybe it was only to be away from the treacherous earth, away from the struggling world.

Those who found her, thought she was dead. When she came to herself, she asked how she came to be there. When they told her, she again realized it all, and in moanings unutterable, prayed for death. Then, as strength returned, the spirit of her divine inspirations renewed the faith within her. "I have done wrong," she cried in confession. "Forgive me, O God, and comfort me!"

### *6. The Pity of a Woman Shaming the Reason of Man*

The wife of Jean of Luxembourg, having pity on her, interceded for Jeanne and the rabid Bishop of Beauvais was sent away without his prey.

Joan was profoundly concerned for what was happening to Compiègne. One of her attendants said that, when the news was brought to her that Compiègne was about to surrender from famine,

she cried out in great anguish, and in prophecy that came true, "It shall not be, for all the places which the King of Heaven has restored to the gentle King Charles by my aid will never be taken by his enemies, if he be diligent to guard them." In this she repeated her words, that were as a maxim of reproach to those "who do the work of God negligently," and they have become the words of modern philosophy, "God will work for men who work."

Jeanne now gave herself up to prayer for Compiègne, that her Lord save them from the slaughter determined upon by the besiegers. Somehow a wonderful thing happened. The people in Compiègne were perishing rapidly in the famine and must yield in a few days, when the Count of Vendome raised a small company, about one hundred and fifty lancers, to see if anything was possible to be done in such a hopeless condition. He marched down along the banks of the Oise protected by the forests of Cuise. The famine-stricken people saw him and set up a great rejoicing. The camps around heard and wondered. News came in that Vendome was approaching with an army. The English and Burgundians drew themselves up in line of battle with their back to the gates of Compiègne. Flavy, the governor, saw a chance. Every man and woman in the town was given weapons. They poured through the gates in a torrent. With the energy of despair they attacked a near-by fortification

manned by three hundred of the enemy. They carried it by storm and from the walls signaled their victory to the little bunch of lancers with Vendome. With shouts of victory they came on and cut their way through without the loss of a man. Night coming over them, the Burgundians broke camp, leaving their fortresses and towers with all their supplies. The English drew off in the opposite direction. The people of Compiègne swarmed over the deserted camps and in a few days the French soldiers were riding a wide circuit of the country driving away every remaining force of the enemy.

"The witch-maid of the Armagnacs has done it," passed in awestruck tones from lip to lip, and the wise men among them became sure that everything was being lost to them so long as the Maid lived.

The Bishop of Beauvais was sent back with the blood-money that was required, and the demand on Jean of Luxembourg was renewed in the name of God and the Church. It was now effective. The Maid was at last sold by her captor. She was carried to Arras. It was on the way to Rouen, where to the hideous shame of all the world, her ashes were to meet the sordid earth, and from whence her martyrdom should cry out against man's inhumanity to man, until the last master of souls and the last beast of the will shall be driven from the earth.

### 7. *Points of Interest Along the Way*

Anatole France in his history says of the University of Paris, "These scholars of the University were human; they believed what it was their interest to believe; they were priests and they beheld the devil everywhere, but especially in a woman. Without having devoted themselves to any profound examination of the deeds and sayings of this damsel, they knew enough to cause them to demand an immediate inquiry. She called herself the emissary of God, the daughter of God. . . . She commanded armies, wherefore she was a slayer of her fellow creatures, and foolhardy. She was seditious for, are not all those seditious who support the opposite party?"

Accordingly judgment of condemnation was already entered and now their duty became the will to find an excuse to put that judgment into execution. Such is always the reasoning of partisanship. It assumes the interest of self to be the highest possible interest, and, from that point of reasoning, interprets its will to be moral law.

The University no sooner heard that La Pucelle had been bought from her captors by the English, than they laid claim to the right to decide her fate.

This great victory over her won by souls as tainted and money as cursed as ever bought a Judas, was a happy chance for the proof of great learning. The body of learned men drew up a

letter of congratulation to Henry VI, the nine-year-old King of England and France, who was the grandchild of Isabeau, the French Queen who had ruined her country, and then betrayed it at Troyes. The learned body of scholars, after reciting what had happened, said, "We now again write on this matter, very dread and sovereign lord and father, always offering our humble and loyal recommendations that there may be no negligence in dealing with it, for the honor of our Savior Jesus Christ."

Jeanne was taken like a dangerous criminal to the gloomy old castle of Crotoy. Here she received the last marks of mercy she was ever to know on earth, and was allowed a few evidences of kindness that she was never again to know in this world.

There were some good ladies, matrons and maidens at Abbeville who petitioned to see her. They called her in their petition, "a marvel of her sex, and a generous soul whom God had inspired for the good of France." These good women had some powerful influence to help them, for they were allowed to visit Jeanne in prison. They came by boat five leagues down the Somme to do so. They said many beautiful things to La Pucelle, those women good and true of Abbeville. She kissed them all good-bye and asked them to pray for her. They went away weeping and all of them saying how wonderful was her resignation to the will of God.

What Jeanne suffered at Crotoy deprived of all protection from brutal guards only heaven knows.

We do not know the prophetic vision that may sometimes have been unveiled before the faith of Joan of Arc, but, wherever she was mistreated, there stands the greatest tributes to her truth. The fortress of Crotoy overlooked the cold, gray waters of the channel, and now, near the shore, there stands a statue in bronze of the Maid, in the dress worn in the fields of Domremy, looking out over the river. The inscription reads, "To the daughter of the people, who, full of faith in the destinies of France, when all despaired, delivered our country. . . . Let us remember always, Frenchmen, that our country was born from the heart of a woman, from her tenderness and her tears, from the blood she shed for us."

One cold, sleety day in early December, she was taken in an open boat across the river and lodged in the castle of Eu. Then she was taken to Dieppe and a few days before Christmas was placed in the tower of the castle of Rouen.

### 8. *When Reason Justifies the Will*

Villaret says of the captured girl, "Never did the victories of Crecy, of Poitiers, or of Agincourt excite such transport: the feeling of the people was carried even to a frenzy of Joy."

She was the flag of a cause, captured to be torn

and destroyed in proof of the might, and therefore of the right, for all the enemies of her people.

Grafton's chronicles of those times represents the view of her enemies concerning her. There a detailed description is given of the capture of one "Jone of Puzeell, known as the Mayde of God," the account ending with her being sent "to the duke of Bedford at Roan, where after a long examen she was brent to ashes."

After reciting the feats accredited to her by the French, the chronicler exclaims, "O Lorde, what disprayse is this to the nobilitie of Fraunce: what blot is this to the Frenche nation: what more rebuke can be amputed to a renowned reign, than to affirme, write and confesse that all notable victories, and honorable conquests, which neyther the King with his power, nor the nobilitie with their valiantness, nor the counsayle with their witte, nor the commonaltie with their strength, could compasse or obtaine, were gotten and achieved by a shepherdes daughter, a chamberlein in a hostrie, and a beggar's brat: which blinding the wittes of the Frenche nation, by revelations, dreams, and phantasticalle visions, did make them believe things not to be supposed, and to geve fayth to adventures impossible."

The chronicler in rehearsing what followed as a result, says that, "for a true declaration of the falsitie and lewdnesse of her doing, she was taken before the byshop and the universitie of Paris, and was there with solemnity adjudged and con-

dempned for being a superstitious sorceresse, and a devilishe blasphemeres of God, and as an erronyous wretch was consumed with fyre."

After discussing the folly of many French writers who believed the girl a saint sent from God, he offers his reasons conclusively proving, according to the reasoning of his time, why it could not be so.

"For this I am sure," he emphatically affirms, "that all auncient wryters, as well divine as prophane, allege these three things besides divers others, to apperteine of necessitie to a good woman. First, shamefastnesse, which the Romaine ladies so kept, that seldom or never were they seene openly talking to a man; which great virtue at this day is holden amongst the Turkes highly esteemed. The second is pittie: which in a woman's hart abhorreth the spylling of the bloud of any poore beast, or siely birde. The thirde is womanly behavior, avoyding the occasion of evill judgment and the causes appertein-ing to slaunder."

Then the chronicler called on all good men to witness, "Where was her shamefastnesse!" For the second, "Where was her womanly pittie, when taking to her the hart of a cruelle beast, slue man, woman and childe, whenever she might have the upper hand." But worst of all, "Where was her womanly behaviour, when she cladde her selfe in a man's clothing, and was conversaunt with every

losell, geving occasion to all men to judge, and speake eville of her doings!"

From these logical conclusions, he decides that "all men must needes confesse, that the cause ceasing, the effect also ceaseth: so that these moralle virtues being lacking, she was no good woman, then it must needes consequently follow, that she was no saint."

"O logic!" thus many a martyr might have cried with Madam Roland, "how many crimes have been done in thy name."

With such irrefutable reasoning has every incident of man's inhumanity to man been made to satisfy the conscience of every one who depends upon thinking from premise to conclusion, in which self is the sole judge of the moral law for the rights of man.

### *9. Some Glimpses Into the Darkness of the Times*

Out of the mass of reminiscences gathered from witnesses concerning this obscure period of her captivity, there are a few that give us some vision of the truth.

That there was not lacking at the time a popular judgment against Charles of Valois, may be believed from a letter sent the King, written by the Archbishop of Embrum.

"I beg you," he concludes in his letter, "for the recovery of this girl, and, for the ransom of her life, spare neither effort or gold, no matter

at what price, unless you would incur the indelible shame of a most disgraceful ingratitude."

We also know that the town council at Tours ordered public prayers for her deliverance, and a procession was formed in which the clergy walked bareheaded through the town.

From far-off Dauphiny there is still preserved the prayer in which it was said, "Almighty and Everlasting Lord God, who of Thine own unspeakable mercy and marvelous goodness hast caused a virgin to arise for the uplifting and preservation of France, and for the confusion of its enemies, and hast permitted her by their hands to be cast into prison, as she labored to obey Thy holy commandments, grant unto us, we beseech Thee, that she may be delivered from their power unhurt, and finally accomplish the work which Thou hast commanded her to do."

Loyalty can never be utterly extinguished. The uncertain and unreasonable can never be accepted or maintained as certain and reasonable. Unalterable faith means unconquerable soul. All the powerful friends of this faith-keeping woman deserted her in the time of defeat even as the humble followers deserted Christ. But, in the flaming heights of conspicuous contrast, it left for all who have eyes to see the almighty meaning of faith as the measure and ideal of unconquerable life.

## CHAPTER XII

## "THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED ARE CRUEL"

### *1. The Way of the Cross*

THE awful story of moral incompetency, when conscience is lodged in reason or in the collective will, can nowhere be clearer seen than in the endeavor to bring this immortal girl to a logical, legal and justified death. The greatest system of reasoning then in the world served by the most learned doctors of arts and laws, was met by such an infallible simplicity of soul, that it should have put to shame their useless and worthless learning, but they could understand her only as a Satanic prodigy subverting their self-authorized mastery as the delegated agents of God. All the brutal will against opposition that had come up out of the struggle of man was brought together here in the most hideous monstrosity of reasoning, done to one who deserved it least.

Her capture was believed to be a final checkmate to her King and the triumph of an insurgent political section of the Catholic organization in Europe. She was therefore the gage of battle between divisions of Europe that were military, political, ecclesiastic and dynastic.

Her first captors had some of the instincts of chivalrous warriors, for they were acquainted with her knightly character and her noble standard of warfare, but, as she was transferred here and there, on down the line toward the dungeon of Rouen, she was farther and farther away from the enemies who respected her high ideal of honor, and was deeper and deeper among the perverted minds, that were blackened by the stories against her as a sorceress and a witch.

On January 31, 1431, the English owners turned her over to the French Inquisition and the tender mercies of the University of Paris. Then in the dungeon of Rouen began the world-shaking process of the powers of evil and the might of Europe against this peasant girl now nineteen years of age, and yet, not less than five centuries older than the humanity of the world.

In that dungeon was one of the bright lights of God, and around it with all the wrath of beasts was the shame and folly of human reason, assuming to be the guide of human faith!

The desperately brutal treatment imposed on her by her five boorish guards, who had no respect for woman nor thought of God, was doubtless to break her spirit and force some confession to be used against her. For two terrible months three of the five men were always with her in the heavy barred cage where she was ironed and fettered like a beast.

There is record that the Duchess of Bedford

with some other women visited her cell and came away testifying that Jeanne was an honest girl deserving to be treated as such by her guards. A knowledge of the violence of these men being carried to the Earl of Warwick in England, he ordered them to be taken away and others placed as guards, but these new guards were under the same head-keeper.

It is recorded also that she was visited by a party consisting of Jean de Luxembourg, who had sold her to the English; his brother, the Bishop of Thérouenne; the Earls Stafford and Warwick, and also Haimond de Macy, who had tried honorably to obtain her affection and make her his wife. An offer was made to ransom her if she would no more take up arms for France. But Haimond de Macy in writing of it says that she scorned the offer as mockery. Then, standing up in her chains, she addressed herself to Stafford and Warwick, "I know well that these English will do me to death, thinking when I am dead to gain the Kingdom of France; but if they were a hundred thousand Godons more than they are now, they shall never have France."

It is said that Stafford in a rage drew his dagger, but she looked him down as was told of her in the wonder-stories of her childhood, when she faced a wolf in the forests of Chesnu. Warwick prevailed on Stafford to sheathe his dagger. As a noble Earl wanted to stab her to death though

she was in chains, what might be the evil deeds of her brutish guard!

Chivalry and faith, once so exalting to men, had departed from knighthood, and the greatest of them wanted to burn one of the bravest and truest warriors that ever lived, though that one was a woman and among the sweetest Christians that had lived since Christ.

### *2. An Allegiance That Could Not Be Limited by Any Pledge to Men*

It was claimed that she could have been released from her chains and iron cage at any time, if she would have given her word of faith that she would not try to escape, but her worst enemies used this matchless evidence of courage and character as proof of depravity. She had said before she was dragged from her horse, at her capture, that she had given her faith to God and would not therefore render it unto any man. As one called of God in the service of God, she could not pledge her conduct for any exchange of comfort or convenience. She would not be false to her word nor to her Lord, the King of Heaven.

A peasant girl coming so insistent and timely from her flocks in the fields of Domremy, who could confound the most learned men in Europe with her answers to their questions, who could lead the armies of France to victories that redeemed her nation in seven years from a hundred

years' war, who never failed to turn the points of the most astute and ruthless inquisitors in the world, is not to be explained by calling her the tool of politicians, and the superstitious idea of demoniac possession has long since been abandoned. Her life was an unceasing struggle against antagonism and her wonderful deeds were always not only against overwhelming opposition but despite intrigue, envy, treachery, blocked ways, and the least support that could be given by her superiors in authority.

Of the visions and voices of Joan of Arc, Grace James, in a splendid discussion, says, "There is in the idea something whimsical, yet fearful and hair-lifting, something grotesque, yet appealing, humorous, yet weird. It seems in the same instant to put the whole thing on the level of a fairy-tale, and to inspire it with the most convincing realism. It is instinct with the blending of familiarity with awe, of intimacy with worship, which is the characteristic feature of Medieval Christianity, and which remains even now the characteristic feature of a child's religion. It awakens in the mind associations tender, romantic, mysterious, echoes of all the fresh, sharp wonder of childhood, the high faith and zest of life that passes away so soon."

The sublime deeds of valor were hers no more. She could go forth, this daughter of God, under the free, wild heavens no more except on the way to the martyr's stake, but for the inspiration in

faith of those to come, she was glorified in the soul of man, immortal with her martyr's crown.

### *3. The Guilty Giving Justice to the Innocent*

In order to appreciate the faith of this girl, it should be remembered that the martyrdom of men rarely lasted more than a few hours or days, while hers was at its worst for more than six months.

This young girl in all those terrible months never saw the face of a woman, only the beastly leer of depraved men and monstrous priests.

Joan, weak and wracked with the unspeakable torture of months, was dragged chained into the great hall where a hundred learned doctors of the law, surrounded by armed men, vied with one another in shouting their hate at her. Alone, with none but her faith in God, she bore their assaults even as she had endured her beastly keepers. And in the midst of the wild shouts around her from that bedlam of vindictive minds, who can doubt that she felt nearer than such hate, the heavenly host of supporting souls, as when she fought by the side of Aulon at Saint Pierre, and won the victory in the name of her Lord, the King of Heaven.

In her time, no one presumed to doubt that she had the gift of superhuman powers. There was then no faith in the power of faith that is right over the will that is might. The only question was whether it was of God or Satan. The French

people who were helped by her work believed faithfully that her powers were of God in proof of which she used those powers only for good; the English, Burgundians and traitorous French, whose fortunes were lessened by her work, believed her powers were of Satan in proof for which she used those powers only for evil.

Numerous historical prophecies which she made, that were indisputably recorded at the time, all came true, and she never in any of the long intensely artful questions of her enemies contradicted herself in points of her faith, nor said anything proven to be false, according to her interpretation of divine guidance in events. If there had been a possible contradiction in her spirit of truth, the learned inquisitors would have found it and made the most of it.

*The Catholic Encyclopedia* says, "Throughout the trial Cauchon's assessors consisted almost entirely of Frenchmen, for the most part theologians and doctors of the University of Paris."

At her public trial there were always fifty or sixty judges present, and hundreds of the most skillful and learned men in Europe. They cross-examined her with all the skill of trained lawyers, endeavoring to break her down or wear her out, putting her through every detail they could gather from hundreds of witnesses regarding every incident of her life.

For six days the trial was carried on publicly and then suddenly it went into the darkness of

privacy, with two witnesses to record the proceedings and two judges to hear the trial. Nothing but the most beautiful Christian womanhood had been found, so perfect that all the merciless arts of her learned judges could not find a fault. But the death of the innocent had been decreed and it must not fail.

### *4. Humanity Never Entirely Dead*

Lord Roland Gower, in his study of Joan of Arc, says, "Her presence of mind and the courage she maintained day after day was supreme, in the face of that crowd of enemies who left no stone unturned, no subtlety of law or superstition unused, to bring a charge of guilt against her. No victory of arms that Joan of Arc might have accomplished had her career continued one bright and unclouded success, could have shown in a grander way the greatness of her character than her answers and her bearing during the entire course of her examinations before her implacable enemies, her judicial murderers."

Though she was under the English government and a prisoner to English masters, her trial was conducted almost exclusively by renegade Frenchmen, who were chiefly ecclesiastics and doctors of theology from the University of Paris. It was seen at the beginning of the sixth day that a reaction was taking place in the minds of the prejudiced and misinformed public. One of the three

witnesses of the public trial, who seems to have written down the evidence with the greatest care, reported in his notes that there were frequent interruptions, at last becoming so noisy that the witnesses could not hear the testimony.

The malicious trap was often detected by the audience when Joan gave back some of her brave refuting replies. Then there were voices in the great hall, which called out, "Well spoken, Joan, that was well said!" But no one thought to question the righteousness or authority of the system.

An English knight declared openly that he greatly regretted "such a courageous maid had not been born an English woman. She would not then lack for defenders."

She had no one to advise her in anything against that appalling mass of enemies hunting her down like an animal beset by wolves. There was no one to give a word of encouragement, hope or support except the sublime faith that gave her such sublime character.

One of the members of the hideous Inquisition was Isambard de la Pierre, and he tried to show La Pucelle a little pity. He sat near her whenever he could and by nudging her or touching her arm, showed her his opinion of what she should or should not do for her own sake.

But her master-inquisitor Cauchon, with the vigilance of an evil eye, saw him and reported it to Warwick. That noble Earl hastened over to the offender and in the most abusive terms in-

formed him that he would be tied in a sack and dropped in the Seine if he dared befriend the girl again.

### 5. *Religion in the Minds of Hate*

Day by day she was unfastened from the beam in her cage to which she was chained and was taken to her torture chair in the judicial inquisition. Every time she passed the door of the prison chapel she plead to be allowed a moment of worship as she had been accustomed all her life, and which was allowed to every criminal that had ever been there, but in sacrilegious cruelty she was never allowed any chance for consolation from the service of her religion. One day as they passed she asked one of the Sheriffs if she might kneel in the chapel door. He was humane enough to allow her, but when Cauchon heard of this, word soon came to the Sheriff that another such act of kindness to the prisoner and he would spend his days in "a prison where no light of the sun or moon should appear."

John Lohier, one of the Commissioners who was a learned lawyer of considerable renown, was consulted on some point by Cauchon, and in the conversation he declared to the prosecuting bishop that the entire trial was illegal, null and void, not only because it was secret, but because the accused was without benefit of counsel. Cauchon, greatly fearing the influence of such a man, hurried to Warwick to have the lawyer silenced. Lo-

hier immediately resigned as a Commissioner. He freely expressed himself in the opinion that the great council of doctors at law were driving a young ignorant girl to the martyr's stake on nothing more important than a grammatical distinction. He explained that the grammatical definition on which they were condemning her was between the words "believe" and "appear." He very boldly pointed out the merciless advantage they were taking of the innocent peasant girl in these recorded words, "If, instead of affirming that she *believes* her visions to be real, she would have said, as equally true, that they *appeared* so to her, she could never be condemned."

Considering the fierce distinctions forced upon her in the subsequent course of the trial and the fidelity with which she held to her belief, it is not at all certain that any counsel given her would have caused her to say "appéared" when she meant "believed."

The success of their will for her condemnation could not allow any man's reason to interfere. Lohier was arrested on some pretext and imprisoned. He escaped and saved his life by leaving France. He arrived at Rome and was at once taken into the service of the Pope. This is strong evidence that the Pope had no friendship for the French-Burgundian-English condition of the Church. Doubtless the report on that faction which he gave the Pope was so reasonable that it had much to do with giving justice at last to the

sublime character of La Pucelle. It was partisanship in the cause of will that fulfilled its wolfish nature upon her, and their evil can not be charged against any religious meaning in the name of faith whose fulfillment is the hope of a social world. Intelligence is the light of faith as faith is the intelligence that trusts the system of a normal universe.

### *6. The Dark Silence That Fell Over France*

Joan of Arc, shorn of all external power, was now helpless in the hands of political and religious fanatics, and, divested of all human rights, was now their property according to international custom and claims, subject absolutely to the judgment and will of church and state.

At her capture a great silence fell upon France concerning her whose name had been the highest among names all over the world. Somehow the exalted belief in her must have been struck dumb by this unbelievable capture. She could save others but herself she could not save. Just such a silence fell all over the valleys of Jordan and the plains around Jerusalem when Jesus of Nazareth fell into the power of the Roman law. One of his best-beloved disciples denied him thrice at the mere mention by a servant that he knew the man who had lost his power to the soldiers of Rome. The saintly maid, hailed as the Savior of France, this Daughter of God, had failed and therefore

might be merely a witch. Verily, she hath an evil spirit! It was the usual sin against the Holy Ghost of Faith, which hath no forgiveness. Human conscience had then no inner witness to any truth.

Besides, the Church, incapable of injustice, was supposed to be doing well by her. A Council of one hundred or more of the most learned men in Europe were patiently sifting out every atom of evidence in order to give her justice. There is here a possibility of explaining the King and such commanding generals as Dunois, Alençon, and La Hire. They may not have known that she was suffering such hideous torture, chained from throat to feet to a pillar in an iron cage with drunken troopers. They may have thought that she was being cared for by the Church and given such a trial by the most learned conclave in all history, as to vindicate her and establish the righteousness of France. But this is almost too much to believe, as they must have known the tender mercies of the cruel, and that the lamb of faith was captive to the wolves of will. But let it be understood that these were afterward, with the utmost thoroughness, by the highest authority, totally repudiated as being the church. They were an ecclesiastical party, sold to a political party having no divine grace to sanctify their claim. But it may well be believed that the world stood in awe of them as the apostolic representatives of

God, while this Domremy girl had nothing to prove her claims but deeds of valor.

Strong men often break down, body and mind, under the cross-examination of attorneys in a few days, but here was a girl through a year's hard soldiering, and months of enervating imprisonment, who endures and replies to the incessant wits of malignant wills day after day for months, at last to be harried and badgered unbroken to the martyr's stake. The faith that carried her to the King and Orleans was indeed surpassing wonderful, and the faith that won great battles is yet far more wonderful, but beyond all wonder is the faith-power, unsurpassable in history, with which she endured the martyrdom of months ending in the red death at the stake.

### *7. The Egocentric Reasoning of Partisans*

The freak of partisan reasoning and the futility of the party mind are well illustrated in the severe grill they put Joan of Arc through concerning Franquet d'Arras, who had been executed at Lagny. He was a Burgundian raider, the leader of a band of freebooters, who had lain in wait for her when she was on her way from Melun to Lagny, and through her incalculable strategy had been captured. She had allowed him to be tried for his crimes and executed. This had been done on the demands of the officers of her party. They claimed that she had no right to interfere with

the usual death-penalty given to one who did not govern his deeds, according to the rules of honorable war. But to her inquisitors such a breech of their claims to the rights of military law was a crime to be held against her. He should have been kept for ransom or to be exchanged. But here was this woman warrior guiltless of that man's evil deeds, whom they were hounding to her death, regardless of the honor of priest, man or war.

Several of her most devoted followers had been roving freebooters, hardly less considerate of military honor than Franquet d'Arras, but, among the wonders of her influence, they had become chivalrous and knightly in the ennobling service of La Pucelle. Among these reformed warriors, perhaps the most widely known was La Hire. He loyally believed in the strategy of the warrior woman, and, being a master of military tactics himself, his testimony stands well for the military genius of the wonderful woman. Yet, sometimes, when she undertook to accomplish the impossible, as it appeared to him, he swore by his Martin-baton, but a word from her made the impossible look easy, and it was done. As an instance, when La Hire followed her reluctantly at the assault on Jargeau, she cried out to him, "Fear not. God's time is the right time. When He wills it, you must open the attack. Go forward, he will prepare the way." And they took that strongly fortified town with the loss of only twenty men.

La Hire had been famous throughout France and Bungundy for his brutal rapacity and no less savage wit, but he was the only one who could meet with equal ferocity the hideous atrocities of the Burgundian freebooters. However, in the midst of the desolation and misery, this bold cavalryman and raider had always been known as a typical jolly brigand of the Armagnacs. He it was who, at the beginning of every pillaging expedition against the Burgundians, prayed "Good Lord, I pray Thee, deal with La Hire as he would deal with Thee were he God and wert Thou La Hire." He was desperately impious, but after meeting Joan, he never swore except by his staff.

### 8. *Incidents from One of the Few Great Trials*

La Pucelle, just past nineteen, weak and weary from nine months of harrowing treatment, enough to break body and mind, was brought out to face the most learned body of men in the world, surrounded by those who declared her to be the wickedest and vilest of all creatures. Their unceasing endeavor was to betray her into some pitfall in her religion upon which they could condemn her to death. It was her faith she was defending in the name of her soul's responsibility to God, and this was the sincerity of her mission and her life.

When one of her inquisitors became worn out in the strain of trying to entrap her, another would take his place. They had her mind on the

torture rack, and in striving to break it were themselves broken.

Once she turned suddenly to Cauchon, so that he recoiled from her words, "You say that you are my judge. Have a care what you do! I am sent from God and you put yourself in great peril."

Fearful, after the Lawyer Lohier had reached Rome, lest there would be cause to declare her trial illegal, Bishop Cauchon offered her a chance, when the trial was almost ended, to call some one to her assistance as counsellor, but she told him that she had no need of human counsel as all her trust was in the Lord. Then, after some reflection, she said, "First, as to what you admonish me for my good, I thank you and all the company. As to the counsel you offer me, I thank you too, but I have no intention of departing from the counsel of God." Cauchon told her that she could go to mass, if she would put on women's clothing, but she replied that her clothing was the symbol of her mission. She had been told to put this clothing on by her Lord and had not yet been told to return to woman's apparel.

No one can appreciate the unspeakable torture of soul to which she was subjected without considering her life-long belief in the power of the Church. All else failed her inquisitors down to the last test, which was, would she submit her mission to the judgment of the Church! But she knew that the Church in this case was a fragment represented by Count Cauchon. She begged to have

her case taken before the Pope. But the fragment would not lose its victim by having its cause transferred to the head. The choice between the soul in its immediate relation with God, and whether that relation must be through the priest in the name of the Church, was here at its test, clear and unmistakable as anywhere in all the long, terrible, historic struggle for freedom of conscience and liberty of the soul.

Cauchon warned her that unless she submitted she would be abandoned by the Church, thus losing her soul through temporal fire into eternal damnation.

But he could not thus crush her. "You can not do to me as you say," she declared, "without evil befalling you both body and soul."

The dreadful torture of soul and body before the judges and in her lonely dungeon at the hands of beastly-minded keepers, at last threw her into a fever in which she expected to die, but the torture went on as if it were a better opportunity to break her faith and mind.

"Considering how sick I am," she said to Cauchon, "it seems to me that I am in great peril of death. If so be that God wills to do his pleasure on me, I beg of you to let me be confessed, and receive my Savior, and be buried in consecrated ground."

Cauchon told her, with fiendish piety, it could not be so unless she submitted to the Church.

"If my body dies in prison," she said, "I de-

pend upon your placing it in consecrated ground; if you do not so, I leave it all with my Lord."

Thus spoke the daughter of God against all human will to control faith or to deny its right between the soul and its Maker. Her life was in tune with the Infinite and her soul way stayed on God.

### *9. Powers That Kill the Body and Destroy the Soul*

La Pucelle was taken in her weak and worn condition of fever and distress to the chamber of horrors for torture. The wretch who was to torture her gave his testimony that her answers to the questions of the assessors so amazed them that they were afraid to place her on the rack. Their statement of the reasons why they brought her back without torture bear out the impression that they were afraid she would die without confession and thus escape them.

As to schemes and treachery the most infamous act was that of Loiseleur, a priest who was put into her cell as a prisoner. He told her he was from near her old home and that he was imprisoned because of his love for the French King. She believed in him enough to enter into confession to him. Warwick and Cauchon hid themselves where they could hear the confession, but the Maid had nothing to confess more than the faith of the pure and the true. The sacrilegious

treachery gained them nothing, excepting that, by Loiseleur's advice, she answered questions that she would otherwise have avoided.

In all the history of the world, there has never been such a systematic and scholarly attempt to make history and therewith to blacken the character of an innocent person, and never was there a more ignominious failure to foist such black falsehood upon the world. Not the Maid of Orleans but her calumniators are anathema among the truth-loving people of the earth. Her faith and character survive as immortal truth. So it was as the poet said:

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.
> The eternal years of God are hers."

When the long list of horrifying falsehoods was read to her at the end of the trial as the decision of her judges, she said in sublime simplicity, "As to my acts, I submit them to the Church in Heaven, to God, to the Holy Virgin, and to the Saints in Paradise. I have not failed in the Christian religion, nor will I ever do so."

And praise to the Creator of heaven and earth, she proved from the fields of Domremy all the way to her ashes in Rouen for every distressed soul and to every one fighting wrong, that there can be such faith and such character, against which all the powers of hell can not prevail.

As one hideous crime after another was pro-

claimed against her, in that death's court, and the loud demand made of guilty or not guilty, she said that she had replied to all the charges, and now, "I refer myself to my Savior."

When one of her statements was read to her, which was worded thus, "All that I have done has been done by the advice of my Savior," she stopped the clerk and corrected him, saying that he had left out the word "well" after the words "have done." So exact were all her answers. But the infamous executioners were determined on her death for no other reason, and for no other crime, than that she faithfully obeyed a loyal conscience as the voice of God, and served her great pity for France in the name of a righteous humanity.

Bourguignon, long ago in his poems, calls her "The most beautiful flower of Christianity." Siméon Luce describes her as the personification of France at its best, and he says, "There never was a heart more strong or pure and from it the love of country was vibrating eternally in her soul." Truly it may be believed that she was also one of the world's greatest patriots.

## CHAPTER XIII

## GLIMPSES OF THE INQUISITION

### *1. The Will of the Cat and the Song of the Bird*

THE supreme idea of the prisoner's faith is revealed in a conclusive answer she gave to her inquisitors in the last days of the trial as to what the angels first taught her.

She said, that, "Above all things I was to be a good girl, that God would help me, and that I must go to the aid of the Dauphin of France, for God showed me the great pity there was for the Kingdom of France."

What human inquisitor would not break down there and cry out that she was guiltless of any urge to crime. Only the partisan could thus have steeled his heart against the divine love she had to help bring peace to the people of her distressed and ruined country. The truth is that under their partisan mail of iron they could not feel the divine touch. Mercy is not an attribute of will. It belongs only to faith.

The maidenly innocence of this precious girl, that should have struck dumb her ruthless tormentors, flashes in a glimpse to us as they talked to her about whether she would be burned at the

stake in her warrior clothing, and why it was that she wanted a woman's dress. Her answer was that she would be satisfied "if her dress was only long." Had not her soul been burnt with the leering, staring eyes of the drunken brutes who had been her keepers through the terrible months! Why did not this group of pious men ranged round her feel their wills totter on the wicked foundations before the childhood innocence in this simple, patient, enduring faith of the Daughter of God? It was because their souls had been sold to a partisan cause. They could neither feel nor reason from anything born of faith, hope or love. Their patriotism and their religion were limited to the bounds of their will and to the area of their personal interests.

Once upon a time some men learned in the law sought to ensnare the Son of God, concerning the doctrine of John the Baptist. And they greatly feared, for they could not say it was of heaven because he would ask why they had not believed, and they could not say of men because they feared the friends of John.

So these Pharisees of the Church, near the close of the trial, these partisans of a special cause, these fragments of broken reason, thought to entrap her, with a question of history whose event happened before her time.

They said, speaking of an act in the reign of the previous King, "Did your King do well to kill the Duke of Burgundy?" She answered, "It was a

great misfortune to France, but however it might be, God sent me to aid the King to his throne."

"Does God hate the English?" was one of their futile searches for a morsel of heresy. As to what God felt toward the English, she said that she knew nothing, but this she knew, God wanted them driven out of France and that He would do it soon..

During the trial her learned questioners came to the witch stories that prevailed in her native village of Domremy. It seemed to take her back to the scenes of her childhood so vividly that she forgot her fear of the cruel masters listening eagerly for any word they might twist against her.

Bishop Baupere suddenly asked as he saw the weary girl sink into memories, "Jeanne, would you like to have a woman's dress again?"

In the kindly spoken words she was a little girl again.

"Give me one," she cried appealingly, "I will put it on and go home to my mother."

Then she saw only the wolfish stare from the brutal faces about her and she quickly added, "But I could not put it on here. I am content with this, since God is pleased that I wear it."

### *2. The Unprotected Prey of the Wolf-Pack*

The two witnessing clerks, in their report of the secret trial, show that every device of sharp ingenuity was used on her to get from her the secret

sign by which it was said that King Charles came to have confidence in her as one sent from God. All trickery of questioning being unavailing, Delafontaine asked her the question direct, "What is the sign that came to your King to make him believe you were sent on the part of God?"

"It is beautiful and honorable and much to be believed," was the enigmatical answer, "and it is good, and the richest that can be."

Nicolas Loiseleur, the perfidious priest, who had been sent to hear confession from her, so as to advise her into a trap laid to ensnare her, succeeded far enough, to get a thread of evidence which they could weave into their monstrous perversions for conviction. She saw the thread she had been betrayed into giving, and which they were now winding about her, and she struggled with piteous endeavor to say nothing but the truth and yet not uncover the sign she had promised her saints not to disclose.

The Dominican Isambard, in his sworn testimony, said, "The questions put to her were too difficult, subtle and captious; so much so that the high ecclesiastical and well-lettered men, who were present, would with great difficulty themselves have known how to answer them."

Yet Jeanne quickly answered every one with a directness, simplicity and wisdom that took speech out of the mouths of her inquisitors and left them dumb on that subject.

The University of Paris, in writing their de-

fense to the King and the Pope, said, "The Christian fold in almost the whole West is infected with the poison of the Maid."

What a joke that is on egomaniac learning, what a travesty on reason, what a sarcasm on authority, and what a high tribute to the people who loved this daughter of God!

She strove to defeat her cruel questioners by trying to throw them off the track. But like a pack of wolves, they came back. They were shrewd enough to discover her attempts and in turn they endeavored to throw her into verbal contradictions made by her evasions and allegorical statements.

"Does the sign still continue?" asked the Bishop.

"It is good to know that it does," she replied. "It will last a thousand years or more; and it is in the King's treasury."

A study of her desperate attempt to protect this one sacred secret shows that the "King's treasury" mentioned by her was figurative, meaning the treasury of the King of Heaven, but in this material thing the hair-splitting questioners located the existence of idolatry.

"Is it gold, silver, precious stones or a crown?" Delafontaine asked.

"I shall tell you no more about it," she replied as if fearful of what he meant to fasten on her. "No man could know how to imagine anything so rich."

This was the imagery of a child, the wonder-child of spiritual faith.

"What reverence did you make to the sign?" was the next question intended to incriminate her in idolatry.

"I knelt and uncovered my head," she reverently and innocently answered, "and I thanked Our Lord because he had delivered me from the obstacles of the churchmen arguing to the King against me."

### *3. The Sign and the Allegory*

On Monday, March 12, two doctors of canon-law were made transcribing witnesses to take down her words. These two men, with probably a dozen others, the Bishop and Delafontaine, went to continue the questioning of her in the prison.

She expressed herself faithful in the belief that her Lord had never failed her.

"Did He not fail you as to good fortune when you were captured?" he asked.

"Not so," she replied, "since it pleased Our Lord, that it was better that I should be taken."

"Has He not failed you in gifts of grace?"

"How so!" she answered fervently, "when He comforts me every day."

Then they tried to entangle her as to disobeying the commandment to honor father and mother.

"Was it well to set forth without leave of your

father and mother? Is it thus father and mother should be honored?"

"They have forgiven me," she humbly replied.

"Did you know not you were sinning when you left them?"

"Since God commanded, it was right to do it," she replied spiritedly. "Because God commanded, if I had had a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, and if I had been the daughter of kings, I must have gone."

The next day was spent trying again to force from her the secret of her sign. All else had failed so that even resourceful and pitiless enemies could not fasten anything upon her. Like Pontius Pilate they heard the evidence and even their brutal tongues could not say the word guilty. But the sign! What was it? Here was something that looked like idolatry and therefore heresy. Throughout all that hideous darkness of her inquisition, her words were written down by those seeking to destroy her, and were never seen or revised by her. We get a glimpse of that fatal day in one of the written sentences wherein she piteously complains of being condemned by her judges to perjure herself in her promise to the saints that she would not tell the sign. What torture she had to undergo no one can know, but, to mislead her inquisitors, she told a long allegory in which the meaning of the story of the sign was supposed to be somewhere concealed, but none can know what it was. The story she told to satisfy them

reads like a child telling a fairy tale woven out of some semblance of experience. And yet, it bears the marks of her torture trying to be true to herself and to her saints not to tell untruth, even as she endeavored to satisfy her merciless inquisitors.

Out of her allegory of the sign, the facts were taken by her inquisitors that an angel had brought the King a crown of fine gold so rich that no one could count its richness, and signified to him that he should recover his kingdom of France.

We may believe that story, as told by her, to be actual happenings which she was describing as truth, and thus was really perjuring herself to her saints, as the judges decided, or we can believe that the angel and the crown were symbolical in her story, and that they never got the "sign," and so she never perjured herself.

When the angels left her, she says, "I was neither glad nor afraid; but I was very sorrowful, and I wish they had taken away my soul with them."

### *4. The Warning*

She was asked if it was by any merit of hers that God sent the angel with the sign, the inquisitors thus pretending to take the story as literally true.

"No," she replied. "He came for a great cause and that they would leave off arguing against

me, and let me give succor to the good people of Orleans."

"Why was the angel sent to you rather than to another?"

"Because," she replied, "it pleased God, by a simple maid, to drive away the adversaries of the King."

She had very frequently warned her tireless tormentors that they ran great risks in perverting her meaning and twisting her words to the injury of her Lord's truth. In this instance she warned them again. It must have smote through their thick consciousness to some nerve of conscience, for they asked her about it.

The Bishop of Beauvais being her most relentless and merciless persecutor, must have asked Delafontaine to get from her, during the Bishop's absence, what she meant by her warnings.

"He says he is my judge," she replied. "I do not know that he is. If he judge ill, and God chastise him, I may have done my duty in warning him."

"What is this peril or danger that he risks?"

"My Voices tell me most frequently that I shall be delivered with a great victory, and they say to me, 'Fear not thyself for thy martyrdom: thou shalt come at last to the kingdom of Paradise.' And this they tell me simply and absolutely without failing me ever."

So her warning did come true in a great victory

for her and as great a shame for her evil-minded foes.

"Thy martyrdom, Jeanne!" exclaimed the inquisitor, surprised that she could foresee something dire for her that must have been very clear to him.

"The trouble and adversity I suffer in prison, that is martyrdom. Whether I shall suffer yet greater sorrow, I know not, but I trust God."

Then Nicole Midy scored one of the diabolical points that constituted article nine in the twelve charges of heresy that condemned her to the stake.

"Since your voices have told you that you shall come at last to the kingdom of Paradise," he asked with the pious art of one who sees the place for a death-stroke, "do you hold yourself assured that you shall be saved, and that you shall not be damned in hell?"

Perhaps she did not know it was heresy to be sure of the love of God. Perhaps if she had known, her answer would have been the same. In fact, subsequent events proved that she was one of the great martyrs to the freedom of conscience and for the faith immediate between the soul and God.

"I believe firmly what my voices have told me," she replied, "that I shall be saved, as surely as if I were in heaven already."

Indeed how could she do otherwise. If she had not believed her voices in all things how would it have been possible for her to believe enough

to have persevered through such a long series of seemingly impossible things.

"That reply is of great weight, Jeanne," said the vice-inquisitor.

"I hold it for a great treasure," was her response.

Between these two replies exists all the difference there is between the organized will to believe and the spontaneous faith of hope and love.

"Then you do not believe that you can fall into mortal sin after that revelation?"

"Of that I can not know," she replied simply, "but I trust all in God."

And for that they burnt her, those ancestors of reason, religion and law, and we may pause to wonder if our posterity may not see us as far removed from them as we believe ourselves to be from the University of Paris in 1431.

Intelligence has not yet learned the values of faith over the spoils of will, and it has not yet distinguished between the progress of social mutuality over the business reciprocity of individual conquest. But this we know that faith-keeping is the divine religion of a redeemed humanity, and that the time is at hand for a faith-breaking world to give way to a faith-keeping universe.

### *5. The Source of Antagonism to Party Creeds*

The whole animus of the trial comes now into view. The crux of the inquisition is to be seen in

the jealousy of the religious organization of that time against all immediate personal communion and counsel from God. Such heresy disposed of the authority or mediation of the church! To have that office of the Church nullified by the immediate communion of souls with God, appeared to make useless the entire ecclesiastic mediumship. The hideous zeal of the University of Paris to bring to disrepute the voices and visions of Joan of Arc was, for their religious organization and its functions, no less necessary, nor less a question of self-preservation, than her work against the Burgundians and English, in driving them off the French soil, for the sake of France.

Truly the Maid did not know this. She believed herself to be as much a daughter of the church as a daughter of God, though she was in constant antagonism with the officials of the church, her mission was wrought out against their protests, and she was at last abandoned by their excuses and burnt by their verdict.

But the people loved her too much for her ashes to rest in peace. The great, wide religious system could not abide by such partisan conceptions of divine interest or such a mongrel and spurious alliance of church and state. There was a retrial long after she was dead. There was a great victory for her. Justice was done to her memory and the church repudiated the abomination of her condemnation and martyrdom.

The prosecuting Bishop had succeeded in pro-

viding most of the minor charges. Delafontaine had wrung from her an allegorical story of the sign, but it was Nicole Midy who uncovered a sufficient reason for destroying her and her claims, if the vice-regency with its ecclesiastical body was to function on earth as the holder of the keys of heaven.

The vice-inquisitor, whom the church was soon to repudiate, had evidently thought it all out. He began the day's process with her by the priestly warning that she must in all ways at all times refer herself to the church and therefore not to any visions or voices from God. In other words it was now Joan of Arc who must give up claims of power with God or the church must do so.

"Let my answers be seen and examined by the clergy," she replied. "If they tell me there is anything in them contrary to the Christian faith which Our Lord taught, I will inquire of my council about it and then I will tell you what I have found by my council; and if there be anything against the Christian faith, I will not uphold it, for I should be very sorry to offend against the faith."

This certainly disputed the authority of the church, as there represented, in matters pertaining to her conscience with God, and this irreparable conflict of authority sealed her doom. Any authority or judgment that is not social justice is not moral law, and is therefore outlaw intolerable to intelligence and God.

### *6. By Whose Authority Believest Thou This?*

She was soon put to the soul-torture of another test that brought into conflict her relations to God and the Church. She had said that she had put on the vestments of a soldier because such had been her counsel from God, and she could not change back to woman's clothing until she had permission from God. Here was a chance for a final test against her assurance of salvation, through belief in the understanding she had of God's will.

The Church ordered her to put on the simple slip of a shepherd girl in Domremy and wear it henceforth, or she would be denied the consolations of the church. In that condition of excommunication she could never reach Paradise.

The final crisis had come. Should she obey God or the Church? It was thus not a political interest that brought Joan of Arc to the martyrdom of the stake, but a fundamental vital doctrine of ecclesiasticism as distinct as that of Huss, Savonarola, Luther, Calvin or any others of the great schism-revolutionists of history.

Jeanne spoke in all things as innocently as a child in reference to anything that might be done to her through the verdict of her inquisitors. Her trust in God was so perfect that she had no interest in any fate that man or nature might design for her. She was sure of Paradise but she wanted to be a faithful daughter of the Church. She

PIERRE CAUCHON

**The prosecutor in the trial against Joan of Arc. The effigy upon his tomb in the Cathedral of Lisieux, destroyed in the revolution of 1793**

wanted to comply with all its requirements. It had been her cradle and her home. She had never known any other moral environment. In that, the only way known to her, she begged to be allowed to attend mass.

It had now been more than three months since she had heard prayers in a church. She agreed to put on the usual woman's dress for the purposes of church mass, but they purposed to treat her only as an erring girl who had run away from peasant parents in Domremy! No more was her work for God to be recognized than that! Her soldier's uniform was all that remained to her symbolic of her great mission and she would not thus dishonor them!

"Would you prefer never to hear mass than to put on your woman's dress for always?"

The question was squarely put now between Church and God.

"I will take that to my council" she said, as immovable as any of the great religious martyrs of history, "and when my council has told me what to do I will tell you."

"To hear mass, you must wear your woman's dress simply, absolutely and always."

She plead and prayed, suggesting various ways to satisfy the ecclesiastical decision but it could not be done.

She was not called of God, had not led armies over obstacles great as any Napoleon, and had not been ennobled by the King of France! These

virtuous inquisitors acknowledged her at best to be nothing but the runaway daughter of peasants, in whose wicked presumptions, ignoring the office of the Church, she was worthy only of death!

With triumphant malice they pressed the iron sword of their creed through her soul and crucified this daughter of God as feloniously, this University of Paris, as did the learned men fourteen centuries before, the Son of God.

### *7. Making a Public Spectacle of Disobedience*

It was decided to hold a great public meeting on May 2, so that the contradiction and conflict of her obedience to God and to the Church, as there represented, could be brought into clear contrast before the people. She had asked what they meant by the Church Militant to which they were driving her to submit and they had told her that it was the Pope and all the organized body of ecclesiastics under him. She had promptly replied that she was willing to be tried before the Pope. But now the people must be shown that this so-called "daughter of God" was a disobedient and heretical "daughter of the Church."

Bishop Cauchon of Beauvais had provided an overawing display of sixty-two judges present. He told the great public audience that he had brought her before them so they could see for themselves how she defied the holy Mother Church.

Joan was then led conspicuously into the hall and down the aisle to a prominent seat before her judges. Turning to her, this bishop of mercy and peace, representing the might of God on earth, advised Joan that he had, for the sake of her soul and her body, brought her there to listen to the great eloquence of the learned doctor of theology, Archdeacon Chatillon.

The Archdeacon held in his hands his written sermon on obedience to the Church. Without reply to Cauchon she bade the learned doctor to proceed in the reading of his book. He read his ponderous discussion and then concluded by saying that unless she surrendered her soul in obedience to the Church, as he had defined, she placed herself in the power of the Church "to be burnt as a heretic."

He awaited her reply, and loud and clear she said, "I will not say aught else than I have already spoken; and, were I even to see the fire, I should say the same."

Magnificent loyalty to faith in God! Even Manchon, the clerk writing down her testimony, wrote opposite the paragraph these significant words, "Superba responsio."

### 8. *Facing Torture in a Chamber of Horrors*

Cauchon now determined to try torture. It would be a great thing for the English-Burgundian cause if Joan could be made publicly to ac-

knowledge herself only a peasant girl, bewitched, who had finally found Almighty salvation to be possible only in the guidance of the University of Paris, as the efficient representative of the Church.

Joan, escorted by a dozen of her most notorious inquisitors, was taken into the dungeon of torture.

The articles of accusation were read to her. Then Cauchon said, "You see before you the instruments of torture which are prepared, and by them stand the executioners, who are ready to do the office at our command. You will be tortured in order that you may be led into the way of truth, and for the salvation of your body and soul, which you by your lies have exposed to so great a peril."

In front of her lay the rack which was slowly to tear her limbs asunder.

This is what the clerk wrote down in the record as her words, this girl just entering the age of womanhood:

"Even if you tear me limb from limb, and even if you kill me, yet will I not say a word more than I have said. And even were I forced in the delirium of pain to do so, I should afterward declare that I had spoken differently only because of the torture."

These hideous minds whose names belong to everlasting infamy were uncertain whether or not to order the torture, because she might die in it,

and Archdeacon Chatillon reminded them that she should be saved for the stake, thus needed for the edification of the world.

Bishop Cauchon asked her if her voices had told her what was now to happen.

"I asked them," she replied, "if I should be burnt, and they answered, 'Abide in God and He will abide in thee.' "

The various translations and quotations of this reply, like the differences in all other testimonies respecting her, fundamentally agree that this wonderful woman was wonderful from her immediate and unassailable faith in the immanence of God. In every instance from the beginning, it was always God, her Lord and Savior first, the rights of her beloved France next, and only as they were of God did she have any belief in the superiority of saints, voices, visions, priests, prelates, ecclesiastics or the Church.

"As to the Church," she often said, "I love it and would wish to maintain it with all my power, for our Christian faith." Plainly she believed the all-powerful political and militant Church to be no more than one of the human instrumentalities toward helping people to know God.

If France had rallied around her and she had been serving a noble and powerful king, so that her great mission could have been fulfilled, unhampered by the folly of courts or ecclesiastics, she might have reformed the control that the Church militant had established between Man and

his Maker, and made unnecessary the bloody reformations and religious wars that were to follow for the freedom of soul and the liberties of humanity.

### *9. Inspiration That Shall Not Be Subject to the Will of Man*

To make her divine communion a question for her enemies to pronounce true or false was impossible, if she were to be true either to herself or God. She gave up all hope in man and henceforth her life was not to be considered answerable to any but her Lord.

The final question was put, "Will you or will you not, on what you have said and done, submit yourself to the judgment of the Church?"

She knew now what her answer meant to them and never was martyr more true to faith in God.

Submit to these fiendish minds seeking to ruin her faith, to despoil her character, to blast her great cause and bring her to a witch's death! And call this the Church of God!

"All my words and works are in the hand of God, and I submit myself to him," she firmly replied. "And I assure you that I would neither do nor say anything against the Christian faith by our Lord established; and if the clergy show that I have upon me any act or deed contrary to it, I will not sustain it, but will thrust it from me."

The innocence of La Pucelle has been estab-

lished by a great tribunal of her Church and she has been enrolled in the Calendar of its saints. With such brave deeds was she ennobled by her King and with such immortal words, said in such undying faith, she became the wonderful woman, not only of her beloved France, but of all the world.

Wearily the inquisition dragged on. Scores of learned men against one lone and dreadfully tortured girl! Like the teeth of a saw the reiterations cut hard upon her heart and brain, so tired of it all!

Saturday came and it was again demanded abruptly of her if she would submit her words and deeds to the Holy Mother Church to determine whether they were good or evil. How could such a thing be done with these merciless men claiming to be the Holy Mother Church! How could she do such treason to all her mission for her country and her God.

"I submit myself to God who sent me," she replied with schismatic finality, "to Our Lady, and to all the blessed saints in Paradise. Our Lord and the Church are one. It seems to me you ought not to make any difficulty about it. Why do you make a difficulty as if they were not one?"

They could not answer that. It was the vital question that was soon to bring forth Luther, Calvin and the host of dissenters that were to shatter Christendom like glass into a thousand creeds.

She was rapidly becoming conscious of the ir-

reconcilable difference between her relations as a daughter of God and a daughter of the Church. It was a question of her right to hear her voices or the voices of these men. It was not that she had been a conquering warrior but that she had received her authority elsewhere than from a collection of partisan wills claiming to be the Church.

Loyalty and integrity are the essential forms required for the values of personal freedom and social justice. Human rights are impossible from the partial view of any fragment. Individual judgments are not trustworthy for decisions toward any other individual. Each has insufficient evidence and such uncertain reasonableness as to be wholly unqualified to decide the realities of another. Mind and humanity require a total ideal from which to estimate morality and decency, or from which to realize any fulfillment of patriotism or religion. Civilization is not possible from any structure of covenants and contracts. Church and state are human values only as they express the righteousness of a total human system. The incarnation of Eternal Meaning at the close of ancient times was the Son of Man, and the personification of that meaning for the Middle Ages was "the daughter of God," and we may well believe that moral democracy warring against the Teutonic war, symbolizes for the present age that Almighty Faith as the total ideal of social meaning necessary for moral reasoning, social justice, and the salvation of the world.

## CHAPTER XIV

## THE MIGHT OF RIGHT FOR THE SOUL

### *1. Counsel from a Traitor in the Cause of Death*

The faith of this wonderful woman stood for freedom of conscience and for the immediate presence of God in divine salvation. No martyr ever went to the stake for a clearer cause than did La Pucelle. She deserves for this faith the honor of all mankind. This young girl drank of the cup with Socrates and Christ.

Jeanne's fate depended on her reply to the question put by Lafontaine. He explained, "There is a Church Triumphant in which are God, His saints, the angels and the souls that are saved. There is also the Church Militant, which is our Holy Father, the Pope, who is the Vicar of God on Earth; the Cardinals, the prelates of the church and the clergy, all good Christians and Catholics; and this church in its assembly can not err, for it is moved by the Holy Ghost. Will you appeal to the Church Militant?"

Her answer came like her assault upon the Towers at Orleans. It was direct. It was unanswerable. It was a great victory. One of the greatest in the world. But this time it was not arms

against arms, it was faith against will, which is the same as the beauty of a rose against the way of a wolf.

"I am come to the King of France, from God," she said, "from the Virgin Mary and all the blessed saints in Paradise, and from the Church Triumphant above and by their command. To that church I submit all the good deeds I have done and shall do. As to replying whether I will submit to the Church Militant, I have no further answer."

Pierre Maurice, Canon of Rouen, one of the most famous learned men in Europe, was called on to admonish her, and to make the final demand of submission. This final session of the trial was held on May 23.

"If your King," he said with great unction, "had appointed you to defend a fortress, forbidding you to let any one enter it, would you not refuse to admit whosoever, claiming to come from him, that did not present letters and some other token? Likewise, when Our Lord Jesus Christ, on His ascension into heaven, committed to the Blessed Apostle Peter and to his successors the government of His Church, He forbade them to receive such as claimed to come in His name but brought no credentials. So, when you were in your King's dominion, if a knight or some other owing fealty to him had arisen, saying, 'I will not obey the King; I will not submit either to him or to his officers,' would you not have said,

'He is a man to be censured?' What say you then of yourself, you who, engendered in Christ's religion, having become by baptism the daughter of the Church and the bride of Christ, dost now refuse obedience to the officers of Christ, that is, to the prelates of the Church!"

So, her faith as fulfilled in her wonderful works was no credential or evidence or token of being from the King or for the King! It had been on the side of the party against them and therefore could not be of the Church or of God! Such is the monstrosity of a party-made mind for the salvation of a party-made right of humanity.

Her reply was the equal of any ever made on earth before, and can never be surpassed. This nineteen-year-old girl was as much of a martyr for the divine right to her faith in God as ever strove or died for any cause in the social universe.

"What I have always held and said in the trial, that will I maintain," she said. "If I were condemned and saw the faggots lighted, and the executioner ready to stir the fire and I in the fire, I would say and maintain till I died nought other than what I said during the trial."

And thus it came to pass, and thus she kept the faith!

### *2. Condemnation*

The fatal confession of loyalty to God in the freedom of her own conscience was written down. There on the margin of the record where it still

is to be read, Manchon the clerk wrote, as he had done two or three times before, "Responsio Johannae superba."

And now her story goes into darkness for the coming week. The confusion of many witnesses and many views that prevailed from the first, that has been told of her, has always a background and a groundwork from which a reasonable outline, though in various ways, may be drawn of her faith, her character, her experience and her cause. But now comes a week of darkness from the confusion of irreconcilable versions of what happened. By taking her endurance and faith up to that time, we can reconstruct something of what may, in general terms, have consistently happened, but only the critical historian can reconstruct, from the mass of testimony, a plausible sequence of events or of reasonably verified conditions and facts.

Pierre Cusquel, being a friend of the master-mason of the castle, says he obtained permission to have a secret look at the great prisoner. He testified under oath that she was confined in an iron cage, chained into a standing position by the neck and wrists and ankles. When she walked she was ironed to a block of log, when sleeping she was ironed to the bed. She was more than five months in this inhuman torture.

We have no account of how extensively her trial was known among the people near or far, but it is reasonable to suppose that there were means

used to carry the news of one so extraordinary and so famous.

The inquisition had completed its labors and the cause for condemnation was far from being conclusive enough.

The judges sat around like a pack of wolves. They were eager to tear her truth to pieces and destroy her life. But Jeanne never sought to conciliate any of them. She believed only in truth and her God.

At last a decision was reached. The day of Condemnation was set for May 24, 1431.

### *3. The Ceremony of Accusation*

She had sought no counsel from priests or warriors and had asked no help or authority from the Church or Court. These necessary values all came from God, between her and her Creator alone. Therefore she had against her the three most powerful incentives of will, those of the war commanders, the favorites around the King, and the priesthood as the Church Militant of God. From the war commanders she had her plans defeated, from the favorites at court she had treachery and betrayal, and from the Church she had treason, torture and death.

With ponderous ceremony, her accusers brought her into a conspicuous public place for the formal act of accusation.

All the testimony was summed up in twelve ar-

ticles of heresy, all so utterly false that we wonder how there could be any civilization having such monstrous minds at its head in Church and State.

These were read to her with sonorous tones in the hearing of the awe-stricken public, and there is some testimony given by her enemies that her spirit was broken under the ordeal, but we can hardly believe such weak and poorly supported evidence that she was any less valiant in battles for right as the might of soul, than she was brave for right as the might of body.

The life of one composed of unconquerable faith through such a long series of evidently insurmountable difficulties and tasks, we may well believe remained consistent to the end. She who never wavered in the front of most terrific battles, and who could not be overawed in the presence of bishops, councils or kings, may have fainted in the tortures of body, but it is the grossest unreason to believe, in the midst of the contradictory partisan testimony, that she ever failed in her faith to her call as the Daughter of God.

After the dreadful articles of heresy had been read, came the long severe act of accusation. She must be grilled through all the long course of the seventy specific charges brought against her.

The preliminary accusation charged her at once with being sorceress, given to magic arts, invoking demons; idolatrous, sacrilegious, malicious, apostate; a blasphemer of God; scandalous, seditious,

cruel, indecent, a liar, heretic and a seducer of the people.

De Courcelles read through the long series of seventy horrible charges in a clear, loud voice, with great emphasis on the worst of his words. She stood facing him through all these abominable accusations with the dignity of undaunted womanhood whose faith and character and cause were not in the hands of man or ecclesiastics, or Church, but in the unchangeable promise of God. She had begun with the mission to deliver her beloved France from the yoke of oppression, and it was ending with her being used as the means to commit the soul of her country into the despotism of ecclesiastical mastery.

The whole dreadful thing was done to her but she returned no ill word to them. She merely denied and let them read on. She knew in whom she believed and that He would be with her unto the end.

### *4. A New Creed for Mankind*

The final question was the fatal one, "Do you believe you are subject to the Church?"

Her fatal answer was, "Yes, God first served."

Thus was this woman not a captive of kings but of priests. She was the victim of a religious creed that was the servant of ambition and of hate. She asserted a freedom that was to become the light of the world.

At the close of the ordeal, she was returned to

her cell where she fell desperately sick. Her body was sore afflicted with the long terrible trial, but her soul possessed peace that passeth understanding. Never for any moment had there ever been any wavering in her firm hold on God.

Her guards now mocked her, terrified her and tortured her, in more malicious forms than ever before.

Jacques Tiphane, a Paris physician, was sent to see her. He found her chained, unclothed upon an iron bed. He was one of the worst of the bigoted and brutal throng. He abused her, called her vile names, and, in consequence, she was thrown into a wild fever. Then two other physicians were sent who bled her profusely and mercifully brought her very near to death.

Believing she was about to die she piteously begged for the rites of the Church. Then vicious Nicole Midy was sent to her with several other priests. The visit was not to console her in any way but to administer the three monitions given to those condemned to be burned at the stake.

This was done and to her appeal for the consolation of the Church, the Bishop said it was impossible for the Church to mediate in any way for her unless she submit to the Church.

"If my body die in prison," she said, "I hope you will let it be buried in holy ground; if not, I leave it to God."

They looked at the girl as she said these things and received the impression that she was dying.

"Jeanne," said one of the priests, "you have asked for your Savior. We will promise to give you your Savior, if you will submit to the Church."

"Of that submission," she replied, "I can not answer otherwise than I have done. I am a Christian, I love God and serve him."

And so she put the final seal upon her fate.

### 5. *The Alleged Abjuration*

The crushing ruin, designed to drive every meaning of the Maid out of the minds of men, and annihilate all interest and value she might have for any one, could be accomplished completely only in her admitting that the judgment of the Church, then trying her, was perfect in all its consideration of her affairs. It was a necessary vindication for them as well as a triumph against all who might believe in her. Though her body and mind had been enfeebled by the long months of anguish, she never weakened in her belief and the repeated statement that "God must first be served."

It was a dramatic and spectacular display they prepared when Joan should be called on publicly to recant and abjure her life, or sentence of burning at the stake should be pronounced against her.

The big cemetery of the Abbey Saint-Ouen was to be the scene of judgment. Two great scaffolds

or elevated platforms were erected near each other in the center of the grave-yard. On one was seated forty or fifty of the greatest men of the time, cardinals, bishops, abbots and assessors, with lords and officers of the English Court. On the other scaffold was the Archdeacon of Errard and by his side Joan of Arc. Around them were the prosecutors, the recording secretaries and notaries. The immense grave-yard was filled with a mass of people covering the ground and the tombs.

The preacher took for his text the words from John 15:4-6, "A branch can not bear fruit except it abide in the vine." The Church, even as represented there, was the vine, and the sermon accordingly was on obedience to the Church. The prisoner sitting there was the culprit who claimed to have direction for her conduct outside of the Church, even from God.

"Behold the pride of this woman," he cried in righteous fervor, with a string of atrocious accusations against her, bawled forth in the coarsest words of defamation. Raising his voice he exclaimed, "Great is the pity! Ah, France, thou hast been much deceived; thou hast been always the most Christian land, and Charles, who calls himself King and Governor, has trusted like the heretic schismatic that he is, to the words and deeds of this base and wanton woman, full of all dishonor. It is to thee, Jeanne, I speak to tell thee that thy King is a heretic and schismatic."

Then Jeanne arose, facing him with the dignity of the freedom seen when she held her banner aloft in the front of battle. Now it was again the banner of truth for her beloved France.

"Say what you like of me," she cried loud and clear for all to hear, "but say not so of my King. He is a good Christian and his trust was not in me, but in God."

The preacher, ignoring her interruption, went on with his abuse to the final words of excommunication and condemnation.

### *6. The Sentence of Death*

The awful drag and grind of a hundred strong men against this weakened tortured girl was now driven far beyond anything known in human endurance. What could not be drawn from her by force was now attempted by trickery and falsified replies to her questions. No friendly soul had been near her for many months. The sting of the serpent and the breath of the wolf was in every move around her.

In this last chance, the vicious experts crowded around her at the end of the final address of the Church to her. "Let us save you," cried her tormentors in her ear. "Abjure or be burnt and be damned," cried another. The Bishop began to read the sentence of death. He was nearly through and it would then be too late.

"Here sign this, quickly, we pity thee," cried

the Archdeacon in her ear. There was a great uproar among the people. The cry was not "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" but it was "Burn her! Burn the witch of the Armagnacs!"

Did she cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" as it had been interpreted that her Lord had done in the weakness of despair! None know what she said, but they claim that she began to repeat the words of recantation they said to her. The proof is desperately confused. They said she signed a document of abjuration but all the testimony shows she could not write. We know that she could not read, and we do not know what they read to her if she did sign it. Every reasonable consistency bears witness that she did not fail as she understood it, and that her enemies, like wolves around a dying lamb, obtained falsely all that they got from her in that dreadful hour.

Massieu says he offered her a pen as the Archdeacon yelled, "Sign now, otherwise thou shalt end thy life in fire to-day and thy soul in hell forever," and he said to her, "Better sign than burn." He says she laughed and made a round figure at the bottom of the document, saying "I can not write." Laurence Callot was one of the English secretaries sitting at her side. He says that he seized her hand and guided the pen across the paper so as to spell out the name, "Jehanne." And that is without doubt all there was to her recantation, thus claiming that she was abjuring

her work, her country and her God. It is of course absurd. But it served the purpose of writing down a lie to be believed against the invincible and immortal God's faith born in the soul of a woman.

As testified to by five clerks, including Jean Massieu, who was the one that read it, the recantation which Joan signed was less in length than the Lord's prayer and was so worded that she did not understand it as she herself said. But a long, vicious document requiring half an hour to read was the one used against her.

### *7. Back to the Dungeon of Despair*

Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Bauvais, was now at the end of his infamous task. He turned to the Cardinal of England and asked what he should do. Mitigate the sentence was the reply, and the Bishop did so. Instead of reading death at the stake, he read, that, for sins against God and His Church, "We condemn you, in our grace and moderation, to pass the rest of your days in prison on the bread of sorrow and the water of anguish, there to weep and lament your sins."

A little glimpse of sympathy here appears in the black mass. Loiselleur, the one who had been the betrayer of her confessional in prison, came grinning up to her, offering his congratulations. It is recorded that this was the beginning in him of great remorse.

"Jeanne," he said, "you have done a good day's work and, please God, you have saved your soul."

She turned from him in great indignation and cried out to the judges seated opposite to her on the other platform, "Now that you men of the Church have condemned me, take me into one of the Church prisons. Leave me no longer in the prison of the English."

This was now her right and the duty of the Church, indisputably, though it had in truth been so from the first.

Pierre Miger, friar of Longueville, evidently desiring to hasten this decision, hurried forward, saying, "Where shall she be taken?" At least the friar in his sworn testimony says such was his intention, but an English Bishop hearing his words, turned to Cauchon, saying, "This fellow is one who favored her." This accusation proved to be as frightful to him as to Peter and he hastened to deny it.

Many of the mob hearing her and realizing that they were not to see her burn, began throwing stones at the judges. Several of the judges began expressing their opinion to the Bishop of Beauvais that she should now be taken to the church prison, but he knew that Joan had made no recantation. There was yet work for him to do. He cut short all talk by an order to the guards.

"Take her back to the prison from whence you brought her."

They seized her and carried her back to the dungeon in the castle. So this little sister of the saints was thrust again into the iron cage in care of those black-hearted servants of evil who had lost all but the forms of men.

### 8. *Forcing the So-called Relapse into Heresy*

The same afternoon on which she was returned to the military prison, the little bunch of inquisitors, who gloried most in their coarse and brutal ways toward her, visited her in prison with some feminine clothing. They reported that she was duly humble and contrite. They said that they had made her take off her soldier's uniform in their presence, to make sure it was done, and caused her to put on woman's clothing.

They said she had done this in the hope of being taken to one of the Church prisons, but they would not do so.

Such masters of merciless injustice are not in any way believable. But it is known that five of the most brutish British troopers were placed in charge of her and for two days allowed no one but themselves within the prison. Nothing can be known of those two days. It is well known that hardly a soldier in the English or Burgundian army believed that any victory was possible as long as the witch of the Armagnacs was alive.

She had no rights as woman or warrior for them to respect. Brutality was their crucifixion and vulgarity their crown of thorns.

Trinity Sunday came and she woke hearing the bells ringing. She asked the guards to unchain her so she could rise. One of them did so, at the same time taking away her woman's clothing and throwing back to her the soldier's clothing that she had been forbidden to wear on pain of death at the stake.

It is said that she plead in anguish with them, that she knelt and prayed, but they mocked her and abused her, and insulted her till she put on the forbidden clothing. Then the doors were opened. Witnesses came in crying, "Behold, the witch is back in her wickedness."

Lord Warwick came and beheld the dreadful sight! Then all Rouen was in great excitement. They would soon see the burning of a witch. Manchon, the notary, writes of this that the soldiers were so vicious he did not dare go near the prisoner, without safe conduct from Lord Warwick. A priest, who was one of the committee to call at her cell, was so roughly thrust out, back into the street, that he was severely wounded, and so could account for their violence only on the theory that they were bewitched.

All the great conclave had left Rouen excepting the merciless prosecutors who were in the work to do her to death. They were there ready to continue their work. But many of the priests doubt-

JOAN OF ARC WITH THE SWORD OF FIERBOIS
The Statue by Princess Marie of Orleans in the Musée de Versailles

ed that the woman was being given a fair chance for her life. Marguerie managed to get some woman's clothing to her in the evening, but sure enough she refused to take off the clothing in which she had fought the battles of her Lord, though she knew this meant death at the stake. Was this La Pucelle revived, or was all this change untrue, as reported by her enemies, and had there never been any change in the woman of wonderful faith? Is not her long unimpeachable consistency to be trusted rather than the words of the most treacherous and merciless fanatics in history! The comparison is hardly worthy of consideration. Joan of Arc was sure of God and sure of a home in Paradise.

### *9. Those That Kill the Body*

She had accepted the change from death at the stake to imprisonment for life, having nothing but "the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction." Her consolation was that this would take her from the inhuman varlets who lived with her in the iron cage. Henceforth she would be done to death by Christians and not by beasts.

But it was not planned by her enemies to be so. The University of Paris wanted recantation in proof of its religious powers and in defeat for the priests supporting the King of France. After that, the Earl of Warwick wanted her death, because the English soldiers believed battles could

not be won, and that their own lives were imperiled so long as the Armagnac witch was left to pray for the success of the soldiers under King Charles! But that was no excuse, and more than one prominent Englishman had expressed great admiration for La Pucelle. Let the Church kill her. The infamous henchmen of the English ruler had it well planned when they returned the condemned girl to the remorseless care of the ruffians in the lonely cell.

She had yielded, so they said, to the Church in its decision that God required her to put off her soldier's clothes for woman's wear. Her own faith might yield that much without losing the symbolism of her mission for her country and her great work in the cause of God.

On Monday, twenty-eight of her persecutors found her in her soldier's clothes, broken, crushed, her body crumpled like the disfigured image of a saint.

De la Pierre, a Dominican Friar, who saw her, said, "I beheld her weeping, her face covered with tears, bruised and outraged, so that I was full of pity and compassion."

We hope for the awful shame of it all that there was one who looked upon her with sympathy, but we do not know if his compassion was meant for her unjust suffering or for her sins of heresy. He had seen her noble face and large bright eyes before and he knew she had suffered at the hands

of man more than the worst that has been allowed in imagination to the devils of hell.

The Master of Galilee like the Maid from Domremy had a faith that was for the salvation of the world. Though each in an hour of despair might cry out, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me!" yet each kept the faith unto the end as the will of the Father in heaven. All who suffer may think on these things and remember those who suffered more, and yet were of unconquerable soul.

The God of Right is not long mocked by the preposterous assumptions of will-made lives. The right thing on the right way will always arrive at the predestined goal of right. It was so with the life-meaning of this wonderful woman. Quicheret, whose researches were largely the means of restoring the lost knowledge of her, prophesied a remarkable ideal for the coming womanhood when he wrote, "The saint of the Middle Ages, whom the Middle Ages rejected, will become the saint of the modern world."

## CHAPTER XV

## PAYING UNTO WILL THE FINAL PRICE OF FAITH

### *1. The Terrible Meek*

THE woman of unconquerable faith made no complaint except to reproach her lords of the Church for not placing her in a Church prison where she could go to mass, receive her Savior, have woman companions and be taken out of irons, away from her inhuman guards.

That twenty-eight men could look upon her, eager to see the flames about her, proves only what men can be, for there are legions of such examples, comparable in their evil only to the madness of beasts.

Faith has never led any one to anything but hope and love, will has never led any one to anything but prejudice and hate. Any one who knows these will-made dispositions and the traits of them, as being yet the heritage of human conditions, must pause and readjust his judgment, if he believes that the persuasions of peace are enough to change any will to the faith that contains liberty or justice or order or truth for man. The beast has never been driven out that way,

and whatever forms it takes the beast is the same now as it was around the iron cell of Joan of Arc.

In a voice weak from unspeakable suffering, she said to the clerical wolf-pack around her, even as written by her enemies in their records, "I would rather do penance once for all (that is, die at the stake) than to endure any longer the suffering of this prison. I have done nothing against God or the faith, in spite of all they have made me revoke. What was in the schedule of abjuration, I did not understand. I did not intend to revoke anything except according to God's good pleasure."

Thus all they had made out of her repudiation was repudiated, for she had never been false to her faith, her country or her God.

It was enough. All their mad learning and all their diabolical cruelties to crush a woman's faith had failed, and the world had a never-dying vision of the unconquerable strength that exists in the sustaining belief that righteousness of soul is one with the Lord of the Universe.

Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, now had his revenge in the name of divine salvation. He had at last conquered the woman who had driven him, and his associate betrayers of their country, out of his rich holdings in France. He was nobly revenged, for she would now die at the stake, excommunicated from the Church, with all

the dreadful consequences of eternity. His work was about to be successfully ended!

As he came out of the prison with his crowd of witnesses, he met the Earl of Warwick.

"Farewell, farewell!" he exclaimed proudly. "It is done! Be of good cheer. You can dine with a good appetite. We have caught her at last."

But it was not done. He did not win the victory and can not win it so long as humanity can realize the difference between the will of the Bishop of Beauvais and the faith of Joan of Arc.

She was true to her divine meaning at the end of the third day, when no doubt her cell had become no less to her than hell. No record of it, except in fragments, has been kept. Perhaps even the wolves at the feast feared posterity that much. No one wants to know. We want to think of a higher level for the human will. This much we do know that the dark silence of those days covers unspeakable anguish and despair, for this child of innocence and of God. Faith superior to this has never been known on earth. It is the divine inheritance of womanhood for the making of the human race.

### *2. Why They Hated Her unto Death*

In all her life she never had an unkind word for any one and in all her unsurpassable suffering there is never a word of any complaint against

any one. Though this might have been an intentional omission of her enemies, yet it is consistent with her character.

Her entire condemnation by the Church centered in her refusal to submit to the authority of her inquisitors as the militant infallible Church to pass on the truth between her and God. Their whole mind was set on branding her faith as of Satan because it opposed their interests. But she defeated them in that thing and they sent her to the stake on account of the old Jewish law against a woman wearing men's apparel as laid down in Deuteronomy 22: 5. This was the ancient Jewish law used against her: "The women shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man . . . for all that so do are an abomination unto the Lord their God."

Reason, for the sake of the will to hate, thus ignored all her past in order to assert against this innocent woman an authority claiming all the powers of heaven and earth.

The ecclesiastical organization hated her because all she had done was outside of its control, the military organization of her King hated her because she did what it could not do, and that most of the time against its help and advice. The King liked to profit by her success, but he disliked the controversy that raged about his ears concerning the woman. Her enemies were furious at being beaten by this mere girl. As their cause was right hers was wrong, therefore she was of the

devil. At length all were willing for her to be rooted out of the memory of human beings. By indisputable authority having almighty power, this peasant girl of Domremy must be proven a liar, a wanton, a witch, a heretic and a child of Satan, so that every memory of her would be anathema, and to that purpose was concentrated all the mightiest means and powers in the world.

She longed to be considered loyal to the Church. It had been the body of her mind through all her life. Even as the brief schedule of repudiation was being read, she piteously called on Saint Michael to help her because she could not understand it.

Even if it was a moment of weakness, she was a young girl so afraid of the fire! God help her!

Even in the midst of it she cried out in repudiation of the repudiation they were reading. "My deeds I have done by God's order. I charge no one with them. If there be any fault found in them, the blame is on me, on me alone."

Saint Peter thrice denied his Lord, who had been a personal companion, and who was then a prisoner. He denied his Lord under no constraint and from the mere accusation of an humble servant girl.

Not so this girl of faith, this wonderful woman from Domremy. On that rock Christ built his church, the rock of faith against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, and so, the just shall live by faith.

### 3. A Vision of Faith

The lofty purity of her life reveals the possibility inherent in every mind for the tie that binds together the righteous of the social universe.

The picture is irresistible. From the vision of this wonderful child playing with the village children around the Fairy Tree, we go to the ecstatic little girl looking into the great white light and listening as the vesper bells ring to the voices of her soul whose meaning could come from no beauty of life less than God. Then she pleads with coarse governors to lead her to the King. Youthful knights full of the blazing zeal of aspiring manhood feel the inspiration of this wonderful spirit and swear to devote their lives and fortunes to her cause. She stands unafraid before courtiers and Church dignitaries in the presence of a King and names the wrong which she has come to banish in the name of right and God. Doubting Doctors of the Law in the name of the highest authority available to man question her in vain to find a place of weakness in her claim, and it can not be done. Then she takes the savage bands of ruffians, ravaging the country in the name of the King, and they become decent men worthy of the noblest name of soldiers redeeming their native land. They go where her standard goes and it strikes the hosts of her country's enemies like the wrath of God. She stands in the great Cathedral at Rheims and sees the Dauphin

crowned King of France. Then she is taken captive and sold to the powers that in fear and defeat would take their vengeance out on the damnation and destruction of this one who could save others but herself she could not save. And yet they were mistaken. They did not know of the salvation wherewith she was saved. For long months they played with her mind as the tiger cat plays with its quarry. They beat upon her nerves with every instrument of torture that could be devised in treachery or brutality, but they failed, showing that all hell can not weaken the soul that is stayed on God. The Rock of Ages sustained her cross and eternity fixed the crown of life upon her head. True enough a cloud came over her and hid her from mortal eyes. She was smitten as from the hand of fate. She is outcast from all the peace of heaven and earth. The flames claim her and oblivion receives her ashes in the waters of the Seine. But her faith endures like the white light over the churchyard of Domremy. The voice of its meaning sounds in the music of every soul and La Pucelle takes her place among the Saints of light whose heroic ideal is the salvation and perfection of humanity.

### *4. The Darkness of Those Who Hate the Light*

We have glimpses of many characteristic events that occurred in the period of their secret work. They thought they were making history, even as

many have thought since then to the present time, but, contrary to their reason and will, history was making them. Though the merciful Church had juggled some kind of a recantation, she insisted all the time that she meant, "God first served," and for that she could not be a Church prisoner properly attended by her own sex, but must be left to the ruffians of the iron cell in a military dungeon! As they found her wearing soldier's clothes, after being ordered not to do so, she was a relapsed heretic and must be burnt.

The machinery of the inquisition now moved swiftly deathwards. On May 29, forty-two judges unanimously decided that she must be burnt as a relapsed heretic. They appointed the following day for her to be put through the ceremony of abandonment by the Church, which meant that, according to law, the military authority, then held by the English, must execute the sentence of death, as did the Roman soldiers when the Jewish authorities condemned Christ to be crucified. In both cases alike, a foreign military power was required to carry out the orders of the Church.

The great spectacle was prepared suitable to so notorious an occasion. The English and Burgundians were about to be avenged of an enemy who had shattered their hold on the Kingdom of France, and the ecclesiastical body was about to be relieved from one who took orders from God rather than from the Church.

Immense platforms were erected near the stake

so that the noble heads of the Church and the various secular magistrates could see the final penance of their enemy, this nineteen-year-old girl, La Pucelle d'Orleans.

The helpless mass of people did not want that cruel thing done. They were overawed by the great learning that was believed to be their Church and their salvation, they were enslaved under the power of lance and sword, and yet, they knelt in their homes, beseeching the saints to have mercy on the girl that was to suffer the supreme penance on that day. They were on their knees in public places wherever the soldiers did not threaten them, and there they cried aloud for the mercy of the Lord. Beneath the prison walls they held lighted candles, weeping and praying against the merciless inhumanity of men in high places. In the long record of hideous masteries, there are on record countless numbers no less abominable before all mind, but there are none more long drawn out in anguish imposed by the leaders of learning and civilization.

### *5. The Final Announcement*

Martin the Monk was chosen to announce the fate set for her by the judges, as a relapsed heretic. The black company with their foul judgment in the name of God came suddenly and silently into her cell. The eight or nine months, unparal-

leled in desperate inhumanity to a girl, were about to come to an end.

She had been expecting, doubtless often praying for a swift relief, even such relief as this, that her Lord come quickly. But these black-cowled men, with the Satan-made brain, came in with cruel eyes, and they told her with all the brutal blows of deadly words.

After all La Pucelle was only a simple peasant girl, and, when she was told that she was to be burnt that day, it struck her with terror and dismay. The youth and the woman in her could hardly endure the cruel vision of pain and death. She cried out against such pitiless injustice, but the monsters of ruthless frightfulness understood no meaning but force in mastery or defeat, even when the object was only a helpless young girl.

"Alas!" she cried in an anguish of weeping, "how horribly and cruelly they treat me, that my body, which I have never soiled, should be burnt to ashes!"

But, faith quickly recovered her spirit, or her spirit quickly recovered faith, and she cried, once more alight with the beauty of heaven in her soul, "I thank God! To-day I shall be in Paradise."

The black misery of it all faded away in the more precious hope and she became calm.

At this time, Pierre Morrice came in, and she asked, "Master Pierre, where shall I be to-day at evening?"

"Hast thou true hope in God?" he evasively asked.

"I have," she firmly answered, once more laying hold fast to her unconquerable faith, "and, Christ helping me, I shall this day be in Paradise."

Loiseleur, the betrayer of her confessional, entered as she said this. He is described as being nervous and haggard. At that time only his own wretched soul knew what a traitor he had been to Jeanne, to his Church and his God.

To ease his own burning conscience, he tried to question her in this hour of death to bring out more guilt against her, but she looked into his remorseful eyes and gave him answers that withered all the excuses in his soul.

Cauchon, the arch-conspirator against her honor and her life, now came in.

Through her tears, the implacable adversary loomed before her.

"Bishop," she cried out, "I die by you."

"Not so," he replied. "You die because you have returned to your iniquities."

It appears that the question of what she wore had become the greatest of all her crimes.

"Alas! Alas!" she spoke with pathetic rebuke. "If you had put me into the prison of the Church, and given me fit and proper keepers, this had not happened. I appeal to God against you," and somewhere the great God heard.

The last rites of the Church, after long plead-

ing, were granted her. A carriage rumbled up to the door of her prison. Six hundred horsemen holding aloft their lances arrived to escort her to her final martyrdom. The great assemblage of partisans was already impatient clamoring for the show. The platforms were filled with robed power in the shape of men, masters of men and the representatives of God!

### 6. *According to Law*

The meaning of all this has remained unchanged. The methods change and the victims are made desolate in other ways. Freedom is still the achievement of order in the rights of man for the best ways to live best.

As we go with the woman of faith to the stake, we must remember that her faith had no compromise with treason to man or God. She believed that right is might because order has the intelligence of all time. She knew that no one can reason with a conquering will because its right is might, having no measure outside of self.

We may be sure that one so clear-minded as La Pucelle had no illusions. There is no record that she attempted to reason her inquisitors out of their will. Long before this she had advised the King that it was useless to reason with the Duke of Burgundy or the Commanders of the English. Diplomacy with masters is worthless. There was only one thing to do to save France

and that was to drive the alien enemy out of the land by force, and to deprive the home enemies of all their profit by defeat. So it is now. The world is safe for democracy only as its enemies are overpowered, the world is safe for humanity only as might can find no way to the spoils of conquest, and the world is safe for the individual only as order becomes so organized that no one dares risk even so much as to gamble with any events against the moral system of faith in a social world.

Whenever there remains any means for an individual or any group to achieve mastery it will do it, and, if frightfulness will help even in the least to retain it, ruthless frightfulness will be used to its utmost success. The valorous Maid of Orleans was for us a revelation of the conflict between faith and will whose meaning contains the whole story of our human struggle. It is an epic of liberty and law. It is a masterpiece of freedom and government. There can be no more illustrious vision than this of individual or group mastery in conflict with loyalty to the meaning of humanity.

La Pucelle met the hour of great sacrifice with all the might of right sustaining her against the masters of that day. Soldiers seized her, tore off her soldier's clothing and put upon her the long white robe customary for criminals who were to suffer the penance of fire. On her head was placed a white paper miter, not unlike in signifi-

cance the crown of thorns, fourteen centuries before, and on this head-dress was written in large letters, "Heretic, relapsed, Apostate, Idolatress."

She walked before the Bishops to the carriage and was helped to the seat. The word went from lip to lip on down among the hosts eager for her death. Soon would there come palsy to the arms that had waved the banner of victory against the foes of France; soon would all swiftness depart forever from the feet that had run jubilantly the way ordained of God.

Martin, her last confessor, coming through the packed lines of glittering horsemen, mounted the carriage to her side, and then Massieu took a place on the other side of her. The order to go was given, when there was a strange cry and a violent commotion in the crowd near her. A man with wild disheveled hair reached the carriage, climbed up to her and threw himself screaming at her feet.

"Pardon, Jeanne! In the name of God, pardon!"

Loiseleur had done some better than Judas. He had cried out for pardon to the God of Faith! Mercy was there and we may hope that he received some reward for being a better man in his repentance than any there of whom we have record. But a soldier dragged him shrieking away. It is said that the calm-souled victim of his priestly treachery stretched out her hand toward him in token of forgiveness and peace. The Earl of

Warwick sent him away from Rouen, no one knows where.

Nicholas de Houppeville, a noted lawyer who had refused to have any part in the iniquitous proceedings, says, as she came forth from the dungeon into the light of day, and looked over the scene before her, he heard her exclaim, "O Rouen, Rouen, is it here that I must die!" He said that it was more than he could endure and he went back sick of heart and soul to his home.

The cart was driven on in the midst of the cavalrymen, followed by a horrible rabble of cursing, shouting people, through the long narrow streets to the open space before the churchyard of the Cathedral. There she was led up the steps by Cauchon to the seat where she was to listen to the sermon of damnation and death.

### *7. A Public Vindication of the Mercy of Men*

On a huge tablet set up near the stake, in letters written so large that the multitude could all see, was the verdict of condemnation by the judges, that awful caricature of human intelligence as well as of social justice, which declared her to be "a liar, a wanton, a heretic, a blasphemer, a schismatic and apostate."

On the top of the stake was a huge scroll bearing in large letters the words:

"Jehanne, who hath caused herself to be called the Maid, a liar, pernicious, deceiver of the people, soothsayer, superstí-

tious, a blasphemer against God, presumptuous, miscreant, boaster, idolatress, cruel, dissolute, an invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic."

Even her Lord at the age of thirty-three did not bear a worse crown of thorns. He was reviled as claiming to be king, she as a daughter of God.

The people were kept from the elevated platforms by the soldiers. They climbed upon near-by houses and wherever they could find a place to sit upon the monuments and tombs of the churchyard. One huge platform contained the judges and noted personages. Another only a few feet away contained the preacher, the prisoner, the two recording clerks, the officers of the inquisition, and the prison guard. The stake was about twenty steps away, thrusting its gruesome form up through a huge pile of wood plentifully sprinkled with pitch and rosin. The executioner stood ready with his long pole to stir the flames when lighted and with a pot of sulphur in his hand to be used in case mercy was needed.

Nicole Midy, the Archbishop of Errard, had been very appropriately selected to deliver the death-sermon. He chose as his text the twelfth chapter of Corinthians, with special reference to the twenty-sixth verse, "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it."

His famous eloquence was now loudly used to declaim against the heretic enemies of man and God. Nearing the conclusion, he turned to deliver

the final denunciation direct to her against whom he had striven for an hour to inflame the people.

"I tell you, Joan," he said fiercely, "that your King is heretic and schismatic."

This was an insult to her faith in France that she could not endure. The King to her was an office more than a man. It was the cause to which she had been born, the heaven-born right of France.

"By my faith, my lord," she cried, "saving your reverence, I do dare say and to swear at the risk of my life, that he is the noblest of all Christians, loving the faith and the Church."

"Stop her!" yelled Cauchon, but she had said it, and defended with dying breath her loyalty to her country as to her God.

Manchon, the clerk-notary, wrote opposite to this reply on the parchment, still preserved in the National Library of Paris, the words, "Responsio Mortifera," that is, the response bearing death.

Then the Archbishop slowly pronounced the formula of rejection from all rights to the mercy of man and God, "Jeanne, go in Peace! The Church can no longer protect thee."

With a gesture of contempt he put her away from all hope. The will of man had finished its task.

At this she fell forward upon her knees and began praying. Such a prayer it was as establishes forever her faith as that of one of the saints of God. Her soul poured forth in cries to her Savior

as one more merciful than these men. She forgave all who had brought her to that hour and asked all her enemies everywhere to forgive her for all she may have done amiss. She invoked the help of her beloved saints and in joy cried out that she saw the light. She accepted death as a welcome deliverance. She thanked God that He had been her guide in all that she had done that was right. Her revelations had never failed her. On and on she prayed for half an hour, the sweetest, noblest prayer that ever fell from mortal lips. The Bishop of Thourenne, mercenary and sordid beyond belief, had helped to sell her to this doom, but now he was broken down, sobbing and praying for forgiveness.

The writer describing the scene says that the Cardinal of England was staring out into the sky as through a glassy mist, and the Bishop of Beauvais, hardened with inhumanity worse than any in all that guilty mob, hid his face in his arms upon the table and wiped the tears from his eyes.

How there could be any heart in them to be touched, considering all the cruel work they had done may be left as one of the mysteries with those who were present and described these scenes. It is perhaps most reasonable to suppose that it was needful for them to pity her even unto tears in order to satisfy their belief that they were merciful and pious representatives of God. The perverted mind is an inhuman mind, brutal as any beast.

### *8. The Final Sentence*

In those days of strongly mingled law, superstition and respect for custom, it was so that when the Church Militant delivered its victim to the Secular Arm, the heretic was taken to the town hall and ceremoniously sentenced, but this long-tortured girl was given over to the mob straight from the curse of the Church.

The hideous hypocrisy of it all is seen in the sentence driving her out of the Church, and therefore, according to her life-time belief, into interminable hell. But her faith surpassed it all. That faith in this fiery trial is the most wonderful known in all human history.

The Lord of Beauvais pronounced the sentence.

"We declare that thou, Jeanne, art a corrupt member, and in order that thou mayst not infect the other members, we are resolved to sever thee from the unity of the Church, to tear thee from its body, and to deliver thee to the secular power. And we reject thee, we tear thee out, we abandon thee, beseeching this same secular power, that, touching death and the mutilation of limbs, it may be pleased to moderate its sentence."

But the Secular Arm made no sentence. She passed from the wolves of theological reason to the wolves of military might, and the deluded people, born with no such interests, looked upon the spectacle as a Holy Show, because they believed themselves so incompetent before this superior in-

telligence, and had none of the faith of the girl they were thus hounding to death. Verily, wisdom then had its home only in the minds of babes. This child was dying the death of faith in whose redeeming power was the salvation of the world.

She asked for a cross but all seemed too dazed to understand. Then an English soldier made one from a broken stick and gave it to her. She thanked him, kissed it and placed it in her bosom. Meanwhile, the clerk of Saint Savior's had run to the church and he brought her one with the figure of Christ upon it. She took it and held it tightly in her arms, now weeping and praying softly to herself.

The ecclesiastics did not intend to be blood-guilty; that is, not to do more than convict her of being a heretic. They did not condemn her to the stake, by definite assertion, but left that to be done officially by the secular magistrates, whose business it was to carry out the decisions of the Church in its cases of relapsed heretics.

As the inquisitor dramatically declaimed his tragic words, casting her out of all hope forever in earth or heaven, two officers began to ascend the steps to take charge of her in the name of the executive government. The rabble began to yell, "To the stake! Away with her to the fire!"

Jeanne bowed to the priests and took hold of the arms of the two monks attending her. One of them says that she paused a moment, looking out over the scene, and then said, "Ah, Rouen!

Rouen! Wilt thou be my last dwelling place on earth."

*9. Loyal Faith as the Social Meaning of Humanity*

In her last passion of prayer, her faith had passed through hope into love. She forgave her enemies and asked their prayers for her soul. She knew that it was not the truth within them that had wrought this hideous infamy upon her, but the lie they had believed and loved to the exclusion of all that could inspire the mercy of man.

No higher devotion of disinterested love can be exampled anywhere among men. She asked nothing but that her soul should continue in the care of God. That is why the memory of her can not fail of its high meaning so long as there is memory and mind.

Vindictiveness had triumphed, vengeance had vindicated its theory that might is right. They had tortured her soul, falsified her truth, and destroyed her from all form and figure among the living. She was cast into the bottomless pit of anathema and oblivion, but alas for them, vindications can not reach the soul, vengeance can not touch the spirit, torture has no power over faith, and the destroyers are destroyed in their own fatal curse of treason and the untrue.

The ages have caught the music of her voices, the nations are seeing the first rose-dawn of her light for a better day, the human mind is feeling

the infinite power of her faith, and the first exultant notes of a new heaven and a new earth are ringing for the sons and daughters of God. The faith-keeping world will sometime become the home of humanity and there shall be no more of the will-made earth.

Her life is a withering rebuke now as it was then to the frivolous and idle encumbering the earth with their useless lives. Well could it be said of her, "She opened her hands to the needy and stretched forth her hands to the poor." Such was this gentle girl who was strong beyond the strength of the mightiest men! Such was the unsurpassed chivalry of this noblest knight of Christendom, the girl who cried like a beaten child at the thought of death in the flames, and yet in that dreadful hour was so thoughtful as to tell her spiritual counselors to leave her lest they be hurt in the oncoming flames. The France that can not rise to that ideal of womanhood, or any other group that can not develop the faith of freedom, will suffer with the wretches who were too blind to see her celestial soul, and, unless we learn to know the meaning she revealed anew along the way to the cross, humanity lives on in a faithless, hopeless, hate-breeding will-made world.

## CHAPTER XVI

## THE TRAGEDY OF FAITH AND THE VICTORY OF WILL

### *1. The Spotless Woman in a World of Shame*

The English Magistry had no opportunity to pass sentence upon her in conformity with the decree of the Church. She was subjected to no process of the law. It was a mob murder. As the two monks, with their charge between them, came down among the rabble of soldiers and citizens, composed of English, Burgundians and all varieties of renegade French, she was seized as one of the ancient Christian martyrs among the beasts of prey. With furious cries of rage they dragged her to the stake. The priests fled from the scene, horror-stricken with the beastly violence. They cried out against the brutality being used and they were driven away by the mounted lancers. She was dragged up the steps on to the pile of wood and the executioner bound her to the stake. The two monks, who had been at her side, with upraised crosses forced their way through the howling pack and climbed up where they could press the great emblem against her knees. The soldiers closed in around her, rank on rank, as if fearful

that this one, whom they feared more than all the armies of France, might yet save herself in the power with which she had saved others. But like her Master of the divine light and faith, this was not to be done.

The two priests who were at her side said that her body trembled at the coming agony, but her lips prayed only for forgiveness to her enemies.

And now the worst of them appeared before her. Why he came, whether from lust of the sight for which he had worked for more than a year, or whether he hoped she might say some word he wanted to hear in her dying anguish, none can know. But Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, came down to the edge of the faggots and stood facing her. As the flames sprang up around her, she looked out upon the mass of inhuman faces and saw his.

"Bishop," she said, as she had done twice before, "I die by you. If you had put me into the hands of the Church, I had never come here!"

We know that she spoke true and since then one of the most worthy names by the side of Judas Iscariot is that of Pierre Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais.

The two Dominican monks kneeling by her side upon the pile of faggots were weeping and praying so that they did not see the fire creeping up around them. But she saw it and she called to them to go down and hold the crucifix high before her.

"Speak loud enough for me to hear you, and hold high the cross of God before my eyes until I die," was her last request.

Then they left her there in the red mists, looking up to the King of Heaven for help, calling low to her Savior and speaking humbly with her saints.

Then the red fangs struck into her flesh and she began to call on the name of Jesus.

"Jesus, my Savior," she cried. "Take me away!"

A swift tide of flame took her into its keeping more merciful than the will of man, and faith bore her away on the wings of hope and love.

One who witnessed this scene, and there are many who took oath on what they saw, tells us that the eyes of all grew dim. Many of them say the name of Jesus appeared in great red letters in the furnace of flame. Many more tell of a white dove that arose through the smoke and ascended to heaven. They said that as they looked at her through the flames that her face became as that of a saint and they from that time believed her to be a daughter of God.

Joaquin Miller, in his beautiful tribute to womanhood, said no more for all than for her:

"O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born!"

"THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION"

### 2. Self-made Measures of Reason

The world of authority had now accomplished the long, laborious work. The law of the will had satisfied itself. According to its estimates the body, soul and history of the Maid of Orleans were now annihilated.

The Cardinal of Winchester, of whom it was said that he never prayed except for the death of some enemy, ordered her ashes to be cast into the Seine. Thus, as they had cast her soul into eternal hell, had destroyed her body from the face of the earth, and had made her character blacker than night, they would annihilate her from the values of the world. But the life of faith was made more and more alive by every act in their infamous work. The meaning of her idea for mankind was raised above all battles, above all kings, above France and given as a divine banner of immortal honor forever to the growing world.

Manchon, the recorder of the trial, who was near her until her last breath, testified that, "Until the last she declared that her voices came from God, and had not deceived her."

Martin, the Dominican monk, who stayed nearest to her, says her last words were, "Behold, my voices have not deceived me." Then with a loud voice she cried out, "My Savior!" as if He had come. Through the aisles of red she saw the gates of Paradise. Then there was silence. Her soul had returned to God.

Then some one gave the command, "Draw back the fire, and show her to the people dead, that none may ever say she escaped."

They did so and all stared speechless. Then there were shrieks and cries through the multitude.

"Unjustly condemned," were the words that rolled back and forth with ever increasing volume through the great crowd. "Her soul is with God. We have burnt a saint." Evil had overdone its work. The enemies of France and the moral law had forever horrified the world.

The executioner came running with the word that her heart would not burn, that it remained full of blood! That great heart containing the soul of France, of faith and of humanity! He fell at the feet of the two monks, asking if pardon from God was possible. Then came an English soldier who had hated her so viciously that he must throw a burning faggot at her feet to be satisfied. This he had done as she uttered her last words. The sound of her dying voice went through his brain like a sword and he fell to the ground senseless. He feared he could never be forgiven, and so went out into the night of time insane for what he had done to this creature of God.

### *3. Some Records of Unblessed Fate*

Manchon used all his clerk's pay during the next month to get peace for his soul.

Canon Alépée, one of the assessors of the inquisition, freely said to his friends, "God grant that my soul may be where the soul of that woman is."

Jean Tressort, secretary to the King of England, said openly before the officials, as they left the scene of martyrdom, "We are lost! We have burned a saint!"

Pierre Cauchon never received the reward he sought either from King or Pope. He became hated and shunned of all men. Pope Calixtus VII excommunicated him, though this infamous persecutor of La Pucelle was dead. The Pope ordered his bones to be burned and the ashes thrown into the river Seine. Legend, if not history, consigns every one who did not satisfy remorse with repentance to a degraded death.

Of all the countless horrors that beastly minds have inflicted upon the race of men, this alone, considering all it involved, most deserves to rank next to the Cross of Calvary as the most abominable malevolence in human history.

In the time of Louis XI, son of Charles VII, only two of the Commissioners who had been in the council of judges that condemned her, remained alive. These two were tried, condemned, excommunicated and executed for their infamous unreason and misuse of the Church against Joan of Arc. Verily the blood of the martyr had sanctified the cause for which she died and in her death there was greater victory for her and France

than in all the battles that could have been fought in her age.

For a time Cauchon doubtless thought himself a great man for what he had done.

Henry VI, that is, the boy King's Council, in a few days sent Cauchon a letter, that seems to us now so blasphemous and sacrilegious as to be incredible. The last paragraph is enough, "May the Great Shepherd, when He shall appear, deign to reward your shepherdlike care with an immortal crown of glory."

It was only a few years later when the remains of this "shepherd-like" man were taken from the tomb and burned and his soul consigned to perdition by the Church for this very work. So much do great minds differ. It is thus that wrong has time but right is crowned with eternity.

### *4. An Estimate and a Contrast*

De Quincey said, "Never, from the foundations of the earth, was there such a trial, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense, and in all the hellishness of attack. O Child of France, Shepherdess, peasant girl, trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century."

De Quincey, writing of Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, thus compares his downy-death bed with

that of the stake to which he had chained Joan.

"When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadow curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

"The shepherd girl, that had delivered France, —she, from her dungeon, she, from her duel with the fire, as she entered her last dream, saw Domremy, saw the fountain at Domremy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which men had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from her, hungering after the glorious liberty of the woods—these were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers.

"Bishop of Beauvais! . . . By the fountain of Domremy you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as you draw near, the woman raises her veil from over her wasted features. Would Domremy know them again for the features of her child! Ah, but Bishop, you know them, you know them well! Oh, Mercy! What a groan that was, which the servants waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turns away from the fountain and the woman, to seek rest in the forest afar off. . . . In the forests, to which

he prays for pity, will he find respite! What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where the wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling. . . . There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of the thickets.

"What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold! Will they burn the Child of Domremy a second time! No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds, and the nations stand around it waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. . . . My Lord, have you no counsel? 'Counsel I have none: in heaven above, nor on earth beneath.' Is it indeed come to this! Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away to infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to plead your cause: I know of somebody who will be your counsel. Ah! Who is this that cometh from Domremy? Who is this that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rheims! Who is she who cometh with blackened flesh, from walking the furnace of Rouen! This is she, the shepherd girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. It is she that will take my Lord's explanations. She it is, Bishop, who would plead for you: yes, Bishop, she,—when heaven and earth are silent!"

### 5. *As Heresy Was Defined*

The most unimpeachable testimony ever given to any one was given by those who knew La Pucelle not only from childhood but on through to her associates in battles and armies, among the priests and at the court of the King, but proof of her white soul and noble character was not wanted by the University of Paris. Those learned doctors of the law wanted to justify the judgment they had consolidated into the will of King and Church. It is even so to this day in every interest of life, the partisan eliminates or refuses all evidence but that which strengthens his judgment as his will. That is supreme. It is his God.

When King Charles VII, in 1450, ordered an investigation by impartial attorneys having no interest to please any one, there was a unanimous decision that her trial was grossly illegal and outrageously unchristian.

As to Joan's submission to the Church, there probably never was a more devoted daughter of the Church in so far as it represented God and not the hate of the University of Paris. The testimony is not only overwhelming on that question, but her entire life is living proof of her religious devotion to the religious system into which she was born. She was not born into the world to destroy religious system but to be the greatest symbol of all time for the unselfish power of faith triumphant over wrong.

The Council of Trent in its Catechism defines a heretic as "one who, despising the authority of the church, which he has sufficient reason to believe is the true Church of Christ, contrary to its decision and obstinately adheres to false and impious opinions."

La Pucelle was none of that.

The rehabilitation decree of July 7, 1456, says, in condemning the false judgment against her, "And because of the question of revelations it is most difficult to furnish a certain judgment, Blessed Paul having on the subject of his own revelations said that he knew not if they came to him in body or in spirit, and having on this point referred himself to God."

She showed to the world forever, that, however much wrong may possess the world, nevertheless, at the fountain of a child's heart there is always the pure water of life, ready for the healing of the nations, if it can only be kept from the impurities of the world by faith kept within, and protected from without. The child is faith and will. Inspiration illuminates the way of faith, and experience drives it along the will-way of the world.

### *6. The Stake and the Cross*

All France, and at last all the world, now begins to know the meaning of the wonderful woman who was born at Domremy and died at Rouen. Hers was the faith whose wealth and power have

been the glory of the ages, most brilliant perhaps in Moses, Socrates, Christ and Paul, but never so known in the life of woman.

The shrinking Domremy girl who blushed at a word and was timid before strangers, became transformed into the master of armies unafraid of anything under God. And, it was no miracle except what the miracle of faith can do for every one.

The hideous cruelty practiced upon this girl by the learned doctors of the law in the name of God gives us to know what the mind of man can be in the form of belief made into will. It may be seen that their individual will reached as great depths of endurance in ghastly infamy as her social faith reached celestial heights in human loyalty.

Upon her head they placed a bishop's miter in paper upon which was printed the words, "Heretic, relapsed, Apostate, Idolatress."

Surely those Satanic souls saw through the flames the cross upon which another martyr died with the crown of thorns, and the inscription far less in fearful mockery, "King of the Jews."

Individual-Self embodied in the will of the Sanhedrim and Social-Self formed in the faith of Jesus came at last into deadly conflict, the temporal with the immortal. They killed Him but His faith won the victory over death. So it was with the Maid of Orleans. The human self was the remorseless will of the University of Paris to break this frail form of a girl coming against their

interest from the fields of Domremy. But will against faith is like an hour in conflict with eternity. Its dog's day is that of the wolf, the vulture and snake, but the shining one of faith has the stars of glory in her crown.

Rome, with its world power, was the will that was master over the two greatest martyrdoms in the world. It was the same deification of will that made the Prussian state. Those who exalt the will as the greatest thing in man can see what a monster they make of persons and nations.

The will can be strengthened only to increase itself for aggression, violence and conquest, but faith, the only unconquerable and almighty power in the soul of man, is increased only for the hope and love of humanity, whose infinite meaning is expressed in the kingdom of heaven and the name of God.

### *7. Those Who Think They Defeat the Moral Law*

Order is slow to come into its own because it has so much time to accumulate its system, but no one ever lived and no one can ever live able to beat the system.

Rapidly did the feeling of the common people permeate the masses far and near in the fleeting days following the death of the greatest among women. The judges were soon pointed out in the streets and reviled as the murderers of a saint.

In the following month of June, the English

Government, endeavoring to justify itself, addressed a letter of explanation to the Pope, the Emperor and all the kings and princes of Christendom, another was sent as a manifesto to all the prelates, nobles and cities of France and a third was a guarantee of sanction to all those engaged in the trial. The University of Paris also tried to justify its work by writing an official explanation to the Pope, the Emperor and to the college of Cardinals. To make sure that her history was written down never to be changed, sermons were preached in all the churches of England, Burgundy and renegade France, describing the martyred girl as a demoniac from her birth who had been escorted from her home by the "Enemy of Hell," and that since that time she had been "full of wrath and bloodthirstiness, a slayer of Christian folk."

But this proves the untruth, or at least the exception to the truth, spoken by Napoleon, that, "History is a lie well told and adhered to."

In July the French and Burgundians were beaten in their attack to recover Beauvais. Here the shepherd boy of Gevandun, who had been put up by the court favorites to take La Pucelle's place, was captured. He was in Cauchon's jurisdiction, but the Bishop of Beauvais no longer felt his former zeal for heresy trials. He was soon glad to turn the weak puppet over to the English. It was at the time of King Henry's entry into Paris, and the boy in derision led the procession,

tied upon a horse. Soon after, without trial, he was put into a sack and thrown into the Seine.

Henry VI was crowned King of France at Notre Dame on December 16, 1431. But the triumph of English dominion over France was rapidly drawing to an end.

It is recorded that, as the boy King rode by the palace of Saint Pol, his grandmother, the hated Isabeau of Bavaria, stood at the window. Being told who it was, he saluted her and she turned away weeping. Gone was the glory in which she had come to power and all people despised her for her betrayal of France at Troyes. She died September 29, 1435, on hearing of the Treaty of Arras, between the French King and the Burgundians, from which came true the dream of the Wonderful Woman that Frenchmen should soon be at peace, and together drive all foreign dominion from the soil of France.

The Franco-Burgundian army peacefully entered Paris in April, 1436, and so came to pass one of the prophecies from the Voices that "Within seven years the English shall lose a greater pledge than before Orleans."

On February 17, 1456, one hundred and one articles enumerating errors and illegalities in the trial of La Pucelle were read in the name of the noble family Du Lis, formerly known as D'Arc, calling for a reversal of the trial at Rouen of the Maid. All yet living who had known and loved her now had a chance to throw her white light

against the black day on which her enemies had defamed her. Rouen, the scene of her martyrdom, became the place of her unanimous and unchangeable vindication as a daughter of God.

All of Joan is gone, like her body, into the ashes of the past. No relic exists. Gone is every material thing. But the fair face and the sweet voice embody a soul of endless faith, suffering everything possible to suffer in the name of womanhood and the right life of mankind.

The last of the Du Lis family, the rank of nobility having been restricted to the male members, died June 29, 1760. He was Columbe Du Lis, Canon of Champeaux and prior of Coutras. No known descendants of the D'Arc family now live.

### *8. The Great News and the Beginning of Restoration*

The University of Paris and all the mad minds grouped about it had finished what they had hoped would demonstrate their mastery over the way of life, their supremacy in affairs of the Church, and their devotion to the political fortunes of England in its claims to the mastery of France.

But it could not be concealed that Joan of Arc had been thrust out of the Church by the most iniquitous farce of religious justice ever known and that she had been burned at the stake by force of English soldiers without any process of English law, not to speak of any due process of law.

The military, political and ecclesiastical masters had made a great show of learned Church dogmas through the University of Paris, but the mass of human beings, however overawed by authority and deceived through ignorance, yet knew that an immortal human faith had been crucified, the spirit of France had been atrociously defamed, and the eternal meaning of woman had been unspeakably outraged before all the humanity of the world.

Even the dead stones of human hearts in hopeless France once more beat red blood. La Pucelle shall not have died in vain. The people would not have such masters to rule and reign over them. King Charles perceived enough of the feeling of the times to take on some courage, but there is little evidence to let us believe that his goodness had any gratitude, his peace any human value, or his pious faith any interest worthy of man or God.

One thing he did do, when all France had come under his control, on February 15, 1449, eighteen years after her death, he ordered Guillaume Bouille, a doctor of theology, to collect all the documents pertaining to her capture, imprisonment, trial and death. This man proceeded, under authority from the King, with a very thorough search for all the authentic evidence obtainable, and caused the clerks and notaries who had made out these documents to make oath as to their genuineness.

In 1452, Cardinal d'Estouteville, archbishop of

Rouen, was commissioned as the Pope's legatee to examine these documents, under legal advice from the counselors of the King. Seventeen witnesses were brought in for personal examination.

The King, under pressure from the faithful French priesthood and the steady insistence of the people, urgently supported by the family of the martyred girl, now decided upon an appeal to the Pope.

### *9. Judgment from the Highest Court*

Jeanne's father and eldest brother were dead, but the untiring mother was unceasing in her endeavors to obtain justice in the Church for her child. The King decided to have her carry the appeal to the Pope.

In 1455 Pope Calixtus III listened to the appeal of the mother, examined the documents, and decided that an injustice had been done which the Church could not allow to remain under its sanction. All the powers responsible for the death of the Maid had used every effort to save their case, but in June, 1455, the official examination of the trial was ordered.

It was decreed that the relatives of the Maid should be heard first before the Papal council, and now, twenty-four years after the death of La Pucelle, her request to have her case before the council of the Pope was being fulfilled.

Isabella Romée, mother of La Pucelle, now six-

ty-seven years of age, with her two surviving sons, presented herself before the court in the Archiepiscopal Palace of Paris. With indescribable emotion thrilling the court and all the people, this wonderful mother told everything she could remember of her child from her birth until the last time they had seen her.

In presenting the appeal it was then necessary for the mother to recount how they had wronged her daughter. She had to recount the charges and tell why they were not so.

The recording clerks wrote of the scene as one of indescribable sorrow. In an excess of anguish the aged mother could not proceed and her counselor was directed to finish the reading.

The opposition was powerful and the legal difficulties to be overcome seemed insurmountable, but the demands of the mother would not be appeased, and the appeal of the Maid from her persecutors to the Pope at last came true. Her life was to be reviewed in detail before the highest tribunal of the Church. It was not now a fragment of interest, schismatic as an intrigue of partisan wills, that was to look into the justice and truth of La Pucelle. The rights of her life were being reviewed by the world-wide human interest seeking to vindicate itself from being the destroyer of faith through the wills of men.

## CHAPTER XVII

## CONCLUDING VALUATIONS OF A LIFE

### *1. A Thing Is Never Settled Until It Is Settled Right*

ORDINANCES were at last issued commanding all who had taken part in the trial of Joan of Arc, or their heirs and representatives, to appear at Rouen on December 12, at which time testimonies and documentary evidence were completed of every detail of the trial from many witnesses, including the clerks, notaries, assessors and officers of the trial. Pierre Cauchon and the other principals were dead but their responsible representatives were there with all they could supply in sworn evidence.

A second inquiry was held at Orleans, where Dunois was among the scores of witnesses to give sworn testimony taken down in writing concerning La Pucelle d'Orleans.

A third inquiry at Paris continued the exhaustive research by having among the sworn witnesses Jean Pasquerel, who had been her almoner and confessor, Louis de Contes who had been her page, and the Duc d'Alençon, of the Royal Household.

At the fourth and last inquiry held in Rouen was Jean d'Aulon, who had been squire to Jeanne during the time she had lived so royally in the grace of the King's court.

One hundred and forty-four depositions were taken as the sworn testimony of witnesses, who were admonished as they hoped in God or expected salvation, to tell only what they of their own experience knew to be true. These documents still exist in the National Library in Paris. With stern impartiality the Pope's commission examined every document and every charge, in the light of sworn testimony, by the aid of the most learned advisers that the Pope could supply, and every judge on every clause in every charge decided there was no ground for the imputation of any wrong in the faith or life of Jehanne La Pucelle. They unanimously declared, "the whole process is a fallacy, deceit, fraud, iniquity and deception done and committed . . . by Pierre Cauchon, late Bishop of Beauvais, and by the inquisitor of the faith, pretended and wrongfully ordained to the diocese of Beauvais, and by Master Jehan d'Estivet, calling himself proctor of said diocese . . . and to the fraud and falsifying of the process."

After a long recital of the exhaustive investigation and the extensive discovery of indisputable proofs, the weighty document decreeing the innocence of La Pucelle, continues, "Considering the erroneous judgment pronounced against her, and

the unreasonable mode of procedure, in every respect captious, fraudulent and detestable, . . . the questions proposed being rather for her damnation than for salvation, . . . in regard to this process, we decree and declare in judgment that it is necessary to destroy, to tear up, and to cast it into the flames."

Further along in the extended document, they say, "Considering also that they fraudulently and deceitfully drew from her an abjuration and renunciation, by force and violence, in the presence of the executioner, threatening to cause her to be publicly and cruelly burnt, by which menaces, and the operation of fear, they forced from her a schedule of abjuration which Jehanne in no way knew or comprehended, . . . we break, destroy, annul and evacuate by all power, force, value and virtue, and proclaim and declare the said Jehanne . . . to have in no wise contracted nor acquired any stain or slur of infamy . . . being innocent, non-culpable, and exempt from crime and sin, which was falsely attributed to said La Pucelle."

After still further setting forth the reasons, it was solemnly ordered that proclamation at a certain hour should be made in the market place of Rouen before all the people, that a sermon should be preached on the spot in the cemetery of Saint Ouen where she was fraudulently driven from the Church, thus reinstating her over that iniquitous proceeding; that the next morning a procession should be formed, and another sermon should be

preached by a venerable doctor in theology on the spot "in the square where La Pucelle was cruelly and horribly burnt and suffocated; and after the solemn proceeding, there shall be placed and erected a comely crucifix, in perpetual remembrance of said departed Pucelle . . . as in other parts of this kingdom."

First the mother and other relatives, with fourteen of the more notable friends of Jeanne, were brought into the Council Chamber and the decree of innocence and reinstatement was read to them together with the unanimous approval of all the great names connected with the papal investigation. It was said that all the people were in tears and that the mother fell faint in the arms of her sons from the joy that there was now no stain against the name of her beloved daughter. Verily, next to the great victory of the flames from which the innocent soul of unconquerable faith was taken home to her Father's house, was this victory over the madness of man for the honor of truth, mercy and justice on earth.

### *2. The Immortality of Faith That Has Fought the Good Fight for Life*

Charles VII, according to his disposition, accepted this vindication as being enough, and did nothing to punish those guilty of the unpardonable crime, but it is recorded that his son, Louis XI, caused two of her judges, yet living, to suffer

as they had condemned her to suffer. He had the bodies of the others taken up, publicly burned and the ashes scattered outside the holy ground.

Writers of that time say that Pierre Cauchon died of apoplexy in a barber's chair, "his name loaded with universal hatred and disgrace." Nicholas Midi died of leprosy. De Flavy, who was accused of closing the gates against La Pucelle, so that she was captured, was strangled to death in bed by his wife. Estivet, the proctor, was found dead in a foul pit outside the city gates and it was believed by suicide. Loiseleur, the remorseful one, dropped dead at prayers in his church. The Duke of Bedford died suddenly, if not mysteriously, in the Castle at Rouen, where the Maid had been endungeoned. Henry VI, King of England, for whose cause she was sacrificed, was twice dethroned, spent most of his life a prisoner in the Tower of London and was at last murdered there.

But it may no longer interest us beyond mere curiosity concerning these historical happenings. Science and art and every loved tribute of man have combined to give posterity a vision in her of the noblest faith and character known in the records of the world. Historical critics have analyzed and classified every detail of her career with the estimates made of her in the voluminous sworn testimonies of those who knew her best.

Statues and paintings, made according to the descriptions of her, exist wherever faith and wom-

anhood are most reverenced. History and legend, religion and morality, romance and drama, find in her the supreme elements of profound personal interest and noble humanity.

Apart from all that is claimed as supernatural, this murdered girl symbolizes more than any history or philosophy can otherwise show, that, even as the Son of man, she stood for a loyalty of faith that passeth understanding.

Two years before the death of Jeanne, there lived a woman poet named Christine de Pisan, sixty-seven years of age, who wrote a poem of several hundred stanzas, and that poem still exists, in which La Pucelle is compared with Deborah, Judith and Queen Esther.

Shakespeare and Schiller wrote plays about her, in the terms of their knowledge or the prejudice of the times, Voltaire used the worst that her enemies had ever said about her in order to revile the Church. Romance, poetry and legend have grown enormously over her name. And thus the wonderful woman of the wonderful faith still lives to strengthen the meaning of life in the world.

Notwithstanding all that had been done, the lie that had been forced into the popular history of the times, remained to poison the minds of the people for three or four centuries. Shakespeare, writing for the public, accepted the popular version of her as a witch in league with the fiends of hell. But by the year 1611, as in Speed's history, the true understanding began to appear, and by

the opening of the nineteenth century all writers everywhere united in believing her to be one of the wonderful women of the world.

Voltaire, with hatred for Church and all religious faith, declared that one set of ecclesiastics at the behest of the King of England declared her guilty and outside the Church, while another set at the behest of the King of France declared her innocent and a true daughter of the Church. This is utterly untrue because the set who condemned her were wholly a revengeful political group under the pressure of military necessity, and the other had no motive, but solely the question of righteousness, though the change was direct reflection on the King of France and a very sore, self-inflicted rebuke and reversal for many of the highest officials of the Church.

### *3. Responsibility and Guilt*

The University of Paris was French and Catholic but it no more represented the Church than it represented France.

When Joan of Arc with swift inspiration one day said, "I appeal to the Pope," in that moment this fragment of the vine had no more right to deliver her to death than any other assemblage of priests.

There was an age in history, when, if a man said, "I am a Roman citizen and I appeal to Cæsar," he was no longer to be condemned by any

fragmentary court, but must be taken to Rome. It was no less so when this child of God appealed to the body of the Church Militant in the name of the Church Triumphant from which she had her almighty faith. It was therefore not the Catholic Church that excommunicated Joan of Arc but a conspiracy of learned political brigands who were traitors to both France and Catholicism.

The martyrdom of Christ represents the work of legalized authority illegitimately used, but the great sacrifice of Joan of Arc unveils to the light of ages all that is vicious in the government of man. The partisan will is an individual will having no relation to order and is the negation of faith in the moral meaning of humanity.

The guilt of her death was not put by her upon the Church. Though all the eloquence and persuasion of mighty men tried to force this down upon her, she never for a moment believed it, but with her dying breath repeated her accusation to the unspeakable Bishop Cauchon, that he had brought her to such a death. And it was this Cauchon, not La Pucelle, who was the branch of the vine that was cast into the fire of eternal repudiation. Because hers was the faith that inspires man above the beast and gives her the light of the divine, she belongs not to Church or country but to humanity for all time.

Joan's patriotism was a noble quality of her character, her loyalty to the Church Triumphant was an unsurpassable crown of life, but the faith

that is thus the making of every worthwhile mind or soul represents the supreme greatness of her meaning to the world. About this vital element of her life there is no room or reason for controversy. It is not a question for critical historians. It is the one indisputable vision of her career. About her imperishable womanhood there can be only reverent silence in appreciation of the supreme and yet simplest of human endowments.

Dumas has called her "The Christ of France." This is true for the spirit of moral patriotism in the sense of her faith in the righteousness of God. Being perfect in that, as far as it is possible to know, she therefore could not be surpassed. But no unbeliever can ever use her name against religion, as she lived and died in the name of Christ, for the deliverance of her people, and the freedom of the soul with its Maker.

### *4. The Loyalty of Faith in Material Work*

La Pucelle could easily have had worshipers. The credulity and superstition of the times could have brought her fortunes. She was ennobled and could at any time have made a royal marriage. She was beset with requests to use the powers of divination all the way from charming a disease away from children to blessing little gifts for noble ladies, and deciding for a prince whom to support for pope. But she was never a charlatan. She could not be seduced from the clear pure faith

by anything in the power or wit of man to offer.

Such was the unimpeachable quality of her presence that none of her soldiers, coarse and hard as they were, ever felt anything but reverence for her. One of the captains who had campaigned with her, in looking back through twenty-five years, testified that all she did seemed to him more divine than human. The English had beaten the French so continuously for so many years that they would no longer try to fight the English. But, after Joan came among them, all was changed.

"Two hundred English," wrote one of the Burgundian chroniclers of that day, "used to chase five hundred Frenchmen, but, after her coming, two hundred Frenchmen have no trouble in chasing five hundred Englishmen."

The spirit she breathed into the heart of France was not destroyed at her death and it became a quality which brought it a responsible place among nations. Protestant can rejoice with Catholic in the sacred fealty of this valiant young life to the religious convictions of her home life, for she was not fanatic nor schismatic. To that cause she was not born. She lived the life to which she was born in the name of Faith.

It is historically true that Jeanne arose in the midst of the most hopeless conditions of a hundred years' war, wherein France had been reduced to a demoralized fragment, and that in four months this eighteen-year-old girl defeated the most re-

nowned generals with her greatly inferior forces, and did more in a few weeks for her native land than the strongest men had done in several generations. But what she inspired in them from her inspiration was not the will to do, for they already had that, but the miraculous power was the faith to do, which had been departed from them for a century.

There is no record that the Jewish Sanhedrin ever revised the trial of Jesus and consigned to perdition His judges. Whatever the motive assigned, let full honor be given to the Catholic Church that it reversed the decision of her murderers, condemned them as unfaithful, unrepresentative, unjust and unfit, and cast them out of the pale of the Church.

### *5. The Commonwealth of Social Truth*

Sometimes the surroundings of the potential character has brought forth the wonderful career. But this can not be assumed of Joan of Arc. Her surroundings may have suggested a faith and a cause, but there was everything to suppress such a faith and everything to overcome in such a career. Every ingenuity possible in the evidence has been used to give the credit for her to the Fairies of the Tree, or to the miracles wrought through her as an instrument of celestial beings, or to her own religious obsessions, or to the scheme of priests and politicians, and to many other

forms of explanation, but, when search is made, there remains nothing but the mystery of power in righteous faith, that wrongs flee as a shadow before the might of right.

Nothing in all historical evidence is more certain than that Joan arose by her own force of mind to do her perilous work in the battle front of armies, and to take her more perilous position at the right hand of kings. Her greatest fear was envious treachery, and then that the world she had conquered might conquer her from the faith she had given to God.

The life of this woman is a revelation of creative religion, and is more than any will or art of creed or war. To write truly of her is not merely to exalt a woman but more surely to bring forth the meaning of a faith having the creative power of God in the soul of man.

The practical meaning of her superb interest and reasonable faith is that she took life as she found it and used the means at hand. The message of God was always as powerless as the individual messenger unless men received the message and turned its faith into works. Her Lord once said, "My Father worketh and I work." Also, He said, "The Father, that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works," and further, "Believe me for the very works' sake." She often repeated as her inmost idea, urging her friends to action, "Only as men strive can God reward." Thus the wisdom of a child saw beyond science and philoso-

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC
Riverside Drive, New York, by Anna Vaughn Hyatt

phy that God's work is in providing the justification of faith in the good work thus done by man.

William T. Stead, in writing of her, said, "She had all the distinctive notes of Jesus of Nazareth . . . regarding the carpenter's son, of course merely from His human side. Not merely was her life a sacrifice and her death a martyrdom, but her story is saturated through with the same miraculous element."

But this superb woman of genius displayed no genius. She displayed the faith that is expressed in works, and that alone is genius, power and divinity. And we do not have to say faith in what! There is but one faith in the zenith of thought and that is faith in God as the soul of the social universe. Faith is a higher power. It is conclusively shown in her life to be an entity of power which was unapproachable and unanswerable to the most powerful means of that age.

Mr. Stead further says, "The story of the Maid of Orleans has long been recognized as one of the most fascinating and enthralling of all the tragedies of history, not inferior in pathos to any narrative, sacred or profane, in any literature. . . . All that we can say of a certainty is that the Maid of Orleans was endued with gifts and graces and capacities which were not natural to the Shepherdess of Domremy, nor, indeed, could be acquired by an unlettered peasant girl, any more than the apostles could have attained by aid of

the grammar and dictionary the gift of tongues which they received at Pentecost."

And yet again, why has not the faith of a child in God all the powers that have composed it out of the social universe! Why is not this a basis of agreement for the premises of reason suitable to all consequences for infidel, protestant or catholic! Scientific faith can not be of science if it is not comprehensive enough to be moral, and, when morality comprehends the truth that makes us free, it is the religion of a social universe.

### *6. The Social Commonwealth of a Divine Universe*

The life of the wonderful woman has not passed away and it will not pass. As she lived in faith so she still lives in that kingdom of God.

Ideas outside of moral faith are things of evil. They are working entities existing in signs and symbols as evil spirits. Many a God-idea is perverted until it is a more desperate evil than any original devil-idea. The God of ideas has his legions of composing thoughts and they are alive only in a kingdom of faith. Their meaning is within us and they are original elements of power.

There is no mysticism in this envisional conception of the forces contending for the freedom or the mastery of the mind. It explains all the mythology in orthodox religions as having a conception of psychological truth. It brings into comparative view the democracy of faith and the despot-

ism of will as ways of self, society, civilization and humanity.

Divine faith as the maker of mind provides a righteous way in some sacred cause for humanity. It may be the restoration of an enslaved people, as was that of Moses, or of the discovery of truth, as was that of Socrates, or of the salvation of the world, as was that of Christ. It may be for the freedom of the people as was ancient Athens, for religious liberty as in the struggle of Holland, or for the safety of the individual as in the meaning of America.

As Christ gave His life for the humanity of the world so Joan of Arc gave hers for the humanity of nations. The faith of both in the name of God was one, and it was a faith that triumphed over death. The shepherd girl from the hills of Lorraine has no counterpart since the boy arose from the bulrushes of the Nile to lead captives to the freedom of the promised land. She was his successor in the problem of righteousness among groups and nations. She was one who wanted to clean the harvest fields of a people from the vermin of conquest and to have a region of order safe for childhood, parentage and the peace of those grown old in the work of the world.

Joan of Arc in the narrower vision is the incarnation and symbol of patriotism. But no ideal of patriotism could give her such unconquerable faith. She is an unsurpassable example of devotion to the Church which gave her all she knew

of the reign of God on earth, but the Church could not give her the glorious cause in which she died, because, in that respect it was priest against priest and Church authority against Church authority. The problem of reconciling the attitude of the bishops had no interest for her, and she scorned the finical wisdom of the clerks. Therefore, it was not Church nor Country that made Joan of Arc. It was the revolt of a superior soul against wrong, the solution of which was to drive the wrong-doers out of her country, and to unite her people under a consecrated King, who should be true to the King of Heaven to whom belonged the people of France.

### *7. The Face and Form of Her*

The face and form given in pictures and statues of Joan of Arc may not be exact in detail, but the descriptions of her were so vivid and abundant that the statue of her by Princess Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe, can not be much different from the real woman.

The fate of this wonderful woman has been almost as strange in literature and history as in her career. Chapelain wrote in high praise of her soon after her death, but his high-sounding verses have all perished excepting a few lines quoted by Boileau. Southey, the Englishman, wrote with the worship of youth for her heroic spirit, and Voltaire the Frenchman used her as a wench with

whom to lampoon the Church. So has her life served almost every purpose where any one needed an illustrious example.

A statue to her memory was raised on the bridge at Orleans soon after her death, but it perished in the wars that followed. All we know of it is from the preservation of the inscription on it which said that it was raised by the Matrons and Maids of Orleans. The earliest engraving of her now in existence was made in 1606, but the commonly accepted appearance of her is the statue made by Princess Marie of Würtemburg, now in the art galleries of Versailles.

Some unknown German priest, writing in 1793 on the spot where she was burnt, wrote a poem from which the following stanzas are selected:

"It was no fabling story,
That strengthening glimpse of glory,
'Twas Horeb's sacred spark!
Christ did thy banner brighten,
And Christ thy pangs will lighten,
Jeanne! thou Maid of Arc.
Here naked they exposed thee,
Here martyr flames enclosed thee,
Thou holy heroine!
Here angels waved their boughs
Of palms around your brows
Thou suffer serene!"

Jeanne d'Arc lives before us as a vision of history, legend, miracle, mythology and mystery. She is one of the morning stars awakening the

world from the midnight of the past. Humanity has its heavens, that, far more than the skies, declare the glory of God. She has enlarged our understanding of the faith-ideal and immortalized the womanly beauty of our human dream.

Lives gather meaning like ideas. Their interest and influence can not be held to the historical portrait or to the changeless feature of the statue. It is safe to say that no life is ever represented, and that it never can be represented, as it is. Life is what it is to us. Life exists only as its meaning is our truth.

The details of exactness worked out in her story would lose the meaning, even as a reproduction of the elemental sounds in a word would convey no idea. Being meaningless, it would be worthless and untrue. As we desire the golden coin to be gold, and the stamp of coinage to be legitimate, so the inspiring vision must have a total meaning harmonious with the eternal way. Such is faith as the complete sufficiency for life, and in such faith, no less than in that of La Pucelle, is golden coin and legitimate coinage. Her voices continue forever as soul-expanding notes in the music of humanity.

Divine faith, wherever it has appeared on earth, has strangely the same history. The parallel stories are fundamentally alike enough to be of the same source, the same coinage and the same gold. The archbishops with this one wonderful woman were much of the same kind with the Jew-

ish doctors and the One Wonderful Man. She indeed drank of the cup which her Lord drank and was baptized with the baptism wherewith he was baptized, this girl of nineteen, who had never looked into the eyes of the Son of Man, and whom she never denied even unto the dawn of her great day. Lives thus sacrificed upon the way are given for the healing of nations and for the making of the world.

### *8. Beatification*

In 1869, Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, addressed the Holy See on the cause of the Beatification of Joan of Arc; December 13, 1908, the process began in declaring her sainthood, and, on April 11, 1909, Pope Piux X, the required process being completed, published the decree placing her name among the Blessed in the calendar of Saints, as she already was in the hearts of the world, and the meaning of the divine universe.

She had written her life in the constitutions of society, and faith had set her star of hope and love in the constellations of light. But neither the mystic nor the ideal, inspiring even for the finest worth of humanity, can ever explain or formulate her career of practical value as available to the individual soul. Joan of Arc revealed the power of inspiration and faith against theory and will. In recent times, the two regions of life are still the same for private interests, each distinguishable from the other as contrasts, ever visible be-

tween social sympathy and individual mastery; but, for public world interests, the struggle still continues to achieve through peace and war a world of social democracy as against a world of sovereign efficient states.

In the desperate days of the European War, when the ruthless invader was crushing his heel into the heart of France, there was many a prayer to the Daughter of God, invoking her to come forth again with her ancient power for the rights of her people. Benjamin de Casseres wrote a poem of which the following was the refrain:

"Sister on earth to the Man of Tears,
Madonna of France who knew no fears,
Arise with thy warriors out of the years!—
We summon thee back to France!"

To this summons Conde Pallen replied:

"The soul of France has wakened and Joan leads the way;
The soul of France is marching in honor's white array,
The soul of France is voicing all the glories of her past,
The soul of France is chanting to the music of the blast,
The soul of France is singing to the thunder of the gale,
And Joan leads her legions in the lightenings of her mail."

At the beatification of La Pucelle as a saint in the calendar of the Church, five hundred years after the childhood of the Shepherd Girl, many thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world were crowded before the high altars of Saint Peter at the Vatican. There were present all the

high dignitaries of Church and State. The entire Church Militant in its highest authority was there to do her the greatest honor possible to religious order in whose name she had suffered the most desperate and ignoble martyrdom. The ceremonies required the services of fifteen cardinals and seventy archbishops. If the Bishop of Beauvais and the learned doctors of law from the faculty of the University of Paris could have seen that gorgeous vision of religious sanction upon one whom they so dreadfully defamed, what a withering blast it would have been upon their learning, their piety and their law. It is a brilliant illustration of the incompetency of mind, a withering repudiation of efficiency in reasoning when devoted to will and limited to self.

Upon the banner representing that of Joan of Arc were the significant words that compose her career and give meaning to her life. Those words were "Faith and Country." If we can understand country to mean a home safe for a child and for the faith of a loyal woman, then "Faith and Country" define the sainthood of Joan of Arc.

Frederick Welty, writing of her Beatification, has this verse:

"Domremy! Oh Domremy! how the haunted woodland sighs,
For the falling of her footsteps, for the laughing of her eyes!
Domremy! Oh Domremy! Across the meadow dews,
She is coming, she is coming, by the turning of the Meuse.
They've crowned her at the Vatican, and named her Queen of France,

And bade her rule from Vosges and recall each errant lance.
She is coming, she is coming, in the rising of the sun,
To rule, to rule in Vosges 'til the years of God are run."

### *9. Realizing Some Conclusions*

Joan of Arc had no strength or character peculiar to herself alone, nor given to herself alone, or that is denied in any way to others among the sons and daughters of men. To see her as one unique in heredity, or a single example of favoritism from the divine, is unreasonable and alike absurd to the law and order of life. Her faith is available to all. To be a respecter of persons is not known in human history either for Nature or God.

Two interests available to any one made her one of the supreme benefactors of humanity and developed in her the unconquerable character unsurpassable in the history of mankind. Over and over again she tells us herself what that immortal meaning was to her. The first great interest noted by her clearly identified her as one in tune with the eternal moral law. It was this moral truth, as she said, that had "Great Pity for France." This means that the child of Domremy felt for her people what the Man of Sorrows felt for His world. Then there was the second interest, which was merely the ultimate meaning of the first, she had equally great faith in the God of life, that fulfillment is provided for all who are striving in that divine order for fulfillment. The intuition of

the child was no less irresistible than the conclusions of all logic: God and Nature were together an almighty moral law that would defeat wrong and sustain right wherever the people strove together in harmony with nature, law and God.

Socrates may be reckoned as the first supreme individual example of faith in eternal order paying the tragedy of humanity to the reasoning of collective will. His vision was the light of the world until its righteousness became one with the divine message that gathered all the meaning of mankind into the Tragedy of the Cross, where the infinite order of faith again paid the whole human penalty to the organization of will. Over and over again, daily, if not hourly, since human will began, and until human will as such shall end, the same tragedy, in all its infinite variety of torture and ruin, continues to be repeated in every life in every community and group, and on and on it will be so until we know how to eliminate the liar and traitor and assassin whose will is substituted for social order and the moral law.

Among the countless martyrs to the rights of life, Joan of Arc lived and died for a more comprehensive and practical vision of social interests, against the mastery of a more conspicuous autocracy of will by far, than is reasonable to suppose that history ever had, or can ever have again in the course of the world. Moreover, her prophecies come true and her work for France was not in vain. The hundred years' war came to an end

and peace was restored, as La Pucelle had predicted, within seven years, though Calais was held until January, 1558, when the foe was thrust out of France "except those who died there."

We may well believe that Paul, in this fulfillment of her work, would surely share with her the full measure of his triumphant soul, as he said, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Sterling said, at a time when it was regarded as good history to believe her evil beyond all other women:

> "High among the dead, who give
> Better life to those who live,
> See where shines the peasant Maid."

The most amazing mission and message of faith and fulfillment anywhere on record is known to us in meaning as far more than history can reveal in the life of Joan of Arc. The war-lords trod across her humble fields and withered the happiness and rights of human beings, as grass in the way of fire. The record is not so desperate and atrocious as seen in our scientific war of the present Christian age, but a religious child believing in God, knew there was somewhere strength to stay such unspeakable wrong. She had unconquerable and unfaltering faith that God would give his strength to any one laboring or fighting to overthrow such despotism,. She was not awe-struck before the pomp of Courts and Kings, because she served an

infinitely greater Lord, even the Lord of lords, the King of kings, no less than the King of heaven, nay more, she was herself the daughter of God.

Christ named one sin as unpardonable, and that was probably where a saintly thing is named as coming from Satan, or where a good thing is used as being evil. The curse of woe is upon those who believe a lie and love it. Human history has no example anywhere else in which such extended high-power efforts were made to falisfy the record of a life, and write down one of the noblest of characters as an enemy of Man and God. But it all failed and very rapidly failed.

The divine reality of faith that makes possible the process of social civilization is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever, for all mankind. The learned of many lands have tried to explain the dreaming girl of Domremy in other ways, outside the power of faith, but none of it explains. She grew up from the desolation of contending passions into the most treasonable and corrupt of all ages, where faith was known only as a truce between debaucheries, and honor was a commodity of any market. But her white life would have none of that way.

"I have great pity for your soul," she said to her enemies, even as she heard the voice of God, in harmony with her feelings, saying, "I have great pity for France."

Great pity for the soul of those who are wrong is the God-like interest of all divine faith.

"Father, forgive them! They know not what they do!" can be said only from the far-seeing vision of the faith that passeth understanding, faith in the certainty of a moral universe.

Her final and fatal problem was in being forced to decide for the truth of the immediate God or the immediate Church, and she never hesitated for an instant to live and die for the immediate God. She named the eternal freedom of conscience and the soul long before the great reformers were born, as she refused to allow any mastery of the Church to come between her and her God. Inspiration immediate for her soul was the source of faith which all the most learned, powerful and unmerciful could not touch or befoul, and which all the suffering possible for a girl could not cause to lessen or fail. None of the great religious reformers ever replied more boldly, directly or conclusively to their inquisitors than did this girl when she said to the imposing conclave from the University of Paris, "There is more in the Book of Our Lord than in all yours."

Anatole France, in his anti-religious history of her, says, "This child's utterance sapped the very foundation of the Church," meaning the interference of ecclesiastics between the soul and the God of Life. When the University professors of Poitiers asked her for a sign of her divine calling, she named victory as the sign, and it cost them six weeks of discussion and investigation before they could decide that it was their business to aid in

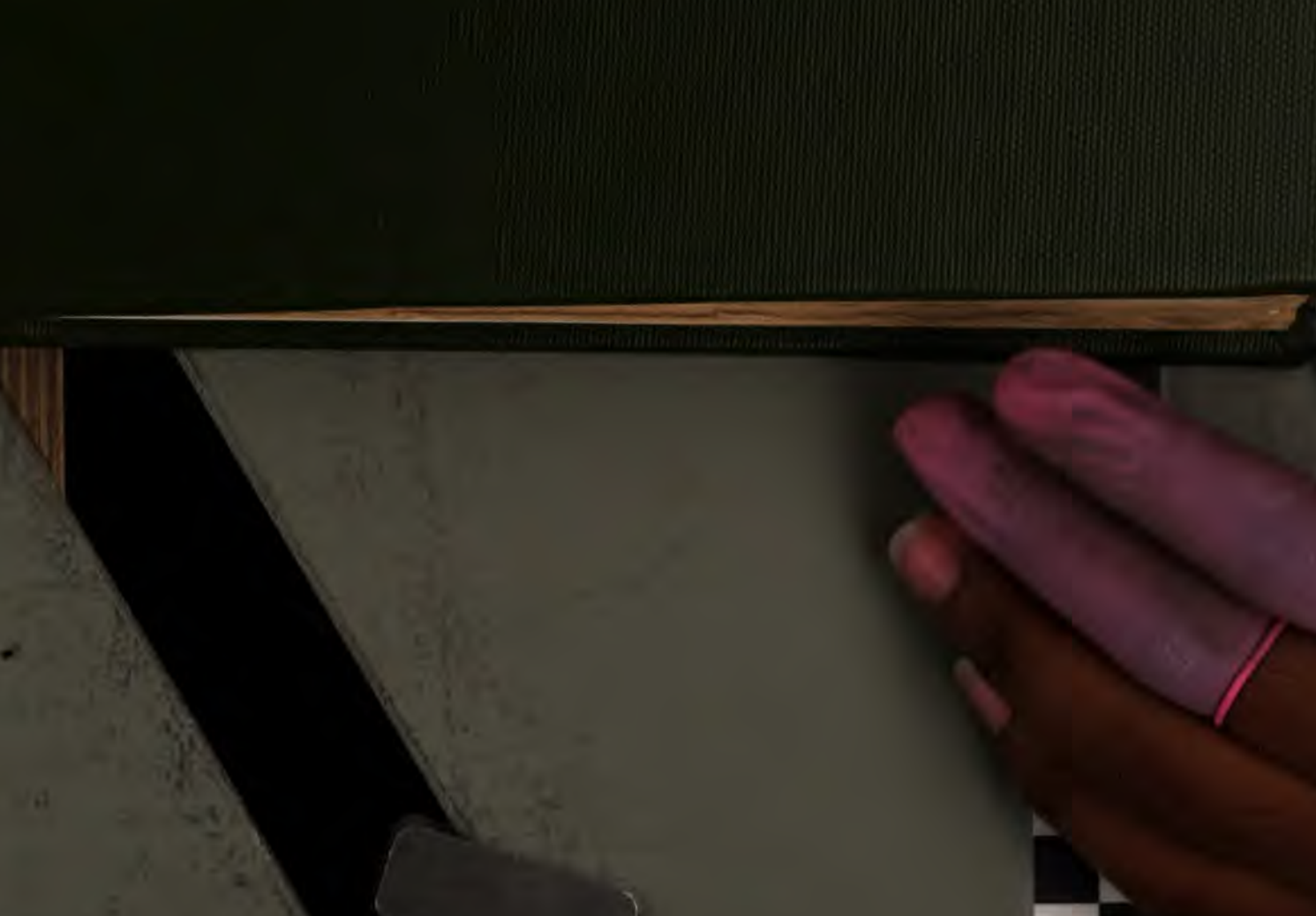
bringing this sign to pass by recommending her to the King.

She added new luster to the meaning given by her to the independence of the soul, after she had achieved the victory sign at Orleans. Bishop Pasquerel said to her as he took into consideration her words and deeds, "Such history as yours there hath never been before in the world. Nought like it can be read in any book." As to the doctors of the law at Poitiers and at Paris, she replied to him, "My Lord hath a book in which no clerk, however perfect his learning, has ever read."

And so we are slowly learning her truth, that, as the child believes in the goodness of mankind, so mind must forever believe in the goodness of the Maker of mankind. The infinite system in which we live and move and have our being, out of which we come and into which we go, is the truth which shall make us free, the faith that makes us free, and the only way under heaven whereby there can be peace on earth or salvation for the nations of the world.

Humanity requires social justice, but the necessary righteousness is not possible in any compact of wills, however carefully they may be covenanted to manage, without respect to persons, the various abilities to get and to monopolize. The human struggle to develop a civilization freed from the control of individual greed, through the management of wills by the letter of the law, is

historically demonstrated to be impossible. As the right to life essentially requires the best obtainable means for life, it follows that any disloyalty to either right is a fundamental crime against the inalienable right of man. But history and reason have likewise demonstrated the impossibility of any unaided individual mind ever becoming wise enough to provide what is best for the right life. The social wisdom necessary for the way of life and the rights of man is the refined commonwealth of the ages. Many persons believed in Christ, but their individual understanding was too feeble to be faithful when they saw the will by which they measured him, reduced to nothingness under the will of his enemies. Many believed in Joan of Arc, but their individual interpretations collapsed when they saw her will powerless under the will of church and state. A civilization of wills has studded the sky of mind with such fantastic notions of personal justice that we now know a system of wills has no meaning or consequence, but suffering, sacrifice and war.

Christ was a revelation of life and not the doctrine of a will. Joan of Arc was a revelation of Christian life. She was a vision and a message of the unconquerable Christian soul. This bright and morning star of all the Christian centuries, this fairest among ten thousand, this altogether lovely soul of womanhood, drank the cup and won for all time the victory of her Lord, the Divine Master of the City to Come.

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